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OF NEW SOUTH WALES



To the Royal Bride

There'll be no royal pomp, no trumpet blast,
No pageantry to swell your marriage train,
A loyal people will not cheer you past,
When England weds with Scotland once again.

But though there be no bells, no grand array,
Your welcome as a Princess will be true;
Millions of Britons staunch will toast the day,
When Gloucester weds the Lady of Buccleuch.

—STEWART HOWARD.

Famous Dress Designer Tells Exclusive Story to The Women's Weekly

By Cable from MARY ST. CLAIRE, Special Correspondent of The Women's Weekly in London.

One of the busiest and most envied young men in London is Norman Hartnell, who has designed Lady Alice Scott's wedding-gown, her bridesmaids' dresses, and the major part of her trousseau. Dark and broad-shouldered, he is more likely to be taken for an athlete than for London's most fashionable couturier. Thirty years of age, he was at Cambridge until he was 23.

"When I came down from Cambridge," he told me, "my sister was just starting a dress business. I came along and brought my friends and their mothers and sisters to the shop. Soon I found I had a natural bent for designing. Then I took up the business seriously.

"WHEN the Royal engagement was announced I wrote a personal letter explaining to Lady Alice that none of my styles were duplicated, and that the workmanship and materials were British throughout. I added that I hoped that on that account alone she would be persuaded to view my salon.

"Of course I enclosed some sketches which I thought would be suitable for her style. For some time I heard nothing. Then one day, without ceremony, Lady Alice, accompanied by her married sister, walked into my salon. She

"A few days later she wrote me making an appointment to choose models and designs.

"Lady Alice is very definite in her likes and dislikes, though always ready to listen to advice. She likes the new trimming of buds of flowers made from the material of the frock. She has chosen a blue and silver evening frock trimmed thus, and also a grey afternoon frock. See, here it is!"

I noticed all the Royal bride's day frocks are about 14 inches from the ground—the newest and smartest length.

Glorious Fabrics

"QUITE a number of new fabrics have been made for Lady Alice!" Hartnell continued. "They are not yet on the market, of course, but doubtless will be most popular next spring. Among them is a satin with a silver sheen on it, thick silk maroon with diagonal silver stripes, and, most beautiful of all, velvet and silver lure. Look!"

Before me stood a girl draped in a statuesque gown of the loveliest velvet. Yet, was it velvet? As she moved it glistened.

"It is a dream material," said Hartnell, "but one which must be used carefully and only for the most dignified of purposes."

"The Queen keeps in constant touch with us since we began to make Lady Alice's trousseau. She made several

alterations to my sketch of the wedding gown, and has

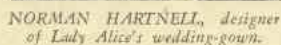
deceit that
the three
youngest
bridesmaids
wear short
frocks. These
are delightful
children. I
want to see

went to the house of the Duke and Duchess of York in Piccadilly to give them their

They were all
terribly ex-

cited, but a little disappointed were only in stage."

The keynote frocks is beautiful. They are of various colors and achieve supreme being the least. Two of the frocks are in the pale pink and slight train. The tulle and tulle is in black and



The wedding will be held in the Private Chapel at Buckingham Palace. The Duke will wear the full-dress uniform of the 10th Hussars. The small selection of guests has been told to wear levez dress instead of morning dress as at first ordered.

The Palace, which will be the London home of the bridal pair, is

IT'S GREAT FUN *Being Bridesmaid* to ROYALTY

Lady Mary Cambridge, World's Most Famous Bridal Attendant, Gives Us An Interview

From MARY ST. CLAIRE. By Air Mail.

To-day I interviewed Lady Mary Cambridge, who, though only eleven years old, is the most "grown up" of the group of dear little child bridesmaids who will attend Lady Alice Scott at her wedding.

Lady Mary is quite unique. Few girls of eleven have been bridesmaids. Still fewer have been attendants at weddings so famous or fashionable that they have set the world agog, and those who have been bridesmaids to Royalty could be counted on the fingers of one hand.

YET at the moment Lady Mary is actually preparing for her third appearance as a Royal bridesmaid. In consequence she is treated with tremendous respect, not only by her school friends, but by all the other child bridesmaids who are to attend Lady Alice Scott, for she has had experience—she is the one who knows exactly what to do! The two former occasions when she attended Royal couples were at the wedding of Prince and Princess of Kent, and at that of Lord and Lady Louis Mountbatten.

In spite of all this attention from her friends, Lady Mary is still a jolly unsophisticated schoolgirl, pre-occupied with French verbs and vulgar fractions. She is rather shy with grown-ups.

When I saw her she was just ready for her afternoon walk, and as always she was accompanied by her beloved Cairn terrier. She wore a sage-blue cloth coat and a small pull-on hat of the same material. She is a slim little

girl with long brown legs, fair, bobbed hair, naturally curly, and blue-grey eyes—in fact, rather like her great-great-grandmother, Queen Victoria, though she has a jollier smile than has ever shown in little Victoria's pictures. She says that she loves being a bridesmaid, and that the first time was wonderful as she was very tiny then and went with her nurse. "We all wore white full frocks like fairies and wreaths in our hair."

She thoroughly enjoys throwing rose petals, so she says, and she thought that the wedding of "Cousin Marina," as she calls the Duchess of Kent, was "great fun." She says that she is getting quite old now, for she got her first grown-up costume a little while ago—"a real grey flannel one."

The schoolroom at her home in Eccleston Square, close to Victoria Station, is airy and sunny, with windows looking out on the Square. Her favorite color is blue, so most of the accessories of this room and her bedroom are in shades of sky, turquoise or saxe.

*Exclusive Pictures
of Lady Alice's
Trousseau Gowns*

PICTURES of some of the gowns in Lady Alice's trousseau will be found on page 20. These pictures are exclusive to The Australian Women's Weekly.

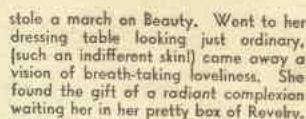
LADY MARY is most like her father, the Marquis of Cambridge, who is Queen Mary's only nephew. He is a large man with close-cropped fair hair and blue eyes and a very delightful manner.

Banking is his job, for he is a director of Messrs. Coutts and Company, the King's bankers, and from ten o'clock till four every day he is at his office desk. Like everyone connected with the business house of Coutts and Co. he is clean-shaven.

Lady Cambridge is a keen racer and an expert on racing form. She is never so happy as, when dressed in country tweeds, she attends some friendly point-to-point meeting and backs a winner.

Lady Mary doesn't know yet whether her trock for the wedding is to be long or short. "Elizabeth's is to be short," but of course I'm older than she is." She went on to explain that "Aunt Mary," as she calls the Queen, decides all these matters. Rumor has it that little Lady Mary is a great favorite with Her Majesty. She is certainly invited to Sandringham to share the family festivities every Christmas—always a mark of Royal favor.

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LET'S Talk About—



SCIENTIST AND PACIFIST

DR. WILLIAM ALFRED NOYES, who has been awarded the Priestley Medal by the American Chemical Society for his outstanding achievements in chemistry for this year, is in his seventy-seventh year.

Following the war he became intensely interested in peace movements, and published a series of pamphlets at his own expense urging scientists to take the lead in bringing about world amity.

When responding to the award of the Priestley Medal he declared:

"The two outstanding problems to be solved by our generation are the abolition of war and a better distribution of the products of our industries."



PRESIDENT'S ADDRESS

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT, in addressing by radio 15,000 Young Democrats of America, who attended the recent Youth Convention, expressed his willingness to place his trust in the youth of America.

"If they demand action as well as preachment," he said, "I should be ashamed to chide their enthusiasm with the dire prophecy that to change is to destroy. I am unwilling to sneer at the vision of youth merely because vision is sometimes mistaken."

"Uttle and challenge!" he counselled. "Risks are not necessarily sacred—principles are. The methods of the old are not, as some would have you believe, above the challenge of youth."



POWER BEHIND THE CUP

MR. A. V. KEWNEY has been responsible for the successful organisation of the Melbourne Cup carnival, and all other big meetings of the Victoria Racing Club for over 19 years.

Beginning his career in the mining world in Kalgoorlie, he later became secretary of the South Australian Jockey Club, and then secretary of the Victoria Racing Club.

Under his secretariatship the tote was introduced at Flemington, new stands have been built; there has been an all-round increase in stake-money, and many improvements that have been appreciated by racegoers generally have been made to the course.

While he has been in office there have been two Royal visits to Flemington—the Duke and Duchess of York and last year, the Duke of Gloucester.

IF SOME ONE Gave You a MILLION

How Would You Spend Your Vast Fortune?

WHAT would you do if you suddenly became a millionaire? What a silly question, you say! But the unexpected has happened many times before, and who knows but that some day a rich uncle in Fiji or some other place may die and leave a handsome legacy!

It is a contingency only to be dreamed of, it is true; but did you ever think of being ready to meet such a pleasurable emergency?

Have you ever thought what you would do with a cool million that suddenly came your way?

THE Australian Women's Weekly put the question to a number of young girls during the week. It also puts it to you! What would you do with great wealth? Would you give up work and travel? Would your present home satisfy you?

Your neighbors and friends—would you remember them? Would you spend much of your capital, and would you give much away? And would your political views change—particularly in view of heavy taxation—if you were a millionaire?

The first girl questioned was Miss Nonie Hoyer, an attractive salesgirl in a large city store. This is what she said:

"A million pounds!"

"After recovering from the effects of being left a million pounds unexpectedly, I would definitely give up work and tour Australia, accompanied by my father."

"Travelling the world most decidedly comes into my scheme, and I would devote at least two years to visiting the various countries of the world which I had imagined were far out of my reach."

"I would build a home on one of Sydney's many beautiful waterfronts. For instance, Point Piper or Vaucluse."

"As my neighbors and previously unknown relatives have shown very little interest in me, I am sure the same conditions would still apply."

Sweet Charity

"A MILLION pounds carefully invested would be much more than I could possibly hope to spend, so there would be no need to touch the capital."

"Having all this money, I would be in a position to contribute to the various deserving charities and hospitals, and I would most certainly like to help my genuine friends."

"Being a millionaire might change my political views, but as I have no interest in politics at present I do not know how I would react."

Miss Margaret O'Reilly, a young shorthand-typist in the employ of a well-known city publishing company, has other ideas of disposing of her legacy when it arrives.

"To suddenly find oneself with one million pounds would be rather alarming, but decidedly thrilling. I would give up my position, but I would not sever my connections with my present firm entirely, but use some of the money for its expansion."

"As to travel, it has always been my one ambition to see this world before the next, not only because of the pleasure which would be derived from the trip, but also on account of its wonderful educational value."

Up-to-date Home

"MY present home would certainly not be satisfactory, not simply because it is not elaborate or outstanding in any way, but on account of inconvenience. I would have my own home built just as I have always pictured it, installing every modern labor-saving device, and thus giving my mother and sisters every possible comfort and enjoyment."

"As far as neighbors are concerned, I have never even spoken to the people living on either side of us. Relatives, I would help, eliminating none, especially the young children, whose education would be my special charge."

"I would spend part of my income in encouraging music and art in Australia. To do this I would have to expend some of my capital as well as income, as I would like to establish a college whereby local talent could be encouraged, and those showing signs of genius sent abroad to complete their studies."

"I have always had the opinion that



not enough encouragement is given to young Australian musicians of talent, and it would give me the greatest pleasure to be in a position to help them in a big way.

"I am afraid I would incessantly be giving money away. I would love to find out really poor families, and sneak in and leave £50 on the table (without being seen) and then watch from a distance the joyous reaction upon their finding it."

"My political views would not alter at all, but I have no doubt they would be more readily listened to if I had a million."

Just Doesn't Know!

AND here is what Miss Moya McGowan, a dress-designer, who recently returned from a world tour, thinks of the proposition:

"Heavens, I don't quite know. Yes, I do. A million sounds so much it almost takes my breath away. If it was two or three thousand it would be easy to talk about."

"It would be very tempting to give up work and worry, although I don't think I would."

"I've just been round the world, and I don't think I would be leaving Australia quite so soon again. I'd buy a house on a river somewhere in the meantime, because certainly I would travel eventually—anyone would. My present home? I'm afraid I haven't one at the moment. We have lived in our wardrobe trunks for nearly a year."

"Neighbors? We have so many of them; maybe you mean friends? A million would certainly come in handy there. I know so many people who have never had the things they deserve. The unknown relatives could take themselves back to where they came from. The relatives I know and like wouldn't have to come to light."

"It would be simple to spend. You needn't ask a woman how to spend money, or what to spend it on. But, of course, it must be done methodically. Naturally, I'd spend a lot of the capital, £500,000 anyway—that is spending it and giving it away too. Duty deducted from the legacy?"

"I knew there was a catch in it. You offer me an unknown million, find out what I'd do with it, and then tell me it isn't a million at all!"

"No, this duty wouldn't make any difference to my political views. The Government could have their share."



MISS MOYA MCGOWAN. "Heavens! A million!" she exclaims. "Could I spend it? Fancy asking a woman that!"



MISS NONIE HOYER. Hospitals and charity would benefit if the mythical millions of her day-dreams became reality.

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NOTICE how every woman prefers the fellow who carries himself with head up. Notice how the broad-shouldered man always gets their eye. They want a dependable hi-man when they make their choice—one who can protect them. AND YOU CAN BE THAT MAN. Remember, I do not only promise it, I GUARANTEE IT. Now, don't put it off a minute. Get going to new happiness and real manhood, to-day!

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THIS month, to every man reader of this paper who is interested, here's my offer. To prove to you what I have said about the "Secrets of Muscular Strength and How to Acquire It," I am going to give ONE FREE LESSON providing you make application at once! This book has been the cause of changing the lives of thousands of men. I have received countless thousands of wonderful letters and photographs of actual transformations of men who never thought they could acquire strength and development! Make me PROVE these assertions! In you by sending for your copy this minute, not tomorrow, you may be too late, but to-day—NOW! Are you ready? Let's go!

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WOMEN'S WEEKLY ... a Name that Acts like Magic!

Editor-in-Chief's Message after World Tour

From GEORGE WARNECKE, on board the liner Lurline. By Radio.

Greetings to you, Australian Women's Weekly readers! Interesting as my world tour has been, it is a great joy to me to be once more approaching my homeland.

A highlight or two from the great tour I am now completing will, I feel, be of special interest to you, as indicating how high is the world prestige already won by your paper. I was sitting in the Editor's room of the London "Herald," which has the greatest circulation of any paper in the world, when the Editor telephoned another executive. This is what he said:

"I want you to meet the Editor of that extraordinary woman's paper they have in Australia—The Australian Women's Weekly."

FORTHWITH all the doors of that great organisation were thrown wide open to me. As a result, I gained an insight into the methods which have given the London "Herald" such an enormous appeal for its 2,000,000 readers. Other papers showed me similar courtesy.

In England, France, Germany,

America, the prestige of our paper as the voice of the women of Australia acted as an open sesame to the most jealously-guarded editorial sanctums.

It was a matter of interest to me to see the inner workings of a number of very diverse types of women's papers. In London, there are several vast concerns that produce women's papers wholesale. These include some of those



MR. GEORGE WARNECKE, Editor-in-Chief of The Australian Women's Weekly, who has travelled the world in search of new features for readers.

little two-penny weeklies that mothers of to-day read when they were girls. Like all factory-made articles, however,

these papers, though bright enough, lack the personal touch. There are some very fine types of women's papers in England, but they are either more expensive or have an exclusive class appeal.

Australian women, of course, have no use for snobbery in any form, and an Australian woman who is sitting an English paper told me that it was hard to fight against the traditions of some English publishers.

"They think readers of women's papers are either domestic workers or social butterflies," she said.

In America, the mass-production of papers has gone even further than in England. I met a New York editor who

READERS may look for many New Features!

get latest ideas from everywhere."

Well, I admit my journeying round the world has been profitable. Some of my plans will not be realised immediately, but over the next few months readers may look for grand new features that will not change the character of our paper, but will show that our lusty growth is still going on.

Everywhere I saw things for myself and explained personally what Australian women are interested in. I was not so tactless as to tell them in London that Australian girls make English girls look dowdy, but nevertheless I had to make my requirements clear when it came to fashion services. I am very gratified to have obtained the services of Mary St. Claire, who is a member of Mayfair's quite small Smart Set. In Paris, I visited Schiaparelli, Molyneux and other famous dressmakers who create world fashions.

In Elstree, I saw Nancy O'Neill, Jack Buchanan and others and in Hollywood I watched Jack Oakie, Warner Baxter, Olive Pay and many other stars working under Klieg lights. I visited the amazing house of Mother and Child in Moscow, the Ideal Home Exhibition in London and the Good Housekeeping Institute kitchens in America.

Our Home Life

MANY cities of the world have marched so far along the road of progress that in some ways Australia seems still to belong to the nineteenth century. But the path of progress is not always the path of happiness.

The home life of Australia is something that shines like a star. We have no all-night cabarets nor Sunday morning picture shows like America, nor have we everywhere marching bands of soldiers like Europe. We do not want that hectic, anxious life.

Nevertheless, we are profoundly dependent on world influences—our politics, our fashions, our amusements, our reading. For that reason I made permanent appointments of representatives in New York in Hollywood, in Paris, in London. Our paper will be kept more abreast of world trends in every sphere than any other paper. I have particularly arranged with leading authors and

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JUNIOR

Over A Million Readers

In his radio message on this page, Mr. Warnecke indicates how highly The Australian Women's Weekly is appreciated in literary circles abroad.

Right from its inception this paper has enjoyed a phenomenal popularity, and has gone from success to success. Covering every aspect of women's activities, it was a unique venture, not only in Australian journalism, but in the wider journalism of the world.

To-day, over 290,000 copies of The Australian Women's Weekly are being sold each week. Surveys prove that each copy is read by at least four persons, so it now has a reading public of over a million!

Our enterprise in appointing special war correspondents in Abyssinia immediately on the outbreak of war has already resulted in Australians being brought into close contact by cable with the developments of the Italo-Abyssinian war.

Never before in the history of journalism has a woman's newspaper taken such a step to ensure that its readers get reliable first-hand information from the seat of war in a struggle which is of such incalculable importance in world affairs.

The Australian Women's Weekly is going on to bigger and better things. It is determined to maintain its high place in the esteem of the Australian public, and of the readers who have so loyally and enthusiastically supported us in the past.

is responsible for six magazines. On one occasion he forgot all about next month's issue of one of them until the printer reminded him. Then he frantically filled up the edition with bits and pieces from his other papers!

But there are a number of brilliant women's magazines that have maintained a high tradition of service to readers. These papers pay enormous prices to artists and writers. Photographs in color by a new process are being used extensively, and these cost from fifty to one-hundred pounds each photo.

Editors of these papers were astonished that our paper in Australia was able to publish features equal to those in any part of the world.

"Say, what sort of an outfit is yours, anyway," asked one of the editors of a group which includes magazines like "Good Housekeeping" and "Cosmopolitan."

"It buys the best authors in the world. It has news and cables just like a daily paper. It sends its editor abroad on a mission to

their representatives for many brilliant short stories and novels. You will even be getting selected recipes for some most intriguing dishes I tasted in far-away lands.

Finally, I have a book full of notes jotted down on my travels, such as a bit about a New York shop where cats are dry-cleaned and manicured. Maybe, I will write them up if there is any room left in the paper after providing for all the grand features and articles I have brought back.

TURN OVER TO—

Page 20—Special sketch by H.R.H. Prince Nicholas of Greece of the infant son of the Duke and Duchess of Kent.

Page 31—Our latest amazing Book Offer.

By
**Fanny
Heaslip
LEA**

*A thrilling serial
story of a typically
modern girl and
her adventures in
glamorous Paris*



CANDLELIGHT flickered on shallow fragile glasses blown in Venice, on champagne seething.

Andrew Todd waited while the butler filled those six glasses, then, with the slow movements his seventy-three years made necessary, he got to his feet to propose a toast. Twenty-one candle-flames ringed a heavily treaded cake wavered in the summer night wind while the deep old voice droned forth.

"Nine years ago, there came into this house one who has been from that day to this the joy of her grandparents' hearts. There she sits—God bless her!—same spun-gold curls, same big, brown, wondering eyes—"

(In the chair at his right, Big-Brown-Wondering-Eyes, politely watching and listening, said gently to herself: "Oh, dear—it's been such a lovely party, and now grandfather has to go and make a speech about me. I'm going to hate it. I feel the spun-gold curls bristling—")

"Still the same shy elf—"

("In another moment you'll have me running round with a little apron full of daisies—")

"Who used to sit on the arm of my chair," said Andrew Todd, "begging for stories."

"And getting them! Remember how you used to lie to me when I asked too many questions? You were never very good at it, though. Liar need long memories!"

"I used to tell her the same fairy-tales I had told her father before her," said Andrew Todd.

"So it's going to be about father, too. Whatever you told him it wasn't the truth about father. He had to find that out for himself, poor dear—he and my lovely foolish mother between them. Are you going to talk about my mother? It would be the first time—"

"Her father," said Andrew Todd, "who had grown into a man and gone out into the world away from us—"

("And married my mother—yes, you're going to skip that part.")

Andrew Todd said: "Her father, who nine years ago died and left her in my care—"

"You're not going to say how he died, either. How my mother ran away and was killed in a train-smash with the man she ran to—how when my father heard, he shot himself."

"From that day to this," said Andrew Todd, "it has been our dearest hope to see her settled for life—peacefully and happily settled. With her future in the strong, wise hands of a good man—"

"Oh, oh, oh! Now you're going to talk about Horace. Haven't old people any decent reticences?"

"This hope," said Andrew Todd portentously, "will be happily fulfilled the day she finds her destiny—"

("As if I were Princess This and That!")

"With that of a very fine young man. A young man of the highest principles, the soundest judgment. I shall be proud to welcome him into my family. Don't protest, my boy—"

("Horace wasn't going to protest. He's bearing. Or am I being just a cat? He's so divinely good-looking, and I know he's old grandfather says he is—but that smile!")

Andrew Todd said: "When my granddaughter chose Horace Pendleton she chose wisely. Almost as wisely as I myself, did years ago."

He paused with formal effect, and executed a courtly bow. The white-

Beginning... MEN and ANGEL



Illustrated by
BOOTHROYD

haired old lady seated at the other end of the table responded with an adoring simper.

"You love her because you've made her in your own image. No—that isn't fair! She's always so frightened of you, that's all."

"It is naturally a matter of great gratification," said Andrew Todd, "not only to myself, but to her who accompanies me into old age and the life beyond, that this marriage will join the two estates which have for so long been happy neighbors."

"I wish you wouldn't keep reminding Horace of that. He thinks quite enough about it as it is. Sometimes I wish—"

"After we old ones are gone," said Andrew Todd, "these walls will enclose your happiness and your children's happiness—"

"Little garments as well! Grandfather, I can't stand much more of this!"

—as they have for so long," said Andrew Todd, "enclosed mine and my dear wife's."

THE butler stood waiting, with a telegram upon a small silver tray.

"Well, Wilkins?" said Andrew Todd, irritably.

"I'm sorry, sir," murmured Wilkins. "It's for Miss Angela. I thought it might be important."

"Whatever it is, it can wait," said Andrew Todd. But the thread of his discourse had been broken. He cleared his throat. He frowned darkly.

"As I was about to say—"

"Children's children's happiness—"

offered his wife timidly.

"Thank you, my dear," said Andrew Todd. "I still have the use of my memory."

He cleared his throat resoundingly. "This house and the land surrounding it will go, as it should, to the only child of my only son. May she dwell here as sheltered as the roses in the garden, as the doves under the eaves—"

("As red herrings in the wood, and wild strawberries in the snow more likely!")

"You don't know what you're saying," said Horace.

"Then perhaps," said Angela, trembling violently, "you will believe that I know what I am doing." She dragged his ring from her finger and held it out to him.

"May her life be a long, sweet symphony—"

("Why can't I be as sweet and simple as they think?")

"And its motif," said Andrew Todd, "a cradle song!"

"Oh, this is too much! I might be assisting a dynasty—"

Andrew Todd looked round the table proudly. He lifted his glass. He said: "To Angela!"

"To Angela!" echoed Harriet Todd, a quiver in her aged voice.

"To Angela!" said Horace Pendleton, wishing her many returns of the day as successful as this one.

"To Angela!" said Jim Wheeler, tall and lean, with kindly tired eyes. "May she always know what she wants!"

"And how to get it," said Betty Wheeler, his fat, pretty wife. They stood and drank. Angela

watched them, a curious faint smile tipping up the corners of her mouth. A young Mona Lisa—if Da Vinci could have painted her.

"Thank you!" she said, when they set their glasses down. "I don't know how to thank you, really."

"Unaccustomed as she is to public speaking," said Jim Wheeler. He

leaned back in his chair and winked at Betty.

"May I read this?" asked Angela, taking the wire from Wilkins' tray.

"Do, my dear," said Andrew Todd graciously. He signalled to Wilkins to prepare the birthday cake.

Please turn to Page 14

A Long
Complete
Story

Illustrated
— By —
FISCHER



The guy-block
thudded into the
planking of the deck
where she had been
standing...

Women Are QUEER



THEY were introduced in Monte Video by the top shackle of the port derrick guy swung over number two hold. The Cardiff City was loading against time; the winchman jerked the cargo-sling too impatiently; the derrick swung and jurred, and the aforementioned shackle snapped clean. Miss Esther Madrone, very pretty, very spoiled, and just twenty-two, was standing forward of the bridge alley when the released guy came whipping down. She heard someone shout to her. She looked up, unaware of what was happening. And then a heavy hand struck her shoulder and knocked her a full dozen feet to crash against the rail and collapse. The guy-block thudded into the planking of the deck where she had been standing and left a vicious dent in the iron-hard teak.

"What on earth?" gasped the astonished girl. "How dare you?" "I'm sorry," explained the tall young man who helped her to her feet. "But there wasn't time for anything else. You'd have been a pretty mess if that block had hit you."

MISS ESTHER MADRONE shook herself free and went crimson with embarrassment. Her hat had been knocked askew; her white skirt had come in contact with a rusty mass of oil; her hair had come down and she had bruised her arm against the rail.

"There certainly wasn't any need for you to knock me down!" she blazed. He stared at her, his blue eyes narrowing a little in his heavily-tanned face, and his firm lips tightening.

"You ought to keep out of the way when we're loading," he snapped. "The fore deck's no place for a woman."

"Are you telling me what to do and where to go? My father—" "We all know that," he said shortly. "He's general manager of the line and making the round trip of inspection.

But you can be just as dead on your own deck as on anyone else's."

He pushed his uniform cap without an emblem further back on his head and turned away before she could answer. And then her father was on one side of her, a red-faced, thin little man, snorting into his grey moustache and genuinely shaken. Captain Stewart appeared on her other side, sallow-faced but handsome in his tropic whites, solicitous and angry.

"Good heavens! That was a narrow squeak," choked Mr. Madrone. "Are you sure you're not hurt, my dear?"

"I am hurt," she snapped viciously. "That idiot—" She stopped then.

For the first time she saw the long dent in the teak deck and the heavy block beside it. And she whitened. "Oh," she said weakly. "I—I didn't understand."

"I saw the whole thing!" snapped Captain Stewart. "I'll look into it, you can be sure, sir." Mr. Madrone mopped his brow and nodded.

"What—what was that man's name?" his daughter demanded. "If that thing had hit me—" She shuddered.

"Owens," said Captain Stewart shortly. "Jerry Owens. It's his first trip as bos'n with us and it's likely to be his last."

He strode forward as Mr. Madrone led a very chastened and now frightened young lady into her stateroom, and he found Jerry Owens talking pointedly to the winchman.

"Bos'n," said Captain Stewart grimly, "you're responsible for the gear. Everything was supposed to be overhauled when we left Frisco."

"Everything was overhauled, sir," said the bos'n. "But I can't look inside half an inch of metal. This shackle was new."

HE held out fragments of the thing in his hand and the captain saw the snapped bolt was badly flawed. There was obviously no blame there, but he felt that some rebuke was necessary. He liked his authority and he was very anxious to please Mr. Madrone and Esther, especially Esther.

"You certainly weren't very careful with your language to Miss Madrone," he said. The other tightened his belt and considered.

"She wasn't very careful with her language to me," he observed without humor. "I save her from being smothered all over the deck and she acts as if she was annoyed about it."

Captain Stewart bit his lip. He had a natural antagonism for the bos'n that he could not hide.

"A few more affairs like that, bos'n, and you'll find yourself in trouble," he

an effort. Captain Stewart nodded and noticed with satisfaction that several of the crew were listening. After all, he was captain. It made him feel better.

"You'd better apologise to Miss Madrone when you see her," he ended. "That'll be all."

Jerry Owens stood looking after him for a moment and his jaw stuck out.

"Apologise? Like hell I will," he muttered. And then seeing the men standing around and grinning, "Get back to work, you slobs. What is this, a vaudeville show?"

"Owens," said Mr. Tremont, the mate, looking into the door of the bos'n's room that evening. "You're wanted in the old man's room."

"What's he want to do? Give me a medal?" asked Jerry sourly. "Or log me for scarring the deck?"

The mate shook his head.

"I suppose it's about that Miss Madrone business. You'd better watch your step. For some reason the old man's taken a dislike to you. I fancy he wishes he'd been on hand himself when that block came down. You know the talk."

"That he's sweet on her? Hell, I don't want his girl, even if I had a chance. What she thinks of me is nobody's business."

The mate smiled a little.

"Women are queer. She's been saying a lot of good things about you all afternoon. She even went so far as to look in the ship's articles for information."

"Age, birthplace, married or single

smoking a cigar also and inspecting the cargo list. They both looked up when Jerry knocked, and the captain snapped, "Come in, Owens! Mr. Madrone wants to talk to you."

"Ah, yes," agreed Mr. Madrone. He looked keenly at the young bos'n, acting with unconscious approval the broad shoulders, the weather tan, the air of sureness that not even a general manager's presence could lessen. "Ah, yes. You're the young man who saved my daughter's life this morning. I want to thank you."

He got up and offered his hand.

"Naturally I can't express everything I feel," he went on. "But if there's anything I can do for you I trust you will let me know."

T

ERRY shot a look at Captain Stewart, who was glaring vindictively. And he scowled.

"There's nothing just now, sir," he said. "Later, perhaps. I expect to get my ticket this time home, and if you think there's a chance of a berth for me afterwards—" He paused, with his meaning plain.

"I'll be glad to speak to our port captain," beamed Mr. Madrone. "Very glad. Come and see me as soon as you've passed." He coughed and expected the tip of his cigar. "In the meantime, I wonder if you would like to dine with my daughter and myself. Ashore. To-night?"

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A Warning and a Surprise

paused a moment and considered. "You're a bit too smart, Owens. Going up for your ticket next time home, aren't you?"

"I expect to, sir."

"Well, watch your step. If I had to disavow you that wouldn't look well with the examiners, would it? And I expect you'll be asking me for a letter of recommendation. I don't have to give you one, you know."

The other tightened visibly, torn between a sense of injustice and the knowledge that this man before him could check his career at the outset.

"Very good, sir," he said at last, with

Maybe she wanted to find out how much I make," said Jerry cynically. He pulled on his shoregoing jacket and adjusted his tie.

"Watch your step, anyway," warned the mate. "I've put in a lot of time helping you get ready for your ticket. I don't want to see it wasted. The old man can be pretty dirty when he feels that way. And he's got influence."

Captain Stewart was in his cabin walking sourly back and forth, his hands clasped behind him, a cigar jutting from his mouth, and a frown on his face. Mr. Madrone sat in the swivel chair before the captain's desk.

Summer CAN'T LAST for Ever

...even in Kashmir, the Garden of India. But this romantic story tells of the Summer of Love, which can last for ever!



AND so I've brought the cheque along with me, Miss Petrie, as I expect you would like to receive the money straight away. All this has been most unfortunate for you and a very sad ending to your trip to India. Would you please sign just here?"

Mechanically Phillida Petrie took the fountain pen and signed her name neatly at the foot of the crackling stiff sheet of paper that had been spread out before her.

The sticky heat of the room, the loud whirring of the fans, the queeriness of everything made her head spin and ache.

Calcutta in May—Mrs. Larcombe, who had brought her out here as secretary-companion, dead—a cheque for two hundred and fifty pounds, a legacy left her in Mrs. Larcombe's will, being pushed across the table to her—the end of her job, and her plans—everything was chaos and muddle.

"Thank you very much, that is all quite clear now. I suppose that you will be leaving Calcutta very soon? Would you like me to book a passage for you home? I daresay I could arrange one more quickly and comfortably for you than the usual agents."

Mr. Potter, the local lawyer who had had taken charge of Mrs. Larcombe's affairs, was only too ready to help—as everyone was in India, and it seemed to him that this girl needed helping and looking after.

There was a sort of dazed, faraway look on her delicately-cut face, and she certainly was a stranger to India and its ways. Probably the shock of Mrs. Larcombe's sudden death from heat stroke and the collapse of all her plans had stunned her for the time being. It was lucky that she had been left this small legacy to make up to her for the upset and trouble of the whole sad affair.

"I tell you what," he said kindly. "Come round and dine with us to-night and talk things over with my wife. You must be feeling in rather a confusion just now and anxious to rest. At half-past eight—"

"Thank you," Phillida said slowly. "It's very kind of you."

Mr. Potter bustled briskly out—no amount of damp heat seemed to lessen his briskness—and she was left alone in the big, cool hotel bedroom.

Slipping off her silk frock, she put on a thin kimono and lay down on the bed under the huge swinging fan that stirred up a moist, tepid air.

Already the heat had drained the color out of Phillida's face, leaving it waxen pale, with blue veins showing at the temples. The mass of her copper-beech colored hair that grew below her ears, seemed almost too heavy for it and the white lids above her deep grey-green eyes looked tired and weighted with fatigue. She was tired, dreadfully tired. Everything in these last two or three months had been such a hurry.

First losing her secretarial job with the book publishers that she had worked for for five years. They had changed hands and the new owners had made a clean sweep of most of the old staff. Then those long, blank weeks of being out of a job. Then the meeting with Mrs. Larcombe, an

...A...
Long Complete
Story—By
MARGARET
FERGUSON

authoress who was collecting material for a travel book—and looking for a secretary to take out East with her. Then the bustle of leaving England and the voyage and the long train journey across India. And then Calcutta, steaming under dank white skies, and Mrs. Larcombe's collapse one night from heat stroke, that ended fatally in a hours attack.

And now here she was jobless again and marooned in India—but the richer by two hundred and fifty pounds.

Slowly she got off the bed, picked up the cheque that was written out in Mr. Potter's neat handwriting, and went back to the bed, holding it in her hand that trembled a tiny bit.

Two hundred and fifty pounds—more money than she had ever dreamt of holding in her hand all at once.

What was she going to do with it?

She knew what she would be expected to do with it by the sensible, level-headed people; put it by for a rainy day, keep it as a nest egg, invest it and get four or five pounds a year income from it... but she didn't want to do that. It seemed such a waste of it all, waste of the possibilities that lay hidden in the crisp thinness of that cheque. This trip to India had been such a thrill, coming just when she was aching for adventure, longing for a change, excitement... something different. And now it was over and Mr. Potter wanted to book her passage home to England by the next mail boat.

Well—was it all over?

Phillida suddenly sat bolt upright on the bed, the dressing-gown sliding down off her narrow white shoulders, her thick hair stirring in the breeze from the fan, her eyes turning a shade brighter green as they always did when she was suddenly thrilled about something. Because she knew that she had no intention of putting that cheque into any bank as a nest egg, or of investing it.

She knew exactly what she was going to do with it.

Mrs. Potter was rather like her husband, plump, pink and kind-hearted. After dinner she and Phillida went and sat outside on the moonlit verandah to have a chat about things, as Mr. Potter had arranged, and Mrs. Potter was quite ready to chat, offer condolences and good advice and make useful suggestions.

"Quite apart from the shock of her death, this must have been a sad disappointment for you," she said. "I mean—you must have been looking forward to seeing India. Wasn't Mrs. Larcombe thinking of going up to Kashmir for the summer?"

"Yes," Phillida said, "she was."

"Of course it was madness for a woman of her age to travel about India at this time of year. Ah, well!" Mrs. Potter heaved a gentle sigh. "The point is—what are your plans going to be? Herbert tells me he can get you a passage on the P. & O. boat sailing next Friday."

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"Let me introduce myself," he said hastily. "My name's Christy Maradick — Captain Maradick, up here on leave. Will you have a cigarette?" "Thank you. And I'm—" then she stopped suddenly, tilted back her head, and looked at him.

Illustrated
by
SYD.
MILLER



The Fashion Parade

by Jessie Laiff,
sketched by Petrov

WHITE Still Holds ITS OWN ... in Endless Variety!

ALL white, or white with a dark color, remains smart summer after summer. For sports, for day and evening wear and for accessories, no color is so cool and refreshing.

White day dresses are most practical when made of washing fabrics. There are silk and cotton linens, pique, washing crepes and cottons in abundance this season. For suits you will use the heavy tweed linens, and these will have to be cleaned or they will lose their shape; for dresses and jackets any white silk or cotton that is non-transparent and washable.

From short-sleeved tennis frocks of pique or crepe-de-chine to formal afternoon and race frocks of crepe, white is smart and suitable, while for evening wear it is fashion's first choice for hot nights.

When white is used for sports clothes wear all-white accessories, such as hat, shoes, bag and gloves, or navy-and-white or brown-and-white shoes and hat. A good contrast such as bottle-green, vivid coral, red or black, is smart for hatbands, initials, belts and scarves. With white linen suits wear navy-and-white or brown-and-white spotted blouses, plain coral, navy, bright yellow or strawberry-pink blouses.

With these suits wear white panama

HUGE buttons in three or four graduated shades of the dress color make a smart trimming. The buttons are tied in place with loops of the dress materials. For example, a pale blue crepe has large buttons on the bodice ranging from palest blue to navy, tied in place by narrow strips or blue crepe.

Hats with medium brims and sports crown with hatband matching the blouse, white court shoes or oxfords, white bag and gloves. Tan-and-white and navy-and-white shoes are still popular for sports wear.

SHORT-SLEEVED tailored white dresses with buttons, pockets, and pleats are good for ordinary day wear of sports, wear very large or medium white hats. Color can be achieved by little jackets, belts and scarves. Printed jackets with white grounds and brightly colored

flowers, dots or stripes are good, these of cotton if the dress is cotton, and of printed crepe if the dress is silk.

SHEER and heavy crepes are used for formal white afternoon dresses. These are shirred, pleated, smocked or trimmed with spoke-stitching. Have short or three-quarter sleeves, front fullness in the skirt and draped bodices. Wear all-white or dark accessories. For instance, a rough-surfaced crepe frock can be worn with a large white hat, white shoes and bag, and again with a large navy-blue hat trimmed with two white flowers, navy-blue shoes and bag and white gloves, if desired an accompanying short jacket of printed crepe—navy flowers on a white ground, or a wide navy taffeta belt. If you possess a colored straw or felt hat wear it with your white dress and carry out the color by having a matching bag, belt or jacket.

WHITE jackets are smart when worn with dark or vividly colored frocks; white accessories such as hat, bag, shoes, and gloves are worn with any one-color dress, the exceptions being black, navy-blue, and dark brown—with these wear matching shoes, but the rest of the accessories may be white.

White chiffon is summer's leading evening fabric, then white crepe. For midsummer, white organdie and pique. White artificial flowers trim many black evening dresses.

DRESS in navy-blue sheer crepe. A fitted white pique jacket. Navy hat and shoes, and navy chiffon flowers.

WHITE tweed linen makes a tailored ensemble, which can be worn either as a suit with a blouse, or as a two-piece dress with a navy-and-white scarf.



LEFT: A perfect white afternoon frock. Heavy crepe hand-shirred down the front and over the shoulders. Black suede belt, white hat with black band, and accompanying jacket of black.

CENTRE: White shantung sports dress buttoning down the front. The skirt wraps underneath. Coral-colored embroidered initials on the yoke and on the bag. White hat and shoes.

ANOTHER smart afternoon frock in white crepe, with two groups of shirring on the skirt. The bodice is draped and shirred. Brown taffeta belt, brown shoes and hat.



☆ PARIS SNAPSHOTS ☆

SUMMER suits made of mattress cloth are something new chez Schiaparelli. They are worn with black accessories.

RAFFIA, braided into bright colored belts, is seen on new sports dresses.

IF you have a black and white checked suit wear with it a white sailor hat, white pigskin gloves and a red carnation in the buttonhole.

BLACK satin is the smartest material for a cocktail dress.

ALL the evening gowns for next season will be draped, moulding the hips, the knees, the bosom—they all have a wrapped look.

NEW dark suits and topcoats are trimmed with masses of soutache braid.

EVENING décolletés are cut incredibly low in front—almost to the waist. You tuck flowers inside the neckline for decency's sake.

HALO hats worn right back off the face are back for late afternoon and evening wear. They are made of black felt or velvet.

YOU will probably be wearing colored silk or wool stockings next winter! Bottle-green, wine-red, dark blue, mustard, and mahogany.

VEILS are draped, tied and swathed around and over small hats. Wide and fine meshed veils with chenille dots. Some colored veils on dark hats.

A NEW color for summer, worn alone or with white is ruby-rose, a light ruby color.

TRY mauve for your pastel crepe dress or suit, as a change from pink, blue, and green.

JEWELLED belts are smart worn with full skirted chiffon evening dresses. They are made of colored stones or of rhinestones.

VISORED bandeaux are new for country and tennis wear instead of hats. They are made of linen, pique or fine straw. They keep the sun out of the eyes, whilst allowing its healthful effect on the hair, which is kept tidy by the bandeau.

MUCH beruffled and ruffled tulle capes framing the head and shoulders are becoming evening accessories.

FAVORITE artificial corsage flowers are calla lilies, black iris, tulips, magenta, and purple clematis.

DOTTED and flower printed tailored suits made of crepe-de-chine, or chiffon, are big items this summer. They have chiffon blouses.

POT-POURRI

... from PARIS



• THE RUSSIAN influence is interpreted by Mainbocher in the model above. Moulded over the hips the hem flares to balance the wide raglan sleeves.



• ROBERT PIGUET designed the charming evening gown above, which is beautifully patterned in a new single flower design. It adds a tunic bodice with cape sleeves so that it may also do duty for the afternoon.

• FROM MAINBOCHER comes the delicate net dress at the right, which has flares giving fullness to the back. This charmingly exemplifies the manner in which the clinging silhouette is rivalled the picture dress. Chanel also does this type of frock, carrying the frills spirally round the figure.

• QUITE ROMANTIC is the Dikusha raincoat at the right. It is of yellow-aided silk effectively embroidered with oyster-white wool, and is cut on medieval lines.



• WIDE, FLAT COLLARS in close furs are a feature of the new slender coats in the autumn collections. Wide belts and flared hems give a new note to the silhouette. Heim model.

• AT THE LEFT a Patou model shows the Grecian influence that marks so many of the new collections. The two-color effect and the long scarf draperies are notable, for they are interpreted by several famous designers.



Our special representative, Mary St. Claire, attended the latest Paris openings and there selected the photographs reproduced on this page. Each of these charmingly demonstrates some highlight of coming modes. Photos, sent by air mail, are exclusive to The Australian Women's Weekly.

Amazing

The delightfully soothing effect of Hearne's is positively amazing. Even the most obstinate coughs and colds yield at once. Any soreness in the chest or throat rapidly disappears. Safe for children. Famous for fifty years.

HEARNE'S BRONCHITIS CURE

C12

An Editorial

NOVEMBER 9, 1935

THE CUP CARNIVAL



ONCE every year it throws its spell over the continent, attracting all eyes, pushing minor characters and accessories off the stage.

It is the recurrent spectacle, pageant, horse race, call it what you will, that is known as the Melbourne Cup.

Though its sway is short-lived, it is all-powerful. It draws to itself the young and the old, the rich and the poor. It quickens the pulse of the miner at Kalgoolie, of the merchant in his office, of the magnate at the bank, and the relief worker on the road.

The scene at Flemington, with its tumultuous crowding and its welter of gaiety and excitement, has ceased to create surprise. It repeats itself regularly, varying a little as the tide of national prosperity ebbs or flows, but always representing what is characteristic in national life, and gaining steadily in size and importance with the years.

What is the reason? Is it a matter of prize money? Is it habit or mass psychology? Is there something in history or logic to account for the hold of this event on the public's imagination?

No one knows. It is only certain that the Melbourne Cup has a unique place in the Australian scheme of things, and one not likely to be taken from it. It is also true that when gains and losses come to be reckoned up the former are seen to preponderate.

On the social side the benefit is undoubted. This Cup race is a great rallying centre. Men and women come together from all parts of the continent. Distance is vanquished, estrangements are forgotten, friendships revive.

The stimulus to trade is felt through a thousand channels. Shopkeepers, merchants, manufacturers reap a profit, and State revenues get a needed help.

From the moralist's standpoint the outlook is different, but, after all, obedience to the Goddess of Chance is a nod in passing, from which the great majority rises erect and smiling.

Indeed, this festival of horse can be looked on as an outward and visible manifestation of the Australian spirit, with its zest, its buoyancy, its invincible quality of hope—and as such it will never die.

—THE EDITOR.

POINTS OF VIEW

CONDUCTED BY A. J. BUCHANAN

Among the Missing

MR. LYONS, Prime Minister of Australia, decided to be one of the "other starters" as far as this year's Cup was concerned. Not for him the blaze of colors, the ring of boots, the roar of the crowd (and overcrowded stand! Picture him like Casablanca, standing on his burning deck, while the flames of equine battle roll far away!

Yet the gesture of renunciation leaves Australians unimpressed. As an ex-school teacher, Mr. Lyons has heard that the proper study of mankind is man. Where is there such a place for the study as Flemington?

"Let who will make the laws of the country, so long as I write the songs," was the sentiment of one who lived a long while ago. But even song writers are inspired by the people en masse. Another consideration suggests itself. Politicians at Flemington have only their own money to spend. At Canberra they play ducks and drakes with ours.

The Latest Test

THIS craze for finding out what you are fitted for is always breaking out in a new place. The latest manifestation is in the collective brain of a State Education Department, which has incubated a plan for a new kind of intelligence test.

Details are vague, but the declared objective is a separation of the "crammers" from those who show real intelligence in passing their exams. Which suggests that the sponsors of this proposal must have a poor idea of examinations.

If intelligence tests are to be the order of the day, why pick out the youngsters at school? Why not one for candidates for Parliament? What is wrong with a test for people applying for a marriage licence?

It is those in charge of the children—parents, guardians, and teachers—who should be tested first. Those who came out top would see the advantage of giving nature a chance to have her own way.

Catching Them Young

"IT is quite right that perambulators should be subject to sales tax," said a gravely satirical member of the Federal Parliament. He gave his reasons. The child must learn from infancy that it is born into a world where taxes are part of the daily regime. To be absorbed naturally as the air you breathe.

This delicate matter had no effect on the tax-imposers at Canberra. They voted solemnly for the item. They would have voted just as solemnly for a tax on dolls or babies' rattles. Someone suggested getting an opinion from Mr. Lyons, but that head of a numerous family said nothing.

If Mrs. Lyons had been asked, she could have spoken with authority. But it looks as if Australian women who want to have a voice in national affairs will have to go to England. There they stand for Parliament and get elected; here they look on.

Just a Holiday

"WE are out for a good holiday," says Captain Holmes of the English cricket team. A holiday, mark you—and the subject is international cricket.

Not a word from Mr. Holmes about recovering the "Ashes," or burying the "hatchet," or doing anything with implements of war and burning. He doesn't seem to know there is a hatchet to be buried, or waved, or whatever the right use of it is.

There is something so original, fresh and breezy about Mr. Holmes that we wish him the best of health, the best of holidays, and the best of cricket. Perhaps he has been talking to Betty Archdale, of girl cricket fame, and caught some of the holiday spirit from her.

Miss Archdale's team made a tour of Australia, from which they got nothing in cash, and asked for nothing. What do the men players in international matches think of this?

Finger Prints—Why Not?

IN the last few months there have been a number of mysterious crimes in Australia, most of them in New South Wales. In a majority of these cases finger print evidence, or the lack of it, has been up for consideration.

In a recent instance, where the charge was burglary, the accused put forward a confident alibi, and almost succeeded with it. But the police had his finger prints! When he was convicted, a string of previous convictions was read out.

What an aid to the administration of justice, what a safeguard, should a person be wrongly accused, if everyone had to have finger prints taken just as at one time they had to be vaccinated!

There would be an outcry at first. There always is, when the public is up against something new and unexpected. But the innocent would have nothing to fear, and thousands of mysterious happenings, not necessarily crimes, would have a better chance of being cleared up.



DR. BRYNG BRYNGELSON, director of the University of Minnesota Speech Clinic, described 20-month-old Jackie Grub, of Robbinsdale, Minnesota (shown above) as a "genius." Jackie, who is left-handed, has a vocabulary of 1100 words, and has passed the educational tests for three-year-olds and two of the tests for four-year-olds.

In Hitler's Country

IN Berlin last week, a Jewish ex-serviceman was sentenced to a month's imprisonment for kissing a German girl. The cable says the girl did not object, but the Court objected strongly.

Perhaps the girl was extraordinarily beautiful and the judges, being chivalrous men, were indignant at the thought of her being kissed by a quite ordinary person. Or she might have been unusually plain, and the offender punished for his lack of taste. Any stick is good enough to beat a non-Aryan dog!

The discerning eye sees in the incident the mysterious, all-pervading influence of Hitlerism in the country. Herr Hitler is a bachelor, and even his enemies don't accuse him of kissing girls, with or without their consent.

Why should common persons be allowed to do it?

Dolls of Yesteryear Parade for Charity

By Air Mail from MARY ST. CLAIRE, Our Special London Correspondent.

To swell the funds of the Great Ormond Street Hospital for Children—the hospital where Princess Mary worked during the War—Hamley's, the famous London toy-shop, has organised a wonderful exhibition of dolls through the ages.

It is a show just packed with delight for both grown-ups and children.

WHAT astonishes most of the visitors is the wonderful condition of the dolls of yesteryear. The children of the 1930's love their dolls, but these same toys are certainly not fit for exhibition after a couple of years of wear and tear.

In the Old World section of the show there is a Polly Peachum doll, aged 175, with her satina, lace, and laces almost as unspotted as they were all those years ago. Here, too, is the doll that delighted the heart of the beautiful Miss Gunning, who became the Duchess of Hamilton. The date of this one is 1745.

The dolls of the famous literary sisters—Charlotte and Emily Brontë—are also here, and except for the loss of an arm, and the smoothness of feature and derangement of complexion, they might never have been loved at all. Perhaps children of those days were brought up with the idea of keeping things for future generations, or perhaps they were only allowed to handle their toys on high days and holidays.

Pedlar dolls were very much the vogue in Early Victorian days. Now, these little works of art are kept in glass cases. They have with them their little stails and trays equipped with all their wares—minute Bibles, tiny embroidered kettle-holders, and a variety of the smallest pots and pans imaginable.

Before the era of fashion drawings, the drapers used to dress dolls in the latest modes, and ladies of high rank bought these models as gifts. Quite a number of this variety have found their way to the exhibition.

Among the dolls of all nations the most interesting and least lovable are the Russian dolls. Their expressions alone are worth any amount of study. On faces made with a few inches of stockinette the artists have managed to register almost every human emotion—hope and despair, cynicism and pride, pomposity and resignation—yet not one that looks really happy.

The children's favorites are the dolls made in Denmark and Finland. They have the loveliest possible faces, dainty clothes that can be taken off, and, joy of joys, the most beautiful fair hair done in plaits that can actually be undone, brushed, and plaited up again!

Shopkeepers at Wits'end Over Cup Fashions

If you want to shake the composure of a frock-shop saleswoman, say to her, "navy-blue."

So great was the demand for navy-blue for the Melbourne Cup carnival that shopkeepers were at their wits'end to provide frocks, hats, shoes, and accessories in this color, which looks chic, yet is so serviceable in a variable climate.

ANOTHER craze that has swept through the fashion world is the popularity of net for evening frocks during racing festivities. One warehouse sold out its stock of 2000 yards in three days.

Floral materials are next in popularity to navy-blue. Floral patterns have been used even for tailored linen suits.

There are three distinct types of race frocking. The frilly Ascot frock, which has the smallest following; tailored suits, which were at Flemington in their trim hundreds—especially in light grey worsted and pastel and natural lines—and the very safe ensemble of floral frock under a light wool coat.

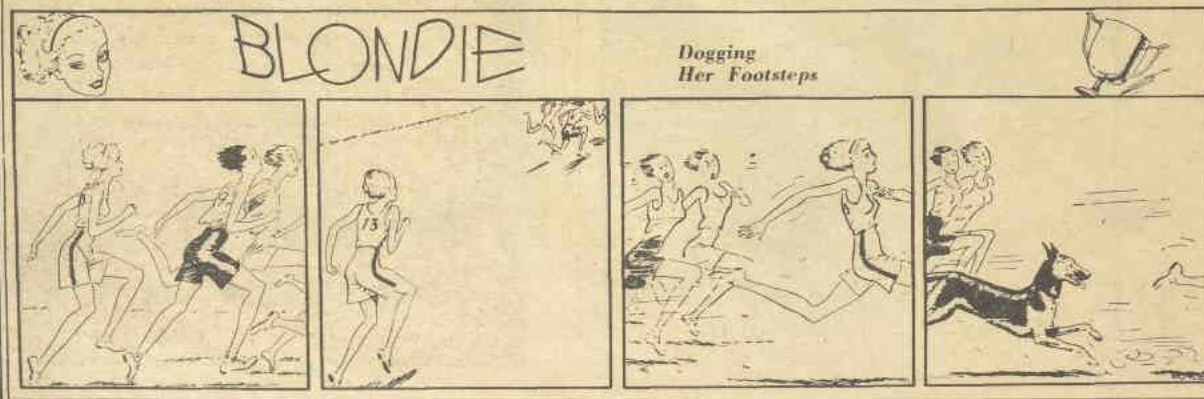
The humble geranium made its bow in exalted company this week. Artificial geraniums trim the low corsage of several evening frocks bought for race week parties.

Spotted satin, blister crepes, and cloque silks are new materials in suits and ensembles. Coats of all lengths—from the short tailored coat of floral silk matching a floral silk frock, to fingertip length and full length coats.

Linen frocks and ensembles are given a more formal air with belts and trimmings of suede or corded ribbon.

The new violet shade makes its first shy appearance in a frock patterned with violet-and-red on a white ground, worn under a violet duvetyn coat.

Hats are all shapes and sizes, but they must be "tailored," whether shovels, cartwheels or flowerpots.



LOWER'S Chess Trouble ... Everybody PUNISHED

Sanctions Have Been Applied to
Him ... and He Deserves It!

Now He Has Gone Away to Sulk

By L. W. LOWER

Australia's Foremost Humorist

Illustrated
by
WEP

I am not playing in the world chess championship this year. I had enough trouble last year.

We were playing at Geneva and the continual brawling among the players upset the League of Nations to such an extent that they applied sanctions to me and my grandfather.

And once you get a sanction on you it's very hard to get off. I tried kerosene and cloudy ammonia, and even sandpaper, but you can still see signs of it on me now.

You see, it was this way.

MY grandfather had just beaten the Yugoslavian welterweight, Katznitzo, and was standing behind my chair while I played Upsa Dazie, the Turkish Tiger. I led off using the Alsatian gambit, and pawned Dazie's queen in the first half-hour.

Perhaps I'd better explain the game before we go any farther. Chess is played on a black and white board. All the white squares are next to the black squares, and all the black squares are next to the white squares. This is to keep them separate.

Then you are given a handful of rooks (not the kind you know and pawns, and kings, and queens, and bishops, and castles which you spread out on the board indiscriminately. You then go to sleep. The first to wake up

moves something on the board, and then it is the other player's turn.

Well (stop shuffling your feet!) as I say, I pawned Dazie's queen with a clever feint with the rook, and a right-cross with the king behind the touch-lines. Dazie was furious, and said that if I did it again he was going home, and taking his board with him because it was his board, and he was only letting me play on it as a favor.

I said what about the fishing rod I lent him two years ago, and he said I'd never had a fishing rod.

My grandfather in the meantime had pinched Dazie's rook, and hid it behind the clock. Then someone tipped the table over and we had to start all over again. We were lucky to get out of the place alive.

Nothing like that ever happened when I was running the Casino at Nice. The only thing that jured during the whole of the time the Casino was under my management was that my grandfather

would insist on riding on the roulette wheels. Ultimately I had to have a special roulette wheel made for him, and the clients used to gamble on which hole my grandfather would roll into when the wheel slowed down.

One day he had ten francs on the black, and dislocated his hips trying to roll into the right hole. He has never been the same since.

I put him on burying the suicides, but he used to upset the customers too much, tramping around the rooms with his shovel over his shoulder, and singing out, "Next, please!" He was never of much assistance to me in my sporting career.

It was just the same when I ran the billiard saloon. He used to give the customers axe handles for cues and spot up an egg on the table occasionally. He said it made the game more interesting.

Then there was another time when I was secretary of the Foolsie Golf Club. He was greenkeeper, and he went around one day and plugged up all the holes on the course with the exception of the nineteenth. The result was that the members had to carry picks and shovels in their golf bags. It led to a lot of bitter recriminations because, at the end of the day, there were 785 holes on the course.

We decided, after a meeting of the club committee, that we would change the game so that the object would be to hit the ball without getting into a hole. It was not a great success, because one of the members, making a swing on the edge of one of the holes, fell in and was not missed for some days.

Well-meaning, But—

Food was thrown down to him as often as possible, but somebody hit him on the head with a tin of salmon, and when we at last got him up he was suffering from concussion and covered all over with butter and eggs—things which well-meaning friends had thrown down to him.

When I was running my S.P. establishment he was even worse. He was handed a two shillings and a note: "Shilling c.w. Rogilla." He jotted it down in the book. "One shilling every week from Mr. Rogilla, pd. fortnight in advance." You know you can't run a business that way.

Another time I was running a shut-the-door and butterscotch tournament. (Battledore and shuttlecock, thank you). On the eve of the finals he left the door of the cage open and all my shuttlecocks got out. It spoilt everything.

People who had booked ringside seats months in advance demanded their money back. There was a riot at the turnstiles. The chief of police came to me and said, "I'm afraid I can't hold them back much longer."

My grandfather said he could quieten the crowd by singing them a pathetic song about mother and silver hair and being far from home and all that. Well, I let him have a shot at it, and by the time they had finished with him they were too exhausted to do anything else and I was able to escape.

I took the old gentleman flowers and fruit while he was in hospital, but he didn't seem at all grateful. There's not much gratitude or kindness in this world. You ask them for bread and they give you fourteen pounds.

Anyhow, you can see that it is chess as well I'm not playing in the chess tournament.

(All right! ALL RIGHT! I heard you the first time).



WEP'S IDEA of Lower playing chess—as explained by Lower.

P.S.—I suppose you want next week's pay when I get it. an explanation. All I can say is that if anyone in the audience can tell me what Wep's illustration is all about, they can have what's left of my He's always doing things like that to me, and I WAS going to write about chess, but I got the sulks. Hence the pyramids.

Have you ever really tried a true film- removing tooth paste?

IF you really want whiter, more attractive teeth, REMOVE FILM, say leading dental authorities. Film is that dull, dingy coating that constantly forms on teeth. It catches bits of food. Harbors stains. Combines with substances in the saliva to form hard deposits. Film is laden with germs that are often the forerunners of tooth decay. This film must be removed.

Brushing alone cannot remove film satisfactorily. Ordinary tooth pastes or powders may be ineffective in removing film. There is now a tooth paste you can depend on regularly—a tooth paste thousands of dentists use in their own homes and millions of people have used successfully. This tooth paste is Pepsodent—the special film-removing tooth paste.

The safe way to cleaner teeth

Pepsodent is different in formula, hence different in the way it works. It contains no grit, pumice, or soap. The basis of this definitely modern tooth paste is a new and revolutionary cleaning and polishing material which is far softer than the polishing material used in other leading tooth pastes or tooth powders. Yet it removes film and polishes teeth to new gleaming lustre as more abrasive kinds can never do.

So why take chances with "bargain" tooth pastes or questionable ways? Remember that this unique film-removing agent is contained in Pepsodent exclusively. Thus no other tooth paste can assure you of true Pepsodent results. Use Pepsodent twice a day—see your dentist at least twice a year.

N 1334

How does she keep so Slim and HEALTHY

SHE'S healthy, happy and deliciously slim and enjoys every minute of her life—all because she takes her nightly dose of Bile Beans.

Bile Beans are purely vegetable. They tone up the system, purify the blood, and daily counter-act fat-forming foods, thus keeping you healthy, happy and attractively slim.

So if you want to look and feel your best be sure and take Bile Beans regularly every night.

BILE BEANS

1/3 & 5/- EVERYWHERE.



"My husband says I am a picture of good health and I certainly feel younger, happier and have far more energy since taking Bile Beans nightly. They have brought me better health than I have had for five years and have checked that tendency to put on weight."—Mrs. E. Levesley.

"Since I have been taking Bile Beans every night I have lost 8 pounds. I need to be breathless after the least exertion. But, now I'm energetic and alert and my general health is 100 per cent. better."—Miss A. L. Telling.



ANN MAKES A BET AND WINS IT —



There can be no substitute for PERSIL's active oxygen-charged suds. Other washing compounds may look the same but, put to the test, nothing can give you such dazzling white washes as PERSIL, nothing can make your coloureds so bright and fresh. Ask for PERSIL every time and be sure you get PERSIL — THE CONCENTRATED OXYGEN COMPOUND!!



The SIMPLE WAY is the PERSIL WAY

NEW BOOKS

CONDUCTED BY JEAN WILLIAMSON

America Leads the Way in Short Stories

Short stories, in volume form, have had a long run of unpopularity, but there are signs indicating that this literary medium is regaining part, at least, of its audience. More publishers are taking a risk on work of this nature, and, as a commentary on the standard of short story now being produced overseas, three books just recently published serve excellently.

One of these is English in origin, one American, and the third is an anthology of work from both countries.

THERE is a whole world of difference between the attitude of mind and method of approach to their theme of the present-day English and American short story writers.

The former are more preoccupied with art than with life. To the latter, life and the expression of the fundamentals of living are the important things—art has to accommodate itself to what the writer feels he has to say.

"A Confessor of Women," Harold Dearden's volume of psychological stories, while not so good an example of the English attitude as would be let us say, a book of tales by Coppard or Maugham, is still typical enough in outlook to serve for the purpose of comparison with a typical American product.

Mr. Dearden's work is patchy, both in craftsmanship and interest. Its significance, as a production, lies in the fact that, while it embodies some clever working out of psychological effects, and while, on the surface, it would seem that the author is dealing with situations and emotions that fall to the lot of everybody, actually he has avoided the deeper streams of life, and, except in one story, has confined himself to the reactions of a very small and relatively unimportant group of society: those who have the time and money to develop neurotic symptoms.

As a direct contrast comes the American Tess Slesinger's "Time The Present." This young writer is typical of her present-day literary companions. Writing to her, is something which draws its inspiration from the pulsing, overcrowded life that goes on about her, and, as a result, her stories have variety, scope and warm-bloodedness—qualities strangely lacking in the English product, although it would be possible to name at least several English writers who could beat her on the score of craftsmanship.

More Reality

There is no remoteness, no feeling that, however exquisitely done, they are only stories after all about such pieces of writing as "Relax is All," and "On Being Told that her Second Husband has taken his First Lover." The characters are real; their reactions are spontaneous; there is no feeling that they are being manipulated (no matter how skillfully) in order that the story may end "artistically."

E. J. O'Brien's "The Best English and American Short Stories, 1935," shows in one volume the complete gulf between the two schools. The English, while of interest to those who desire to examine the degree to which contemporary writers have developed the technique of this form, will be dull to the majority of readers—including those of cultivated literary taste.

There is an almost complete lack of gusto in the examples selected. The majority of the stories could have been written by anaemic spinsters of both sexes whose contacts with the world have, up to date, been infrequent and very transitory. They are "literary" stories for the most part, doomed to be applauded in the back parlors of Eton and the less successful attics of Chelsea, and in the corresponding quarters of other parts of the Empire, but otherwise to be looked at and forgotten.

Robust Americans

The American contributions, on the other hand, while lacking as a group the fine polish of the English examples, are definitely more robust. There is that about them which makes the reader imagine the majority of the authors submerging themselves in the hurly-



G. B. STERN, the popular novelist, in her last book, "Shining and Free," she returned to the Rakonitz family, the exuberant cosmopolitan Jews, and told of a day in the life of the Patriarch, Anastasia Rakonitz.

bury of modern existence, soaking in impressions, and coming to the surface only to express in writing their reactions to life before plunging into it once more.

There is an adventurousness about their work that more than makes for any small deficiencies in delicacy of writing and technique, and readers will be quick to feel the sincerity of feeling and purpose which animates it. There is all the difference between these stories and the English selections—as a whole—as between a splendidly-carved statue and a living figure. The first is beautiful, but cold; the second is always alive, and sometimes, too, quite as beautiful as the statue.

"A Confessor of Women," Harold Dearden (Hogarth, 7/6). "Time: The Present," Tess Slesinger (Arthur Barker, 8/6). "Best Short Stories, 1935," E. J. O'Brien (Cape, 7/6). Our copies, Moore's Bookshop.

SHORT REVIEWS

"SONGS OF LIGHT," Tilly Aston. The

writer of this book of verse has been blind since the age of seven, but this handicap has not robbed her of that "inward eye" that sees beauty in life around her. This is reflected in her verses, which have been arranged in twelve groups, under a heading of each month in the year, each group concluding with a "flower thought." Miss Aston has been responsible for other books, and Helen Keller, in "Songs of Light," writes an appreciation of her work. (Lothian Publishing Co. 5/-.)

"PRISCILLA FALLS IN LOVE,"

Pamela Wynne. Youthful love is a very wonderful thing, but there is also something very charming in the love of two middle-aged people. Pamela Wynne has shown this in her latest story, in which Priscilla Wingfield, in her middle forties, sets off for Switzerland and finds romance. In contrast to Pamela's happy love story is that of Rosemary Dean, an English girl married to an Indian. (Collins, 7/6.)

"THE BLACK CHALICE," Cedric

Goodall. A thriller, in which the practice of a religious rite by a band of fanatics, not without ulterior motives, threatens to rob a young man of his inheritance. Larry Lingard was destitute, when on the Thames Embankment an equally destitute man shared with him some fish and chips. Opening the paper in which the meal was wrapped Larry found an advertisement that eventually meant for him a rich inheritance. The manner house that is part of it had a bad reputation, but despite all efforts to stop him Larry insisted on occupying it. All sorts of blood-curdling things happen before the mystery is cleared up and Larry is able to pursue his working in peace. (Melrose. Our copy, Swains.)

"THE STORY OF THE WORLD. FOR

YOUNG PEOPLE." By Mabel Cleverley Paine. This is a splendid contribution to juvenile literature. Commencing with the very beginning of life, the author, in simple, interesting prose, tells the story of the world and of mankind in a way that never ceases to appeal to the dry-as-dust history that our generation associates with school-days.

The first volume of this excellent work has just been published; it takes us as far as medieval times. Two further volumes will follow, to complete the story.

While Miss Paine states definitely that she has done no original research, she has, nevertheless, drawn from sources which are as reliable as history can ever be said to be. The main thing is that she has done a job which, while being highly instructive, will yet prove as interesting to any normally curious child as fiction could be.

Indeed, many parents will be unable to resist this book. Very few of us are so well-informed that we could say that Miss Paine has nothing to tell that will be new to us. (Frederick Muller Ltd. Our copy, The Roycroft, 11/3.)

BRAN TUB No. 29

THE PRESSURE OF SO GREAT A TERRIFIC

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ADD ALL

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"BRAN TUB" £50 MUST BE WON

Can You Solve This Simple Puzzle?

Don't miss this splendid one-week competition! It is just a short and easily-worded paragraph about A HUGE CROWD, which appeared in an Australian paper some time ago, and has now been put into puzzle form by our artist. The opening words, "The pressure of . . ." will tell you what it is all about—and, for the rest, the wording is simple and the sense of the sentence will help you. Each picture or sign may mean part of a word, one, two or three words, but not more than three.

Solve the puzzle carefully and write your solution IN INK on one side of a sheet of paper. Add your name and residential address, and post the entry to:—"BRAN TUB," No. 29, Box 4153N, G.P.O., Sydney.

READ THESE RULES CAREFULLY

All entries must be postmarked not later than FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 15. The First Prize of £50 will be awarded to the competitor whose solution of the paragraph is correct, or most nearly correct. In case of ties, the prize money will be divided, but the full amount will be paid.

Sealed Solution and £50 Prize Money is deposited with "Truth" Ltd., Sydney. A postal note for 1/- must accompany each initial entry, and £1. each additional entry. (Where postal notes are not obtainable, 1/1 in stamps will be accepted in lieu of 1/- postal note.) Any number of attempts may be sent on plain paper. Alternatives in single entries will be disqualified. Post Office addresses not accepted. Results will be published on Saturday, November 30.

£50 WON

RESULT OF "BRAN TUB" No. 26

The Winning Competitor in this contest is:—
Mr. E. W. Doyle, 61 Temple Street, Stanmore, Sydney.
His solution, containing only one error, was the most nearly correct one received, and the Prize of £50 in cash is therefore awarded to him.
Prize money will be posted on Friday, November 22nd.

SOLUTION TO "BRAN TUB" No. 26

A large number of people who were sheltering in the shed, rushed into the open, where terrified horses were galloping over the ground. Branches of trees were swept across the ground; and a large crowd rushed to the groundstand for shelter.

(From Townsville Daily Bulletin), 29th August, 1907.

BETTY'S "RACEY" NARRATIVES!

Isn't it Sweet when Winners are Easy and Bookmakers Nice?

By BETTY GEE

Three of my Sydney girl friends and myself had a brief conference at Menzies on Saturday night. I took the chair, and we came to a quick resolution that we ought to stop in Melbourne and start a punting syndicate. The winners are so easy to pick and the bookmakers are so nice and generous and give such marvellous prices.

I really think I will stay or, if I go home, it won't be until after the Caulfield Consolation Cup, and that's worth £2500, on November 23. That's if Dickie will let me stay. But, of course, I may not need his consent or money either the way I'm going.

First of all I saw Bimilla's head sticking out of her stall, and I don't think I ever saw anything more intelligent or handsome in equine shape, and so I backed her at 2 to 1. But then I liked the name, Link Divine, and she was 4 to 1, so I took the chance, and she won it by a head from Bimilla. Not bad picking, eh?

And, of course, after Link Divine, what could be more appropriate and romantic than Fidelity in the very next

when Sylvandale returned to scale. None but a bright, sparkling, and very athlete could have got there before the horse, but she did.

It was Miss Freda Conolly who told me about Fidelity. Her father is the famous Eric Conolly, and if he doesn't know the winner of a Derby well tell me who would. So I went along to Mr. Bob Jansen. I think he's the nicest bookmaker I ever met, with his silky voice and ingratiating smile, whether he's laying you the odds to £100 or the odds to 10/1.

But don't underrate my Fidelity bet, my dears. I had £2 on it at 5 to 1 and Keith Votire bowled it home "smoking its pipe" as they say.

Everybody told me the Cantala was all over her ordering the champagne and that the handicapper had thrown Charles Fox in a stone light. So I threw £2 on it and was thrown myself. He didn't even get a place. What made it worse, was I had a £1 saver on King's Head.

Low Masly told me he would give me

the money back if it lost, but he was badly knocked about in the straight and, of course, he couldn't win. So I don't know whether I can ask Lou for the money or not. What do you think?

Mr. J. J. Leaby was there in Savile Row cut, Vandyke beard and hard bitter. I like that man. They tell me he's a millionaire, and what a physique! Anyhow he told somebody something. I think it was Mr. T. G. Doyle, the Sydney veterinary surgeon with almost all the letters of the alphabet after his name, and I followed him and I saw him back Sarcherie. So what could I do but back him, too, and I got 3 to 1.

Watch These Tips!

What Sarcherie did to those horses was a crying shame, but I had no sympathy for them nor the books and I collected and went home £21 to the good.

If I can drop you a line after the Cup and tell you what happened to me I will, but in case I should forget I'm going to tell you that Narbethong will win a race because Edgar Forsyth told me. And do you know what I've got for Oaks Day? No, not something pretty to wear but Nalda for the Oaks. Bobby Green, Sol Green's son, told me, and Sol owns it.

Synagogue is "a stiffer" for the Lintithrow I was told by Mrs. Skelly and she keeps the Australian Club Hotel, and what she doesn't find out about good horses isn't worth worrying about. Also, if you know anywhere you can get any money get it and put it on Warrate for the Steeplechase, because the waitress at our table at the Windsor knows somebody who goes with the boy in Vin O'Neill's stable and it's a certainty. And be on Heroic Chief and Scout whenever they run.



Use Oatine Cream at night to Feed and Cleanse the Skin. Tube, 1/-; Jar, 2/- and 4/-.

Dearest Mother
What a lovely present! No one else would have thought of sending me a box of my favourite beauty preparations. But of course, you know that one really must use Oatine Powder Base and Oatine Cream in this out-back climate. The Browns came yesterday - unexpectedly - which meant a lot of extra cooking. When I'd finished Mrs. Brown remarked on my complexion, which was still as fresh as when she arrived - and she knew I hadn't stopped to renew it. So I told her about Oatine Powder Base and the Oatine Cream for cleansing. She was very grateful for the tip.

Obtainable at all Chemists or from Oatine (Aust.), Ltd., G.P.O. Box 2478 2134, Sydney.

In Two 4 sh adms - R a c holla & Nancelle - 1/2 Tube



SIR COLIN STEPHEN, Chairman of the A.J.C., was at Flemington on Saturday, "grey top hat, 'flogger' and all," to see his horse, Fidelity, win.

rate. Why, the very names urge one on to bet, and I did, my dears! Ten pounds to £2/10/-, and I thought "heaven help that but I've chosen if it gets beat." But Fidelity won all right, with lengths to spare and then some.

Her owner, Sir Colin Stephen, is chairman of the A.J.C. you know and, of course, was there to receive the ovation - grey top-hat, "flogger," and all.

Mr. Alan Currie, the new Chairman of the V.R.C. was there in all the formal finery which mankind loves to wear on such occasions, and later I saw Mrs. Alan Currie in the Paddock in "something distinctly quiet." Now, if the menfolk on the committee can dress themselves in their warpaint on such occasions, why can't the official ladies do something to distinguish themselves from the common racing herd? Now tell me that!

Why I didn't win a lot of money on the Melbourne Stakes I simply don't know. Of course, Peter Pan was at odds on, and you know that I don't lay the odds, and I don't let Dickie either if I can help it.

But Mrs. Ute ("Lorna Doone") told me that her horse Sylvandale was never better and was beating Peter Pan on the tracks, so I thought "why wouldn't he beat him in a race too?" I was about to step down to the ring when Sewanee Schwartz, one of Sydney's bright lights of the betting ring you know, simply screamed at me when I told him my intentions. Well, what could a lady do in face of ridicule? I didn't bet and Sylvandale won and Peter Pan not in a place.

You should have seen Mrs. Ute run from the top deck of the official stand down twenty flights of steps and into the weighing enclosure to do the honors



These photographs show the splendid results to be obtained by the use of the Chapman's Wonder Hair Treatment. You can secure similar benefits.

6 Weeks' Course WONDER HAIR TREATMENT FREE

Mr. W. J. Chapman makes his FINAL advertising offer for the year. He is once more in the fortunate position of being able to offer a six weeks' Course of his Wonder Hair Treatment, FREE, to every person answering this advertisement.

There is no need to go bald, no need to suffer from dandruff, and no need to worry about falling hair. No matter what your hair troubles may be, you can NOW have a good head of strong, healthy hair, free of dandruff; but you must ACT PROMPTLY

if you wish to avail yourself of Mr. Chapman's sensational advertising offer, for it is strictly limited. There is no obligation. Sign your name and address clearly on the coupon below and forward it WITHOUT DELAY.

UNSOLICITED

"I am at a loss to find words to express my great joy at being able to report to you that my hair is coming back splendidly after being QUITE BALD FOR 25 YEARS, which proves that your hair wonder is without the shadow of a doubt positively astounding—in fact, to tell you the truth, I can scarcely believe my own eyes. The progress my hair has made is this: It has grown over the bald part of my head from 1 1/2 to 2 inches, working its way to the top of the head. I sincerely trust that this truthful report will raise your business to the highest pinnacle of success."—(Mr.) J. Hunt, Kogarah, N.S.W.

"I find my hair softer to the touch and easier to arrange. Dandruff has gone and I am perfectly satisfied with the treatment."—(Mrs.) Miller, EchUCA, Vic.

"The improvement is astonishing. The hair is growing strongly and dandruff has entirely disappeared."—H. Anderson, Fremantle, W.A.

TESTIMONIALS

"I have used your Wonder Hair Treatment and I find it is all you claim, as a bald patch is now covered with hair, and on the rest of the top of my head the hair is thickening nicely. Please send particulars of your Treatment to the Station Master at Papakatoe, to whom I have shown the results of a few weeks' treatment."—(Mr.) H. C. Rayner, Auckland, N. Zealand.

"I am perfectly satisfied. The patch at the back of my head is completely covered. The hair came on by leaps and bounds."—A. Higgins, Glenelg, S.A.

"My hair was receding from my temples and I was on the way to baldness. The difference is amazing. The new hair is growing nicely and I no longer find loose hairs clinging to my brush and comb."—W. Taylor, Blackall, Qld.

"The hair has ceased to fall and there is a generous new growth. I did not think it possible."—(Miss) B. Fuller, Burnie, Tas.

ARE YOU BALD?

Wonder Hair Treatment is not infallible. If the hair roots are dead nothing will make the hair grow again; but sometimes the roots are merely dormant, in a state of suspended animation. Men everywhere are proving that dormant hair roots can be stimulated by WONDER HAIR TREATMENT and THE HAIR WILL GROW AGAIN.

NOT TO TRY IS NOT TO KNOW. Mr. Chapman asks you to send him a 2d. stamp and a 2d. stamp for postage. APPLY TODAY.

SEND NO MONEY

Mr. Chapman invites everyone not entirely satisfied with the condition of their hair to test Wonder Hair Treatment AT HIS RISK.

SEND NO MONEY. By filling out and posting the coupon, you will be placed under no obligation. It will be your first step towards real hair health. Write your name and address clearly. Enclose 2d. in stamps for postage. APPLY TODAY.

NEW LIFE For Your HAIR

You are a victim of SCALP STARVATION if your hair is falling or if you suffer from dandruff, premature greyness, or threatened baldness. WONDER HAIR TREATMENT overcomes these hair and scalp troubles, and Mr. W. J. Chapman asks you to try it AT HIS RISK. Mr. Chapman's Treatment is natural, effective and inexpensive. It gives NEW LIFE to the hair, because it gets down BELOW the scalp, stimulating the little blood vessels, rushing nourishment to the roots themselves, intensifying the growth and restoring health and beauty to the hair. WONDER HAIR TREATMENT stimulates the hair roots, feeds them, and the hair grows strongly once more, becomes brighter and more luxuriant. YOU LOOK YOUNGER, you have added to your attractions, and you are happier. You'll be more than delighted with the successful results. NOW you have YOUR OPPORTUNITY to END your hair troubles—but you must be quick in response to avoid disappointment. Send the FREE COUPON BELOW AT ONCE.

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TO Mr. W. J. CHAPMAN, 254 CASTLEREAGH STREET, SYDNEY.

ENCLOSE A 2d. STAMP AND WRITE YOUR NAME AND ADDRESS PLAINLY IN THE SPACE BELOW. STATE CLEARLY WHETHER MR., MRS., OR MISS.

NAME

ADDRESS

171

Summer Time is TEA TIME



"Invigorating and refreshing," says
Jocelyn Poynter

A prominent Tennis enthusiast

"WHO could help getting excited over tennis! I think it's the grandest game in the world. Out in the air and sunshine, fit and ready for the fastest set is the keenest pleasure I know.

It's good, too, to relax afterwards, and enjoy a really hot cup of tea—if the tea is good. Tea and tennis seem to go together somehow, probably because a cup of fresh tea that's properly made is so invigorating and refreshing. It's always my first thought after a strenuous game, and it freshens me up in no time.

Iced tea is good, too, for a quick, satisfying thirst-quencher. So many of my friends seem to be serving it these days that I've tried it too. It's really delicious, and if you follow a good recipe you'll thoroughly enjoy it."

Some delightful methods of serving Iced Tea will be found in the

FREE RECIPE BOOK

which you can secure by writing to The Tea Market Expansion Bureau, Kyle House, Macquarie Place, Sydney. Just send your address and 1d. stamp to cover postage.

RECIPE FOR CREAMED ICED TEA

2 tablespoonful good quality tea
1 quart boiling water
1 pint of cream (or 1 pint milk)
3 oz. caster sugar
1 lemon

Put tea in teapot, previously heated, pour the boiling water over the tea, allow to infuse for 5 minutes, then pour off into a jug. Place jug in freezer for two hours, then mix the tea with the sugar and cream (or milk) and place in freezer for further two hours. Serve with thin slices of lemon. Always be careful to strain tea carefully.

RECIPE FOR "CARAVAN" ICED TEA

Put two teaspoonful of a good quality tea (to each 1 pint of water) in a jug and then pour the necessary amount of COLD water over same. Place the jug in the refrigerator or ice chest overnight. To serve—first stir the leaves thoroughly—then pour through strainer into another jug and serve into glasses with slice of lemon. Add icing sugar to taste. This recipe produces a beautifully clear and palatable Iced Tea.

Hot or Iced

TESD

good TEA stimulates
quenches

ISSUED BY THE
TEA MARKET
EXPANSION BUREAU

MEN and ANGEL

Continued from Page 5

ANGELA tore open the envelope. She had, for all her fragility, oddly strong, long-fingered hands.

She sat for a moment looking down at the message without stirring. Then she lifted her head. Only Betty Wheeler, at whom she looked straight, saw her dark eyes smiling.

"Well, well?" said Andrew Todd, with benevolent impatience. "Who's it from, child?"

Angela said in her soft, clear voice: "It's from Neville."

Neville was Horace's younger brother. Horace was surprised and slightly annoyed.

"Still in France, of course?"

"It was sent from there," said Angela. "Neville! Upon my word," said Andrew Todd. "That's very thoughtful of him. What does he have to say for himself?"

"I'll read it to you," said Angela.

"Why not?" said Horace heartily. Horace had a profile like Apollo's. "Not getting tired of the gay life, is he?"

"I don't know," said Angela. "He only says"—she paused an imperceptible instant—"Happy birthday, darling."

"Probably just one of those form messages," said Jim Wheeler gravely. "Neville was always so considerate," contributed Mrs. Todd. She caught her husband's eye and rose in one of her customary nervous flurries. "Mrs. Wheeler—Angela, shall we have our coffee in the library?"

As Angela passed Horace he laid a hand on her arm. "Fine moon tonight," he said, in a lowered voice. "How about the garden? Slip away after a time."

"I'd love it," murmured Angela.

Mrs. Todd did not go at once into the library. Excusing herself she said: "I must take my medicine."

THE library was wide, high-ceilinged and cool, lit by one or two shaded lamps. Books filled the walls. Deep old chairs of polished leather stood on either side of the fireplace. Above a mantelshelf of black marble hung the portrait of a dark-haired woman in a low-cut yellow ball-dress in the fashion of the eighties. The young woman's hand was on the head of a St. Bernard. Dog-eyes held mysterious melancholy. Woman-eyes with nothing much of anything beyond a desire to please.

Betty went straight to the picture and stopped there looking up at it. "Neville," she said with apparent irrelevance, "would know his psychological moment. Considerate, indeed! That cable couldn't have been better timed."

"Sugar, Betty?" asked Angela innocently. She was standing beside a table, on which coffee and liqueurs waited. In her slim white satin frock, with her slender white arms and long, slender throat she seemed almost inhumanly cool and untouched—no Daphne more so.

Betty, however, had not known her for two years or more for nothing. With a swishing of silken rose-red ruffles Betty walked from beneath the portrait of Mrs. Todd's pale youth to where Angela stood and took that delicately non-committal face between two plump palms.

"Aren't you ashamed of yourself?" she demanded. "At this rate you'll never be a proper cradle-singer. What a naughty temper, Miss Todd!"

Angela smiled. Drew a long breath of release.

"Did I show it so plainly?"

"Only to a guilty observer. How does one feel—linking one's destiny, darling?"

"Oh, Betty, I could have howled with rage! Why must old people be like that?"

"It isn't merely a matter of age," said Betty. "I don't know if you noticed—Horace has cream on his whiskers."

"I know," said Angela uneasily. "He rather liked it, didn't he?"

"He could have gone on listening for hours. Just his style."

"All that about joining the estates. I get so tired of hearing it. After all, am I livestock to be transferred with the property?"

BETTY drank her coffee in significant silence.

"The only thing that stopped grandfather was the cable coming when it did."

"I thought the cable," said Betty, "was rather sweet. The lad is gorgeously human."

"Horace," said Angela, "thinks Neville is weak."

"Brothers," said Betty, "are so apt to be unkindly critics. I expect Horace's thrifty ways have given Neville many a hard moment."

"Thrifty?" said Angela reluctantly, doubtful.

Betty misquoted blandly.

"Although he was on pleasure bent he had a frugal mind."

And you and Horace are already of one mind, I suppose," she added. "You and Jim," said Angela slowly. "You've never disagreed!"

Betty said: "I've had my off moments. So has Jim, of course. But take it as it comes."

"Yes?" said Angela.

"Well, here we are!" said Betty. "I'm thirty now. We've been married ten years. Does that prove anything? Or doesn't it? With divorce so easy."

"Marriage," said Angela, "is something one had better be sure about, isn't it?"

Betty said: "Better be as sure as you can, Angela, while there's still time."

Angela stood as still as smoke in a windless sky.

"I hear grandmother coming back, Betty, do something for me. I'm going out in the garden. Tell Horace—"

"Knowing how your grandmother loves me," said Betty—she pulled a comic long face—"I feel that a tele-fete is all we both need. However"—she gave Angela a little push—"run along. I'll send your Greek god after you, Pandora."

Angela sat in the garden and waited, with her hands folded in her white satin lap.

The garden was almost too beautiful. In the luminous twilight roses drowned upon the leafy stalks and pale scarlet-freckled lilacs gave off strange fragrances. A white rose called Silver Moon climbed the low wall beside the old stone seat on which Angela sat. The white rose spread its wanton pallor far and wide. It bared its shallow golden heart to the real moon and shed its drifting petals on the wind. Angela and Neville had sat on that seat when Angela had been only nineteen.

Now she sat alone and wondered why the scent of the white rose brought back to her so vividly Neville's crooked mouth, his narrow, shining eyes with their deep gleam of devilry. Neville's face—dark and thin. He might, from the look of him, have been Spanish or Italian. Beside Horace's clean-cut fairness he always looked foreign and sardonic. Beside Horace's amiably ready smile, Neville's twisted grin betrayed a mischief compounded equally of malice and mockery.

Please turn to Page 16

1935 Fashions in Face Powder

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Fashions in 'make-up' are undergoing a complete revolution. Old style face powders are as dead as the crinoline. Science now makes real and natural complexion beauty easy for any woman. Mousse of Cream blended face powder was first the vogue of fashionable society women in Paris, London and New York. Now, since the patent process has been acquired at enormous expense by Tokalon, powder blended with Mousse of Cream is within the reach of every purse.



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ITALIAN ARTILLERY, manned by Bersaglieri, supporting the attack on Adowa, which was captured after a desperate resistance.



AN APPEAL FOR FUNDS to equip a Red Cross unit for Abyssinia met with a ready response in London. Mr. John Melly, F.R.C.S., who will be in charge, is checking gifts of bandages.



ABYSSINIAN WOMEN flee from the Harrar district, carrying baskets of food on their heads.



TITAUARI TAFARI, Abyssinian Minister for War.

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"GOREFOUSLY"

human," as Betty had said. Sitting on the seat beside Angela he had slipped an arm around her. "Might have been Fra Filippo Lippi's girl, mightn't you? Hundreds of years ago."

Someone was coming between the rose trees, someone tall and fair and smiling.

"Oh, here you are!" said Horace.

"Sorry to keep you waiting."

He sat down on the bench and in his turn slipped an arm round her.

"I got into a discussion with your grandfather."

"About me?" asked Angela.

"About tiling," said Horace. "He's thinking of installing a new bathroom next month."

"And he kept you talking, of course."

"On the contrary, I kept him. He has gone into the matter very thoroughly."

"Must I?" asked Angela, sweeter than the freckled lilies.

"What do you mean, must you?"

"You'd find it extremely interesting."

"I doubt it."

"That's because you've never really looked into such things," said Horace reasonably. His mouth and chin were almost sculpturally perfect. There was something in the modelling of them,

MEN and ANGEL

Continued from Page 14

Angela thought, to turn a girl's heart over.

"Kiss me, Horace," said Angela. Promptly he kissed her with affection, but without inordinate enthusiasm.

She put up a finger and outlined his lower lip lightly.

"Need a closer shave?" said Horace at once.

Angela sighed faintly.

"Little overthought to-night, aren't you? Now, this was my idea—"

Angela thought: "When we've been married for years, he'll still be saying things like that."

M

MOONLIGHT lay on the garden like a spell. Beauty beyond reality, clustered sweetness like dim ropes of pearls edging a path. And always the white rose opening her hundred hearts to the night.

Neville had said: "When I see moonlight I think of you—you ought to burn for a witch. Could you turn, do you think?"

Angela had thought then she'd rather not try. Now she wasn't sure she hadn't made a mistake—in not trying.

"What do I know—?" she thought. "After all, what do I know about men—or about love—or about life? Sheltered and settled. Why should I let them make that sort of woman of me? Why shouldn't I find out for myself whatever it is I want?" Betty Wheeler's voice was in her ears again: "And how to get it?" Betty was wise. She had what he wanted. She had Jim. Betty had said: "Better be as sure as you can, Angela."

Mysterious warning there. Horace was saying: "He's going to throw out a wing behind the library."

"Who is?" asked Angela vaguely. It might, for all she knew, be either an eagle or the Archangel Michael.

"Your grandfather," said Horace, not at all perturbed. He had an almost shock-proof nature. To things which might have set another man storming he turned a smiling face, the gleam of white teeth.

"Why on earth is he going to do that?" asked Angela. "The house is big enough already."

"For a small suite of his own," returned Horace. "I thoroughly approve."

"Poor granny," said Angela. "What's she done to be locked out?"

"Nothing at all," said Horace. "A man likes a place to himself—naturally."

On a tree beyond the wall a sleepy bird began to sing. Soft, broken trills, faint sound rippling through the argent dark-like water flowing. Angela felt longing rise in her like the broken song. For a touch she had never felt. For a face she had never seen. For a heaven she had never known. Touch, and face and heaven were somewhere—waiting. She felt it in the blind depths of her soul. She drew a long breath, shut her eyes and leaned closer into Horace's arm.

"Chilly, eh?" said Horace, comfortable. "Like me to go up to the house and get you a wrap? Or perhaps we'd better go in. Might have a game of bridge."

"I'm all right," said Angela tonelessly. She drew back into herself. Neville hadn't needed her to lean closer.

T

WO years ago on that very bench she had had to put him off—wrench herself out of his arms—hide her face from his ardent mouth.

She had been frightened. And he had not been strong enough to break down her defences. Perhaps, too, he knew that most women came when he whistled. Why waste his care-free time running after a frozen coward?

"Make your choice, darling," he had told her.

He had come as close as that to asking her to marry him. Very close indeed—for free-lance Neville.

But Horace had been always within reach, steady and gentle and quiet. Horace never frightened her. Never made strange demands on her. After Neville's hot madness, Horace was as cool as water after wine.

Too, the pull of Horace's incredible masculine beauty—surely the woman didn't live who wouldn't have been drawn by that splendid head.

Jerking the splendid head this way and that so that his collar sat a trifle more easily, Horace resumed the discussion of bowing and kissing. With him it was at times almost an obsession. He loved to plan, measure and estimate. When a week or so before Angela had vaguely suggested that his own house might eventually prove too small for them, he had at once seized upon the idea. For a time it had been his sole topic of conversation.

He now continued earnestly: "I said what the old house needs is a whole new upper floor. Put in big rooms and enlarge the cupboard space."

"Nice," said Angela absently. She was thinking: "If I'd been a little older—had a little more courage—Neville might not have gone to Paris."

A

LL at once she saw him—against the grey-green stillness of the Seine—against lights in jewelled strings along the Champs Elysees—a city veiled in light—a man loving it as he might love a woman.

"It's going to cost a pretty penny," said Horace, "but it'll be the kind of thing we'll want when we come to live in it. And the main thing is—it'll improve our property."

From Paris Angela came back to Horace. She thought: "I'm not even listening. And, after all, it's for me he's doing this."

She said: "Are you really going to make the changes we talked about? I didn't think you'd do it so soon."

"Fortunately," said Horace, "I haven't spoken to the contractor. Now I'll simply let the whole thing go."

He took his arm from about her shoulders, blew his nose with a good deal of finality and abstractedly put his arm back.

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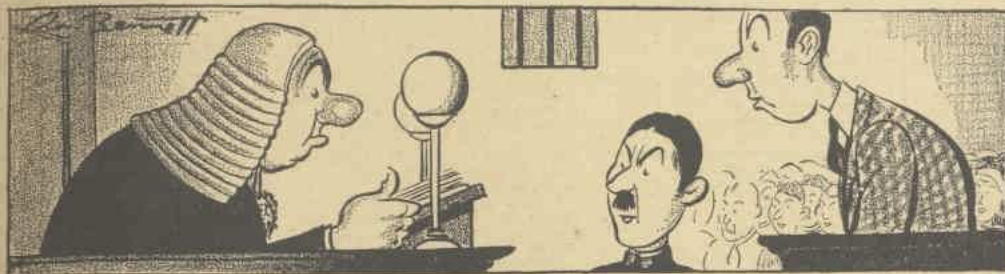
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Please turn to Page 18

Some NEW LAUGHS

Conducted by L. W. LOWER "Most jokes were old and mellow when we were seventeen. When we are old and mellow, they'll still be evergreen."



JUDGE: Ever been in court before?
WITNESS: Yes, your lordship.
JUDGE: In what suit?
WITNESS: My navy-blue, sir.



SHIPWRECKED CHEF: What! No pepper and salt?



BURGLAR: Your wife has fainted.
HENPECKED HUSBAND: You're wonderful!



SOLE SURVIVOR (about to be rescued after week on raft): Hi! When are you going to take me on board?
OFFICER: Don't be so impatient! Some of the passengers haven't got snaps of you yet.



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"Hansen's made my feet painful and tender. Even standing caused suffering. Regular use of Zam-Buk wonderfully soothed and strengthened me just and enabled me to get about in ease and comfort." Mrs. L. Collins.

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"HOW do you stop a horse bolting?" "Back it."

HUSBAND: If a man steals, no matter what it is, he will live to regret it. Wife (coolly): You used to steal kisses from me before we were married. Husband: Well, you heard what I said.

"HOW can I trace all my living relations?" "Take a bungalow at the seaside for a season."

"JACK, dear, supposing I were to die, what would you do?" "I would go off my head, darling!" "Would you marry again, dear?" "Oh! I don't say I'd go off my head altogether."

"HAVE you any objection to having a whisky and soda?" "Well, I've never had one before." "What! Never had a whisky and soda?" "No; an objection."

"WHAT'S this big item on your expense account?" "Oh, that's my hotel bill." "Well, don't buy any more hotels."



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(Signed) Mrs. S. A. M.

* The writer mentions a well-known health salt.

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Charm
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"BUT if you let it go—" said Angela. Part of Horace's house badly needed doing up. And in the back of her mind had hovered a secret dream of a sunny nursery. "We'll need more room, won't we?" she suggested, somewhat shyly, "sooner or later."

"Under the circumstances," said Horace, "I think we can afford to get along without it."

"Under what circumstances?" asked Angela, wholly at sea.

"As I've just been saying," Horace repeated patiently, "we can afford to wait."

"What circumstances? Wait for what?" He smiled into her puzzled face and patted her cheek indulgently. "Perhaps a couple of years—perhaps only a matter of months."

"What do you mean?" said Angela. She thought: "What is he saying? I must be mad."

"And since we now know quite definitely—"

"What is it we know?"

"Weren't you listening," he reproved her kindly, "when your grandfather announced at the dinner-table that the house would be yours?"

"Which house?"

"This house, of course. Yours and your children's. So, as I say—there's no use spending money on my place when we have only to wait—"

Angela slid to her feet—stood staring, horrified. "For granny and grandfather to die!"

"Certainly! You can't expect them to live for ever. It's very sad of course, but—"

"Dead men's shoes—that's what we're to wait for?"

"Now, look here, Angela, you're being a little impractical—"

"And you're being strange and revolting. All of a sudden I seem not to know you at all. I seem not to know anything about you. I despise the kind of thing you've just suggested."

"You're talking like a child," said Horace. He stood up and faced her stiffly.

"For the first time in my life I'm thinking like a woman. I'm just realising—of course, I knew you were careful with money."

"I'm glad you allow me that much."

Angela said breathlessly: "I'm not allowing you anything to be proud of, when being careful means that you can consider waiting—like a buzzard on a branch—for two old people to be dead so that you can take what they had. When you can build your home on the expectations of somebody's dying—and that before too long—"

Horace said coldly: "We'll talk this over when you're not so excited—when you can take a sensible view of things. Didn't your grandfather himself speak of going into the life beyond?"

"That's a very different thing from your scheming for him to step out and let you step in!" Her voice shook with an anger close on tears. "Don't talk about it any more! I loathe the very thought. And don't count on me and my children to help you save the cost of a bathroom and cupboard space—"

"You don't know what you're saying."

"Then perhaps," said Angela, trembling violently, "you will believe that I know what I'm doing." She dragged his ring from her finger and on her open palm held it out to him.

"I won't take it," said Horace, livid in the moonlight. "To-morrow, when you're feeling quieter—"

"Take it or leave it!" said Angela. "I'm sorry I ever had it on my finger."

She held it a moment more, then coldly dropped it on the path at his feet. On her shaken way between red roofs and white to the lighted house she turned once and looked back. In that brief glance she saw Horace on his hands and knees desperately searching.

At a little after eleven next morning Angela was sitting on the foot of the Wheeler's big double bed.

There was an amusing still-life of crumpled male and female garments lying strewn over chairs and window-seat. On a little table beside the bed Jim's glasses and ash-tray jostled Betty's wrist-watch and a scribbling pad. Betty herself, rosy and dishevelled in a pink chiffon bed-jacket, lay back among pillows and watched Angela with affectionate concern.

She said softly: "Poor child!"

"Anyway," said Angela, "thank heaven I didn't start crying while the family battle was raging."

"I can just hear Mr. Todd," said Betty, with a chuckle. "So you don't know your own mind, eh?"

"And they know what's best," said Angela. "And Horace is the finest character for miles round. And I am a spoilt, ungrateful girl not nearly good enough for him."

"One reason your grandfather is so keen on Horace," Betty pointed out coolly, "is that they're so much alike. Same sort of man—with some forty odd years between."

"You think, then, that grandfather would have understood Horace's attitude last night?"

"Most likely."

"That he wouldn't have seen anything for me to be angry about?"

"Probably not."

"Oh, Betty, that's too horrible! I

MEN and ANGEL

Continued from Page 16

couldn't even bring myself to tell them what Horace had said. It seemed so cruel."

"Exactly what reason did you give them for breaking your engagement?"

"I said Horace and I just couldn't agree about anything."

"And they said things like that would take care of themselves?"

"Something of the sort. Something soothing and tired and old. I feel a beast, you know—an inter beast. They're so hurt and so disappointed and so shocked. I couldn't have staggered them more if I'd set off a bomb under their feet."

Steps came down the corridor, and Jim in black and an old brown pull-over came into the bedroom. His hair was roughened and untidy.

"Hallo, youngster!" he said to Angela. He leaned over the bed and kissed his wife. "You lazy little son of a gun," he said tenderly. "Who's this you've been bombing, Angel?"

"She's broken her engagement," said Betty.

"You don't mean it!" said Jim. He added, after a thoughtful pause: "Congratulations! That's the best news I've heard for some time."

Betty said: "Her grandparents don't think so."

"I'll bet they don't," said Jim. "Now the bridal of adjoining properties will have to go unaccompanied. I can just see Horace and grandfather sobbing their hearts out together. I don't know what your immediate reasons were," he continued slowly, "but I think you were right in any case. He's not the man for you."

"I've felt you and Betty didn't like him."

"Like him?" said Betty. "The biggest bore there ever was!"

"Well," said Angela, with a sigh, "I had a feeling you two would understand; but it's going to be pretty frightful at home. It's the first time I've ever stood up to them. They simply can't believe that I mean it."

When she set her white teeth it was strange how subtly her face changed. Watching with his artist's eye for soul behind flesh, Jim Wheeler thought, "That kid could be as ruthless as the devil."

"I'm not going to give in," said Angela.

"You're a fool if you do," said Betty. "Take your time, darling. The world is full of men. You haven't seen anything yet."

Please turn to Page 32

Learn her MAGIC SECRET of BEAUTY



Love comes first to those who are lovely.

To be completely lovely and to retain that youthful appearance, your make-up must be flawless—so begin with Le Charme Foundation Cream (for dry skin) or Le Charme Vanishing Cream (for oily skin), which not only causes powder to adhere, but tones and softens the skin and produces a beautiful and enviable complexion. Then let one of the six enchanting shades of Le Charme Face Powder give you an undefinable charm, that unforgettable allure that has attracted men the world over. These, and other supremely fine Le Charme Aids to Beauty, each delightfully perfumed, can be obtained from all first-class stores, chemists and Beauty Salons.

LE CHARME CUCUMBER VITAMIN CREAM retards tresses, strengthens and firms the flaccid muscles of your face—banishes wrinkles, redness and roughness.

Le Charme

AIDS to Beauty

"Every Picture tells a Story"



Weak Kidneys

make life a burden

DO STABBING PAINS strike across the back when you try to bend or straighten? Is the urine disordered and your sleep disturbed? Do weather changes bring rheumatism? These are symptoms of kidney weakness which Doans Backache Kidney Pills so successfully combat. Their early use can save you weeks of pain and discomfort. They are recommended by grateful men and women in all parts of Australia.

A WOMAN'S LASTING CURE

Mrs. A. E. Birch, 28 Pritchard St., Annandale, Sydney, says: "Some time ago my kidneys were in a seriously disordered state and in consequence I suffered terribly. My back never stopped aching, and I was almost crippled with the ailment. The kidney secretions were seriously disordered and I was very ill indeed. The state of my health worried me terribly. However,

at last I got Doan's Backache Kidney Pills, and they proved a God-send. The first couple of bottles eased my suffering a little and seven bottles of the Pills cured me completely."

Four years later, Mrs. Birch says: "I have had no return of my old complaint since Doan's Backache Kidney Pills cured me over four years ago."

Refuse inferior substitutes. Insist upon



DOANS

Backache Kidney Pills

The genuine package bears the Leaf Trade Mark

Each week £1 is paid for the best letter, and 2/6 for every other letter published on this page.

Pen names will not be used, following the decision of readers given in the poll taken on this page.



READERS, NOTE!

The "So They Say" page is your page. Any topic you care to write about is welcome, so long as it is interesting — and provocative. Letters should not exceed 120 words.

EAT IN SILENCE!

I HAVE often noticed on entering cafeterias and other dining places the number of people who carry on conversations while eating. But look at the "solitary" diner and see how he enjoys every mouthful. Why? Because no one is pestering him by talking to him. Wouldn't it be much better to eat without speaking, and then have your friendly chat when finished, at the same time giving the food a chance to digest?

We tell the children never to talk with their mouths full, so why not practise what we preach?

£1 for this letter to Mrs. A. Kellie, 43 Westmoreland St., Forest Lodge, Sydney.

FRIENDLY "AT HOMES"

HOW many women feel at home when visiting their friends?

When women have intimate friends they should treat them in a really friendly "homey" way when they are visiting and not sit them on the best chair in the house and fuss over afternoon tea.

I like to go into the kitchen and discuss recipes, and all sorts of cooking rather than sit inside, exchanging the latest gossip. There is nothing so boring as to have to sit up as if in a strait-jacket, being very prim and proper, and must be equally upstating to the person you are visiting, particularly if a hot tea has to be cooked, and the host to keep repeatedly running into the kitchen. But some women can't see it.

Mrs. Reg Eather, Dangar Village, Narrabri, N.S.W.

CANE SEATS

NOW that we are wearing linen and silk frocks, the problem of second-class carriage-marks accompanying one all day once more presents itself. It is rather annoying for business girls and women travelling by electric train every day, after missing the carriage they intended getting into because of the cane seats, to find that the next carriage also has cane seats. I know every woman will agree with me that the freshness of a summer frock, especially linen, is spoiled when the pattern of a cane seat is plainly imprinted on the back! Besides, who wants to be branded "second-class carriage" wherever one goes?

Will the railway authorities continue to install this particular type of seat, or will they keep to the leather type and thus consider their female travellers?

Marjorie Ambrose, Maitland, 126 Willson Rd., Carlton, N.S.W.

KEEP TO THE POINT

AMONG sporting bodies, social clubs, and committees which deal with public matters, there are always members with differences of opinion, and when those differences become forcibly expressed it is deplorable the way the main point is so often lost in the heat of argument.

Exchange of views is good, but why try to beat down an opponent by dinging his or her family history in his face?

Why remind him of his chief faults and failings, his inferior education, or the mistakes he made ten years ago? Often family quarrels are like this. They become so heated in detail that in the end nobody is speaking to anybody, and few can remember how it began.

If folks, in their differences, could keep strictly to the point, what administration they would call for, and how many would be better friends!

Vera M. Greedy, Wai Wai, Vic.

ADMIRE SLANG

ALTHOUGH this letter may be open to severe criticism, I would like to say how much I admire people who have the courage to speak slang "as she is spoken." Compared with the dull, flat, polite, and correct phrase of the English language, it is far more refreshing and exhilarating to hear quaint and modern similes used.

As Carl Sandburg, noted authority and poet, observes: "Slang is the language that takes off its coat, spits on its hands, and goes to work."

Andrew H. Moseley, Binnia, Coolah, N.S.W.

Should the Man or Maid Select the Ring?

SURELY both man and girl should have a say in the selection of the engagement ring. After asking the girl's choice of stones and setting, the man should go alone to purchase the ring. It would be embarrassing for him if both went and the girl chose one beyond his means. Besides, she would miss all the joy of seeing for the first time his very own choice of a ring for her.

Mrs. Ethel L. Bruhn, Squire Farm, Central Colo., via Windsor, N.S.W.

The Modern Way

MRS. DYER in her letter wonders whether a girl should choose her engagement ring.

Certainly. She will wear it, so why not be allowed to choose one she likes? Heaps of young couples I know have gone to the jewellers together and chosen the ring. The days when the bashful young man entered the jeweller's shop alone to purchase the ring have gone. Now his beloved accompanies him to help choose one to suit her, which, if it pleases her, will surely please him, too.

Mrs. W. Ferguson, 16 Laing Street, Mount Albert, Vic.

Surprise for Her

I THINK the man should choose the ring.

Any couple about to marry are almost certain to have discussed and even looked at rings so that the man would have an idea as to the type preferred by his fiancée.

Think of the little thrill of pleasure the girl would have when she opened the box—not quite sure of the design of the ring!

Miss P. Harrower, 29 Alfred Street, Valley, Brisbane.

Girl Should Choose

I THINK both parties should be present on this all-important occasion, but most assuredly the actual choosing of the ring should be done by the girl.

What does a man know of the various designs in rings to suit different hands?

Can you imagine a girl's disappointment on being presented with a huge cluster ring, when for months she has had visions of a dainty half-hoop, perhaps set with different stones, or vice-versa?

The man should be pleased and proud for his fiancée to select a ring she has long set her heart upon. After all, she has to wear the ring.

Of course, the man pays, but what a privilege!

Miss D. L. Tully, Port Wakefield, S.A.

What Makes for Success in Life?

I OFTEN wonder when reading of successful persons: "How did they get that way?"

Unfortunately, the majority of them cannot furnish shot-gun prescriptions for their achievements.

Are they people of action not commonly given to introspection, or do they not comprehend the difficulties which confront thousands of ambitious people?

I myself should very much like to hear the formula that makes for success.

A. Fisher, Princess Ave., Malvern East, Vic.

Just the Giver!

IN answer to Mrs. J. Dyer on choosing engagement rings, I think the girl should have the pleasure of choosing the ring. I know I should have been very disappointed if I had not done so. The man is merely the giver of it.

Mrs. O. Barnett, 28 Lamorne St., Toongabbie West, N.S.W.

Depends on the Couple

I THINK the choosing of the ring depends entirely on the two people concerned.

Some men take a delight in picking the ring themselves, thus knowing it is their very own gift. Others prefer to take their fiancées into their confidence.

I think the girl prefer to be asked to help, as individual tastes differ, and being such a big gift, it is most important that the ring should please her.

Rene M. Skerry, 243 Beach Rd., Parkdale 811, Melbourne.

Negative Criticism Needed for Debate

MISS LOVEDAY'S letter entitled, "Too Many Don'ts" (19/10/35), held a vein of unconscious humor, and the last line frankly contradicted the rest. It said, "Judge not, lest ye be judged," and then followed a criticism of the general run of "So They Say" letters.

After all, Miss Loveday, if we did not begin "Why don't," and "Why cannot," etc., our letters would not produce answers and make for the interesting discussions we all enjoy.

K. G. Porter, Karaweena, Jimbour, Qld.

Holiday "Fun"

WHY is it that so many people think holiday time is the time to do exactly as they please—whether right or wrong—so long as they enjoy themselves?

I have met so many who become



changed people when away from home!

Perhaps readers will help unravel this problem.

D. S. Elliott, Rothwell, Kambah Rd., Bellevue Hill, N.S.W.

Balance Kept

I THINK, Miss Loveday, that if this page is to be kept popular, it is important that letters be more of the negative type. They give readers more scope to express their views.

Also, you will find in the three columns devoted to replies that the negative letters have a certain number of affirmative replies, and the affirmative letters have a certain number of negative replies. In this way the page is balanced and made like a debate.

Miss M. C. Floyd, 14 Clevedon Rd., Hurstville, N.S.W.

Life is Dual

A RECENT contributor contended that too many "Don'ts" were expressed on this page, and made a plea for a positive attitude towards life.

More and more we are learning that everything in life is dual. It would be impossible to conceive a positive attitude, unless we had the conception also of a negative one. Each has its value, as destruction and construction have. It is often necessary to destroy before we can build, and frequently we need say, "Don't" before it is any use saying "Do." It is as wise to pronounce as to heed a healthy "Don't." Some of us go blithely on our way, blind to many personal shortcomings that a sagacious "Don't" would correct.

It is good to exercise that kindness which your correspondent calls humility. It saves us from censoriousness of our fellow-sharers of human frailty. Still, forbearance of a lapse that is an accident of being human is no reason for withholding protest, when a well-advised "Don't" will prevent a lapse from becoming a habit.

Miss Frances Maude, 1 Lansdowne Rd., East St. Kilda 22, Vic.

Start With Complaints

IN reply to Miss S. Loveday (19/10/35), it is through complaints chiefly that the world progresses. We can't all sit back and be content with everything in general. We must find fault to have improvements.

For instance, to start at home, in your own town or city. Recently through complaints concerning our city streets and roads in my own town the streets have been beautified and many men have received employment.

It is often only by hearing a complaint from a person that realisation of something wrong somewhere is brought home. So, instead of "complaining of complaints," as Miss Loveday has done, why not try to improve by complaints, if by no other way. "Complaints to start things rolling, and praise to keep things going."

Miss E. Whittenhall, Faversham, Arnhem St., Goulburn, N.S.W.

Machine-Wrapped Bread is Women's Ideal!

DEFINITELY yes, we should have bread delivered in wrappers! Women should make an appeal to the Health Department for it!

I am sure everyone realises the filth of the method of delivery mentioned by Mrs. E. Smith (19/10/35), and it is up to housewives to better it. "Cleanliness is next to godliness" in all things.

Mrs. E. L. Christie, 23 Countess St., Mosman, N.S.W.

Would Pay Small Fee

I'M glad to see Mrs. E. Smith's letter relating to the dirty and unhygienic way our bread is delivered.

She puts the case for the carter so clearly—he cannot, having no facilities, be always washing his hands. If the bakers were to wrap their bread in factories under hygienic conditions, surely those preferring clean bread would gladly pay a small fee!

I hope other particular women—especially mothers—will urge this reform and ask for wrapped bread.

Mrs. E. M. Jackson, Goola, Collingwood St., Manly, N.S.W.

Absolutely Disgusted

I AM sure all readers will agree with Mrs. Smith (19/10/35) re germs on our delivered bread. I have been absolutely disgusted watching bread being delivered.

Only last week a driver placed his basket on the road, ran into one house with a loaf clasped in his hand, popped it on the doorstep, then picked up another, and ran into the next house. He managed to arrive back to his basket in time to catch a dog smelling around it.

The way bread is left on dirty doorsteps is amazing! It should be wrapped before being delivered. The milkman supplies bottles for the milk; surely the baker can supply a sheet of paper.

F. Munroe, Denman Ave., Glen Iris SE & Vic.

Should Compel Them

I WAS very pleased to see one person airing her views on "the unhygienic delivery of our bread."

In these modern days it should be the aim of every industry, especially those dealing with food, to be as hygienic as possible. Should there be any lagging behind, the Government, which is supposed to watch over the interests of the people, should compel offenders to "fall into line."

Mrs. E. M. Robson, P.O., Tighe's Hill, N.S.W.

NATURAL HEARING FOR THE DEAF

Conveyed by the Wonderful "Sonotone."

For centuries the quest for a good Hearing Aid occupied the finest Scientists of the ages—earnest men who were anxious to do something for the many who were denied the happiness of hearing.

SUCCESS CAME IN 1932

When Dr. Hugo Lieber perfected the "Sonotone." Already the fame of this marvellous instrument has spread all over the world. Hundreds in Australia are using it to-day, and knowing the restoration of a faculty which had been denied them for years, or for their whole life.

"I'VE FORGOTTEN I WAS DEAF"

now that I have a "Sonotone" I wrote a N.S.W. gentleman, a lady writes: "It is the only instrument I have ever been able to wear all day. All sounds are so soft and clear." A Cabinet Minister in the present Government writes: "The 'Sonotone' served me at a time when I thought I should be compelled to abandon my public career, for other hearing aids had become of very little use."

If you are Deaf — Try the "Sonotone."

NO MATTER HOW DEAF YOU ARE,
NO MATTER WHAT CAUSED THE DEAFNESS,
NO MATTER HOW LONG YOU'VE BEEN DEAF,

Try the "Sonotone."

You will again join in the general conversation. No one need shout and embarrass you. You can overcome your old handicap in life. You can enjoy the talkies and your wireless.

To try the "Sonotone" please call and have a demonstration. Bring friends with you. Show them how easy it is now to make you hear.

If you cannot call, a trained demonstrator will bring a "Sonotone" to any suburb. If you are in the country, ask your Doctor to write for a "Sonotone" on approval. It will come to him by return, and you will have the pleasure of trying an interesting experiment which gives you almost unbelievable results.

ANGUS & COOTE ARE THE SOLE AUSTRALIAN AGENTS FOR THE "SONOTONE," AND FOR THE CONVENIENCE OF PEOPLE IN OTHER STATES HAVE APPOINTED THE FOLLOWING DISTRIBUTORS. CALL ON OR WRITE TO THE DISTRIBUTOR IN YOUR OWN STATE. HE WILL GLADLY GIVE YOU ALL PARTICULARS AND ASSISTANCE.

QUEENSLAND: Chas. Ranby Fraser, 23 Edward Street, Brisbane, and
at Bargate Street, Townsville.
SOUTH AUSTRALIA: Latham & Park, 42 Gawler Place, Adelaide.
WEST AUSTRALIA: Latham & Park, 64 Barrack Street, Perth.
VICTORIA & TASMANIA: B. Nathan, 116 Collins Street, Melbourne.
NEWCASTLE & DISTRICT: Goss & Brennan, 34 Hunter Street, Newcastle.

ANGUS & COOTE

SOLE AUSTRALIAN AGENTS FOR THE "SONOTONE" HEARING AID.
500 GEORGE STREET — SYDNEY



GOWNS FROM LADY ALICE SCOTT'S TROUSSEAU.—At the left, a frock of white satin entirely covered in mother-of-pearl sequins, and decorated with shining tissue chrysanthemums at shoulder and waist. Matching shoulder-cape is detachable. At the right: A blue-and-silver gown, two stripes being woven diagonally into the material, which was made specially for Lady Alice. A wide band of flowers of the material adorns the neck at the back and the right side of the frock. Photos exclusive to The Australian Women's Weekly.

The Sixth Gentleman

THIS delightful sketch of the infant son of the Duke and Duchess of Kent is by his maternal grandfather, H.R.H. Prince Nicholas of Greece. It was made at 3 Belgrave Square, when the baby Prince was six days old. It is reproduced here by courtesy of H.R.H. Prince Nicholas, and of the London "Daily Telegraph," and is exclusive in Australia to the Australian Women's Weekly.



THE BABY PRINCE will be christened at the Palace Chapel on November 20.

Your skin can be young

and radiant too!



"People began noticing me when I started using Pond's new 'Naturally,' writes a fair debutante."

IF your complexion looks dingy, faded and sallow—that's because it lacks the color notes necessary to radiant, glowing skin. If you're a blonde—hidden away there should be blue tones; if a brunette—bright green! A delicate optical machine was the means of revealing this—and the Pond's Company created magic beauty from the discovery. Now you can buy exquisite clinging face powder containing these essential color tones—you can supply them to your skin and bring out its hidden youth and glow and sparkle.

Pond's new Face Powder, created thus on an exclusive formula which has revolutionised the whole idea of "makeup," brings youth, vibrancy, glamour, to all types of complexions. Besides it is amazingly inexpensive to use—a new larger box costs only 1/6, very large 2/6, and lasts a long time, concealing blemishes, lending a



seductive softness. Its delicately alluring scent enchants at once. American women loved it immediately, and Continental beauties followed their example. You must try it—you'll be amazed at the petal-like loveliness of your skin when you do! Fill in the coupon below to-day and send for a free sample in your shade—it will bring to your skin youth and unexpected beauty.

Pond's New Powder brings glowing loveliness to all types of complexions!



Science discovered that blonde skin owes its beauty to hidden notes of brilliant blue-brunette to hidden tints of green, by use of the optical machine pictured below. Pond's blends these tints to flatter every type of skin.

A charming blonde writes: "Rose Cream makes dull skin thrilling—it's made me the happiest girl in the world."



Special Offer! Mail coupon with four 1d. stamps in a sealed envelope to cover postage, package, etc., for free sample of Pond's new Face Powder and Pond's two Creams. Check shade wanted: Brunette (Rachel) [] Light Cream [] Rose Cream (Natural) [] Naturelle (Light Natural) [] Rose Brunette [] Dark Brunette (Suntan) []

The Pond's Co., Dept W9, Box 1131J, G.P.O., Melbourne

Name _____ Address _____

What Women Are Doing

Member of Parliament

MISS MAY HOLMAN, M.L.A., Labor Member for Forrest in the Legislative Assembly of West Australia, has just completed ten years of parliamentary service, having been returned continuously since 1925, when she succeeded her late father. She shares the honor with Lady Astor, M.P., of Great Britain, of being the only woman to hold a seat for so long.

Miss Holman is secretary of the Labor Parliamentary Party (W.A.), representative of Labor women on the Economic Council, president of the Perth Labor Women's Organisation, and president of the Labor Women's Interstate Council. Miss Holman has a wide circle of friends throughout the State, irrespective of their political opinions, and is the possessor of personal charm of manner.

Has Promising Career As a Violinist

LORNA COMPAGNONI, brilliant young Queensland violinist, has just returned to Australia after completing three years' study in London. Lorna won the Associated Board's scholarship at the age of eighteen, enabling her to three years at the Royal Academy.

While in London Lorna played with many famous orchestras, including the B.B.C., and also under the baton of Sir Henry Wood. Two string quartets engaged her as leader.

During the few days she was in Sydney a musicale was arranged in her honor at the Pickwick Book Club, and Lorna is now en route for her home in Mitchell, Queensland.

Her Photography Has Won Renown Overseas

MISS DORIS BARNES, of the Adelaide Camera Club, has more than Australian awards to her credit, for her artistic photographs have gained her a bronze plaque and several certificates from the Royal Photographic Society in London during the last few years.

Examples of her work have been hung in the Victorian Salon, and three are in the Adelaide Art Gallery.

One of the first women members of the Camera Club, she also belonged to the now non-existent Adelaide Photographic Society, to which Kauffman added such lustre, and she was the club's librarian for many years.

Although she prefers portraiture, Miss Barnes has taken some beautiful land and sea studies on her holiday tours through Australia and Tasmania.

Writer of Many Patriotic Songs

ANZAC DAY, of 1922, will always be remembered by Mrs. Rod Cameron, of Brisbane. For many years Mrs. Cameron lived in Townsville, and in 1922 she was appointed secretary for Anzac Day commemoration, which meant the arranging of the entire celebrations. This position has never before or since been given to a woman, so it was a feather in her cap when at the end of the day Mrs. Cameron was congratulated on the way she carried out her duties. Her work included the arranging of a military parade, a church service, a children's special service, and a grand concert with speeches by important men in the evening.

Mrs. Cameron, besides being a teacher of the piano, has many compositions to her credit. Her latest composition was a Jubilee song entitled, "Australia, Echoes, God Bless Our King" which was rendered over the air on the King's Birthday.

Her "Coronation Ode" was sung by 600 children before the salute in the Townsville Town Hall, in 1911, and her song, "The Air Queen," written in honor of Amy Moffison, has also been received with much favor. Mrs. Cameron says her best-seller has been her "Canberra Waltz."

Mrs. Cameron's daughters are all musical, and her second girl, Adrian, taught by her mother, has her L.A.B. degree.

New "Plastic Group" Formed in Melbourne

A GROUP of sculptors met recently in Melbourne and formed an association of those interested in the art, to be known as "The Plastic Group," and to devote themselves to modern work.

The president is Ola Cohn, one of our best-known sculptors, who is famous for the "Fairy Tree" she carved in the Fitzroy Gardens, Melbourne, as well as for other work.

Members include Moya Carey; Ruth Brilliant, the Polish-Australian sculptor; Edith Moore, who recently returned from studying abroad; Val Blogg, Reg Cordia, and Reuter Hall.

S.A. Women Who Write Pageants

MISS ELLINOR WALKER, who is writing the book of the pageant to be held next year in connection with the South Australian Centenary, has several plays to her credit, for like Miss Nora Collison, she has taken a great interest in pageants, and two years ago produced one at the conference of the Australian Federation of Women Voters, held in Adelaide.

She is also author of the "Pageant of Remembrance," written for the Jubilee of the Women's Christian Temperance Union, and it will be produced in April, 1936, the 50th anniversary of the visit to South Australia of Mrs. Mary Leavitt, first world organizer.

The Centenary pageant, planned in co-operation with Miss Heather Gell, is in the form of historical episodes linked by symbolical scenes, and is written chiefly in blank verse. Like Miss Gell, Miss Walker is a graduate of the South Australian Kindergarten, and she has a private school of her own.



Miss Walker.

Cares for Large "Family" Of Travellers

ONE of the proudest housewives in South Australia is surely Miss C. E. Dixon, who has been organising secretary of the Travellers' Aid Society, and in charge of the Adelaide Lodge for 24 years.

The neat little rooms have provided temporary homes for as many as 500 women and girls in a year (a large number being unable to pay anything at all).

The lodge had its annual gift day on November 1, and Miss Dixon received such interesting items as mops and bed-side mats, sheets and jam to help the committee with its work.

She was one of the first four women J.P.'s to be appointed in 1915, but she only sits for adoption cases now.

Passed All Musical Examinations With Honors

MISS FLORENCE KING, of Brisbane, is to be congratulated upon her success in the study of the piano.

At the age of nineteen she is a qualified teacher, having passed every examination with honors, and at the age of 18 she gained her L.A.B. When she was awarded the silver medal for piano in 1932 she topped the Queensland list.

Miss King, who inherits her love of music from her mother, who possesses a fine soprano voice, and also plays the piano, has won many first places in open items in the Brisbane eisteddfods. Before she studied the piano seriously, she won numerous prizes in singing competitions.



Miss Florence King.

Busy Secretary of National Council of Women

MRS. BANKS-SMITH has for ten years been secretary of the National Council of Women in Hobart, and although she feels she would like to step down now and let someone else take a turn, she has proved her fitness for the job and her capacity to such a degree that she is kept firmly in the position, and is likely to remain there.

Mrs. Banks-Smith is a member of the Victoria League, of the Literary Circle of the Lyceum Club, and of the Good Films League. Her leisure moments she devotes to needlework, at which she excels. Tapestry is her present enthusiasm, and she has worked all manner of footstools, firescreens, chair-covers, and pictures, all delightfully designed and carried out in exquisitely harmonising colorings.

Holidays With Eye For Home Patients

TO go round the world in six months has been a most thrilling experience for Sister D. M. Millhouse, who returned recently to take charge again as matron of the Home for Incurables in S.A.

She never forgot her work in Adelaide, and took many opportunities of inspecting hospitals and homes in England and America, including the Home for Aged Women at Providence, Rhode Island, the British Home and Hospital for Incurables, Streatham, and the Muller Orphanage for 800 children at Bristol. But she considers that the Austin Home for Incurables, in Melbourne, is one of the most cheerful and best-equipped of all.

Miss Millhouse travelled extensively in Europe, returning through Canada, and brings back with her an abiding love of mountains, particularly the Bavarian Alps and the Rockies.

One of the highlights of her journey was the Chelsea flower show, where she saw marvellous orchids with as many as seven heads on one stem, and, by way of contrast, some French beans, that were quite a pretty pink color.

When she was passing through Sydney, she had morning tea with Lady Hore-Ruthven, and thought that the view over the harbor from Government House was perhaps the most beautiful she had seen in all the world.

Sir Alexander sent a warm message to friends in South Australia, urging them to call whenever they went to New South Wales.



Sister Millhouse—Rembrandt portrait.



First Failure Did Not Daunt Her

FROM commercial life to literary life Miss Gwenillian Stuart, of Brisbane, has turned her affections. For many years she was on the staff of the Commonwealth Bank at Gympie and, after having some of her stories accepted by an Australian weekly, she decided to give up her bank position and devote her energies to literature.

She has so far met with much encouragement and success, and has had serials and short stories appearing in many Australian magazines. Her most successful serial was called "Sundry Debtors," and it appeared in a Sydney magazine, and her latest publication was called "Prelude to the Play."

Miss Stuart said when she was very young she started off by writing a book, which, when completed, she ambitiously sent to one of the best English firms of publishers. Although her story was not accepted, she was still willing to keep on trying, and at present she is very anxious to complete another story called "Progress of An Author's."

Back from Jubilee Celebrations In England

LADY ARGYLE, who, with her husband, Sir Stanley Argyle, was a member of the Empire Parliamentary Association Jubilee Delegation to London, has returned to Melbourne and has many interesting things to say about her trip.

The most entertaining event of a visit packed with great moments must have been the banquet given by the guild of London in a hall that dates back to before the Great Fire.

It was a great occasion in more ways than one. For the first time in history, women were allowed to drink from the great gold loving cup which is passed round with great ceremony.

In the courtyard of the Guildhall is a mulberry tree that also survived the Great Fire. It still bears the marks of the fire on its trunk, but, though it is now encased in lead for protection, it still bears fruit. Once every year a bowl of this fruit is picked and eaten with ceremony.

Telephone Operations Discussed

THE welfare of the Commonwealth Telephone Officers' Association members was discussed in Adelaide recently, when ten women delegates attended the annual conference from October 17-25, with Miss J. F. Roddy in the chair. She is a Victorian delegate and has been general president since 1919.

The conference inspected the S.A. offices and considers them most up-to-date, and hopes that, as a result of the inspection, progress will be made to help operators in the more backward States, for the delegates intend to approach the administration in Melbourne with suggestions.

For the first time the association is to become affiliated with women's non-party organisations, but it intends to remain still outside political bodies. The women who went to the conference were Miss Roddy, Miss S. Long, and Miss M. O. Mooney (Vic.), Miss M. A. Armanasco (Q.), Miss A. M. Pike (N.S.W.), Miss M. Fitzgerald (W.A.), Miss M. Hopkins and Miss K. Bradshaw (Tas.), Miss E. M. Bishop and Miss M. Hayman (S.A.).



Lady Argyle—Brooklands.

IN and OUT of SOCIETY -- By WEP



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These great maladies, with their serious complications, which have defied medical science in its search for a cure, have met their doom, finally, definitely. No longer must sufferers lead lives of misery and torture, or endure sleepless pain-racked nights with choking torture. If you wish to lie down and sleep at night without fear of an attack; for the mucus to be easily brought away; and the wheezing to stop; for the tight bound-up feeling never to worry you again; to breathe freely at all times; to lose the shortness of breath and to be able to walk up a hill and play games without discomfort; and for the attacks to become less severe and less frequent, and then make a complete and lasting recovery... then use MEMBRUS, the dry inhalation treatment.

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The Australian Women's Weekly recommends the following trips to its readers. In all cases, except where mentioned, the price is INCLUSIVE, providing for fares, sightseeing, and accommodation.

Leave Sydney Dec. 13th. Beautiful boats and gorgeous tours through loveliest Tasmania. Ten days on the Island. £26/15/6

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Leave Sydney Jan. 4th and Feb. 15th for Tasmania, Zealand, Queensland, Hobart, Launceston, Burnie, etc. Nine days in Tas. £20/17/6

Leave Sydney Dec. 25th by car. Three days' trip to Melbourne, Xmas night at Canberra. Nearly six days in Melbourne and return by sea, first class. Price inclusive of accommodation through. £14/10/-



DR. FERRON, who has been attached to the French Hospital at Harrar for 20 years, and is also the Consul there, has trained young natives in the care of the wounded. He has also taught them to vaccinate, and here are young Abyssinian mothers with their babies, whom they have brought to be vaccinated, watched by a French nun attached to the hospital.

One of Our Special War Correspondents Collapses Trying Climatic Conditions Hamper Operations of Italians

By Cable from Addis Ababa, from H. R. KNICKERBOCKER, Special War Correspondent to The Australian Women's Weekly in Abyssinia. World Copyright.

The rearguard of the army of Ras Mulugheta, Ethiopia's Minister for War, has left for the north. This vast force on foot and horseback, and composed of men, women, and children, moves across mountains, swamps, and streams at an average speed of 13 miles a day.

At sunset, when camped, it stretches for 15 miles, and is like a migrating tribe.

ETHIOPIANS estimate that the force numbers 450,000, and even neutral observers say that it is at least 150,000. It is not organised like a European army, but consists of several armies, each under a feudal chieftain.

The officers live in red tents and their wives in black tents. The men sleep in the open.

The army lives off the country. Hundreds of neighbouring tribesmen and women and children bring gifts of food to each encampment, partly out of patriotism and partly to avoid forcible requisitioning.

It is expected that the army will reach the northern front early this month, and will, it is believed, precipitate a major action.

According to an official announcement here the Italians have started a fresh push from Mussall across the Danakil desert, and an outpost has reached the point where Nesbitt, the English explorer, who was the first white man to cross the desert found "hell hole creation" with a temperature of 137 degrees.

Fighting in this intolerable heat the Italians have already found that the tales of the ferocity of the Danakil savages are not fiction. In fact, an Italian supply train was surrounded and wiped out.

Lucky Officer

THE Italian objective is Dessaye, in the hope that the troops from Makalle will make a junction on the desert and advance at Meqadala for a combined assault on Dessaye.

An Italian tank officer has grivred here as a prisoner captured near Dolo on the southern frontier. He got out of his tank for a drink of water and was immediately captured by tribesmen, who spirited him away before his men could open fire. Luckily for him, the tribesmen were anxious to present him to the Emperor alive.

Floyd Gibbons, special war correspondent for The Australian Women's Weekly in Abyssinia, collapsed as a result of the rarefied atmosphere while accompanying the Italian advance towards Makalle. He has flown to Khartoum, where he is recuperating in hospital. This gives some indication of the climatic difficulties the Italian armies are encountering.

Children's Xmas Treat

OVER 300 city children are happier to-day because of an early Christmas treat given them by the directors of Saunders' Malt Extract Co. The youngsters, accompanied by parents and friends, were taken for a two-hour trip on the harbor and then landed at Taronga Park for a picnic.

Not one corner of the Zoo was left uninvestigated, and hardly one tot missed a ride on "Jessie," the train and the merry-go-round.

On the return trip each child received a gift.

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FIRST Impressions Are IMPORTANT

DO you mean you are asking him to stay with us?" asked Marise.

"Your father feels it is the least he can do," Mrs. Kirke explained, "for the son of his old friend, especially as the poor boy has no remaining relatives in England. He is quite right, of course; one must be hospitable."

She sighed as if the effort to be hospitable was only just within her power to make, and then only at great sacrifice to herself.

Marise was scarcely listening now. A visitor, and such a visitor!

A gay young officer home on leave from India.

It was altogether too much to be taken in at once. Besides, she would probably wake up at any moment.

Mrs. Kirke, unaware of the tumult of her daughter's thoughts, was talking on.

"It will mean a lot of extra work, of course—and expense."

She sighed again.

Mrs. Kirke always sighed at the mention of expense, and she mentioned it very frequently.

"We shall have to entertain—that is, a little. Invite people now and then, you know. A young man, an officer in the army, stationed in India, leads a very gay life—yes, I believe a very gay life."

She glanced at her daughter dubiously. But such a quiet little thing—oh, no, a gay young officer from India—would have no attraction there. There was not the slightest cause for alarm.

"Naturally, Marise, he would find it very dull, just being here with us. But there is no fear of that. He is sure to be greatly in demand. An eligible young man, an officer, and home from India—oh, yes, in fact, I doubt if we shall see much of him at all."

FOR the last few minutes Marise had been conscious of a queer little sinking somewhere in the region of her heart. Of course, he would be "gay," as her mother called it. She hadn't thought of that. He would want plenty of friends and parties, dinners and dances, theatres and suppers. All the sparkle and the rust and scurry, the noise and jangle, all the things that scared her, and from which she shrank dismayed. And she in her stupidity had imagined a man with steady, grave eyes, quiet, and strong, who would understand the things she understood.

She had visualised his "coming home" as a seeking of the simple, quiet peace-fairness that "home" meant to her. She had dared to imagine a companion for her solitary joys—long country walks, working in the garden, sitting still and silent in the beech wood over the hill.

Oh, well—there were always dreams. But something happened, astonishing and thrilling in itself, that stirred Marise to do battle for glorious reality. To step out and challenge life itself in one tremendous dare.

That very same evening after tea her father most surprisingly left the door of his room ajar, and as Marise crossed the hall he called to her.

Marise and her father knew each other much better than her mother thought. Their conversations were few, but there was sympathy between them.

She slipped quietly into the big armchair and waited for her father to speak. He sat at his huge writing-table, his chair swivelled round to face her.

"It is strange, Marise," he said, "how an unusual or unexpected occurrence causes one to think unusual and unexpected thoughts."

Marise, of course, understood that perfectly. Had she not been thinking unexpected thoughts? Though not perhaps so particularly unusual.

She nodded, with an encouraging little smile, and said: "Yes, father."

"Are you alone, Marise?"

Unconsciously Marise clasped her hands together tightly. There was something in her father's voice, something in his eyes which, quite apart from the words themselves, made it seem the most momentous question she had ever been asked in her life.

She said a little breathlessly: "I—I'm not sure!"

There was a little sympathetic silence, then her father said:

"I am glad very glad for your sake that Dick Cunningham is coming to stay with us. Your mother thinks he will be asked out and about a good deal. It seems to me that people will naturally include you in their invitations. I hope you will accept them, Marise. You are a quiet little thing, and people, perhaps, are apt to forget about you. But you will not feel shy

ALEX LAW

and nervous, will you, with someone to go about with you and take care of you?"

"Perhaps—perhaps not."

It came out with a little gasp. Marise was hastily readjusting her ideas. This was a way of looking at things that she had not thought of. To go forth and seek instead of waiting to be found.

"And it has occurred to me," her father went on, "that you will need to equip yourself for your debut—that is the word, is it not—into society."

He smiled into her puzzled eyes, and drew a packet from among the many papers on his table.

"There is thirty pounds here in notes. I do not know how much you will need, so if you want more you must let me know."

Marise was staring at the notes too utterly astonished to speak. When her father held them out to her, she managed at last to stammer out the dominant thought in her mind:

"Father, wherever did you get them?"

And her father, who very rarely laughed, gave a little throaty chuckle as if he were enjoying her astonishment very much indeed.

He said carefully, but with little wrinkles of amusement around his eyes:

"I found it necessary some years ago to keep an account at the bank for

my own personal requirements. I seldom draw on it, my needs are simple. However, you see how useful it can be in such a happening as this. Your mother—perhaps you have noticed?—is apt to be over-careful in money matters—a good fault, of course, but a little tiresome at times."

A Complete Short Story!

MR. KIRKE spared no pains to advertise the coming of the eligible young officer on leave from India. And people reacted to the news in precisely the way Mr. Kirke had prophesied and Mrs. Kirke had not foreseen.

Marise became suddenly a person of some importance. She could scarcely go out, but someone stopped her to speak of the expected visitor.

"We are having a little party on the fourteenth—you will bring him, won't you, Marise?"

"We're getting up a party to go and see 'Catch As Catch Can.' Do you think—it is Captain Cunningham, isn't it?—would care to come with you?"

Marise, gallantly fighting her shyness, gave promises right and left until her head was in a whirl.

She spent the thirty pounds, astonished at the ease with which thirty pounds could be spent. But she allotted it with the greatest care and made her purchases only after grave consideration.

She had the happy gift of knowing instinctively the styles and colors that suited her. She was relieved that her mother offered no active resistance

but showed her disapproval by completely ignoring the subject.

Captain Dick Cunningham arrived in the most simple way and quite unexpectedly. He came walking up the drive on his own two feet, so there was no whirr of wheels, purr of engine, hoot of horn, no warning of any kind to herald his approach.

He came round the bend where the thick laurel-hedge ended, and there was Marise on her knees beside a flower-bed. She was wearing an old tweed skirt and a cotton blouse with the sleeves rolled up. Her shoes were very shabby about the toes and heels.

Her soft dusky hair was ruffled, and as she turned at the sound of footsteps so close to her and scrambled to her feet, she put up an earthy hand to smooth back a curly tendril and left a brown smudge on her forehead.

Captain Cunningham smiled.

Marise flushed painfully. It was a pity for her comfort that she had no idea how adorably pretty she looked. But the smile was so kind her heart warmed to it, and almost unconsciously her eyes and her lips answered it.

He appeared older than she had been expecting, but perhaps that was because of the little lines around his eyes—grey, steady eyes—and the dark tan on his lean, good-looking face.

He said almost apologetically:

"I'm Dick Cunningham. I hope I'm not taking you too much by surprise? I left my luggage at the station, to be sent after me, and walked. I caught an earlier train than I intended. I know I'm not supposed to arrive as early as this."

"No," agreed Marise, finding her voice so suddenly that she was unable to stop it from uttering this inopportune remark. "We—we didn't expect you till later. Oh—but I mean, of course, it doesn't matter in the least!"

But it did matter dreadfully! First impressions were so important!

Would he ever, ever be able to realise after this that she was anything but the awkward, untidy, stupid creature she must now appear?

Apparently he would. In the evening, in the old-fashioned, faded drawing-room, he came deliberately to sit by her side on the settee. And when shyly she told him of the invitations showered on them he listened with flattering attention.

During the next few weeks Marise played her self-appointed part with reckless courage. Sparkling, eager, tireless it was she who led, with Captain Dick Cunningham following faithfully.

Captain Dick was an instant success. He had an air. He was good looking with a rather attractive suggestion of sternness which would disappear completely beneath a very delightful smile. He was gay and amusing and charming. And Marise, to her genuine surprise, was a success, too. She was accepted.

People wondered why they had never noticed her before. They were a very much sought after young couple. Their circle of acquaintances grew like a snowball.

Greatly daring, Marise suggested the purchase of a gramophone. She and Dick went together to buy it and records of the latest dance tunes. Thereafter, at frequent intervals, the furniture in the drawing-room was pushed against the walls, the carpet rolled up and the floor treated with French chalk, so that the hospitalities of other people could be returned by little impromptu dances of their own.

But when night after night had not ended till the small hours of the next morning, and when she rose at her usual hour and fulfilled the household duties her mother expected of her, the strain began to tell.

A Complete Short Story!

A Complete Short Story!

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Mrs. BERYLE LAWLER, 19 Small Street, WOOLLAHRA.

Mrs. E. M. TRUER, 21 Sweet Street, LIDCOMBE.

Mrs. JOHN BROWN, 271 Young Street, ANNANDALE.

Mrs. W. MULVANY, 10 Chaston Court, ANZAC Pde., STH. KENSINGTON.

These four entries were correct, therefore the prize of £50 will be equally divided, each competitor receiving £12/10/-, which will be paid on Wednesday, November 12th. Contest No. 2 Results will be published in this paper on November 12th.

SOLUTION TO CONTEST No. 1

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Mother's Choice



At Cup Carnival



• **MISS MADELEINE MACRAE** (in circle) selected a charming spring-like floral silk, in which green, soft beige, and black are intermingled. The floral trimming on her hat repeats these tonings. Miss Macrae's brother, Mark, now makes his home in Melbourne. He, too, is a keen Cup enthusiast.

• **MISS FRANCES ANGUS** (above) in navy and white. The upturned hat has a jaunty air very suitable for the occasion. Miss Angus' friend, Miss Marie Macfarlane, is enjoying the Cup festivities with her.

• **AT the right, Mrs. Colin Chisholm** is photographed wearing a charming Lelong model of black material in an interesting new weave, which is closely self-spotted. A touch of white relieves the neck and waistline.

Photographed on this page are a number of well-known Sydney society women who courteously consented to pose for The Australian Women's Weekly in their Cup Carnival frocks.



• **MRS. RODNEY DANGAR** (above) chose a smartly checked navy-and-white race ensemble, with an accompanying silver-fox, and a clever little hat. Mrs. Dangar's husband is the owner of the famous Peter Pan.

• **MISS JOAN MARKS** (at left). Her race-going ensemble comprises a lightweight woollen black coat over a prettily printed silk frock of marie-rose and black. While in Melbourne Miss Marks will be the guest of Mrs. W. Williams, of Toorak.



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FIRST Impressions Are IMPORTANT

Continued from Page 23

HER father began to look at her anxiously. He ventured at last, waylaid by her one afternoon as she was hurrying across the hall.

"Are you sure, Marise, you are not overdoing things, my dear?"

The new Marise laughed at him, and blew him a kiss.

"Darling, I'm having the most perfect time. I mustn't stop—Dick's waiting outside."

But the pace she had set herself at the beginning was altogether beyond her powers of endurance.

There were shadows under her too-bright eyes, and she was sometimes ghostly pale. And all the time she grew more and more afraid.

If she couldn't go on she would be left behind. Left with the dreams that could never satisfy her any more. For this gesture of hers, begun as a challenge to life, had become something so personal, so infinitely precious that its failure seemed more than she could bear.

She faced the full meaning of failure one evening in her bedroom as she changed in readiness for one of her own parties.

Her whole small body ached with tiredness. She was dazed with it.

The morning, after her usual household tasks, had been occupied with preparing the sandwich supper, concocting special fillings, buttering and cutting bread and tiny finger rolls, getting out and arranging the extra necessary glass and china.

In the afternoon there had been the drawing-room furniture to be moved. Dick had always insisted on helping with this and the polishing of the floor, and because of his presence she put into the task greater energy than if she had been alone.

His mere suggestion after tea that she should lie down and rest terrified her and forbade that she should even sit in an easy chair. And, in defiance of the intent, puzzled look in his eyes she insisted they must practise a new dance step.

Now, in spite of her aching limbs and the dull numbness pressing like a band across her forehead, her mind was working with startling clearness.

IF she gave up she lost Dick. And Dick had become all her world. Behind everything she did, every forced gaiety, every exerted charm was the desire, humble in its very sincerity, to please him, to prove herself worthy of all he had bestowed on her.

She believed he loved the girl she had created for him.

If he was not to discover the truth she would have to live a lie for the rest of her life. Well, she would do that willingly if that would please him.

If she could, if only she could. But doubts were attacking every carefully built-up decision. She doubted even her courage and determination. And when she remembered the puzzled look in Dick's eyes she felt suddenly sick with fear.

The guests came, some casually, some boisterously, intent on making the day last until the next began. They danced, ate the carefully-prepared supper, and danced again.

Marise felt as if she had been dancing and laughing and talking for hours and hours. And just about the time she began to wonder if she would have to go on doing it for many more hours and hours, Captain Dick Cunningham went about quietly, but determinedly, dropping polite but firm hints that it was getting pretty late—or rather early, what? And the old folk, Mr. and Mrs. Kirke, who went to bed on these occasions at their usual early hour, didn't like this sort of thing kept up too long, y'know.

There was a general move to go. She went back into the drawing-room to collect glasses and ash-trays, and the drawing-room floor tilted up in a surprising and startling manner and everything went dark. Then she was lying on the big settee with Dick on his knees beside her.

She struggled to sit up, and he pushed her back gently.

"It was the floor," she tried hard to explain, "the slippery floor!" "I don't care what it was," said Captain Dick Cunningham in a voice she had never heard before. "You're to lie still while I think what is the best thing to give you. Your head aches, doesn't it? I saw you put your hand to it several times this evening. I don't think it's stimulant you need,

but nourishment—you've been eating so little lately."

All this more as if he were voicing his thoughts rather than speaking to her. Marise was silent. He seemed to know everything, and there was nothing to say. Besides, it was extraordinarily comforting to be taken charge of like this. She made one last effort at protest when he rose to his feet saying:

"I'm going to heat some milk. Keep your eyes closed till I come back."

"But you can't. You don't know where—oh, please, don't bother. I'm all right."

He looked back at her from the door. "You move at your peril!" he warned her. "I'm a good forger, and if I can't find milk and a saucepan to put it in, my name is mud. Shut your eyes and don't move again."

It seemed no sooner had she shut her eyes than he was back beside her with a glass of steaming milk. But when Marise tried to take it and hold it to her lips, she found that her hand was unsteady, and Dick had to hold it, too. He found that to do so it was easier when he put one arm round her. She found it was easier still if she leant her head against his shoulder.

She did not want to move. She wanted to lie still and be taken care of, and spoken to in that new voice of Dick's, a queer, breath-taking mixture of sternness and tenderness. She lay with her eyes closed, sipping the milk.

It was her hour, and she must make the very most of it, for the memory of it would live in the place of dreams for all the rest of her life.

She had come to the end of her endeavor, and she knew it. Even the will to go on had died in her. It was the end but a very beautiful end, and when Captain Dick Cunningham learnt that she was only a fraud, playing a part, and went away she would at least have had this hour when the hero of her dreams was so tender and most wonderfully kind.

Dick set down the empty glass on the floor and, turning suddenly, without any warning put his other arm about her, too, and held her close.

"Marise—Marise! If you knew how sweet this is. To have you quiet and still, and needing me. I've tried to do all the things you like doing, and enter into all your fun—but oh, Marise, sometimes when we're married—because you're going to marry me—will you lie quiet in my arms like this and not want anything but me?"

Marise cried:

"Oh, but I can't—I can't! You don't understand. I can't marry you because I'm not like you think I am. I hate the things we've been doing—that you like. But I made myself, because I wanted to be like other people, the kind of people you knew. Mother said you'd be—gay, and want to go about a lot—so I made myself do it, too, but I'm tired. I'm so tired. . . ." and tears came suddenly tumbling down over the rouge and the powder.

He held her closer still.

"MARISE, you poor, tired little girl! You foolish, sweet little blessed idiot. And what a fool I've been not to have guessed, when you've been looking less and less like yourself every day. Less like the girl I found when I walked in at the gate that afternoon and fell in love with straight away. I thought I'd found my ideal of an unspoiled, natural little girl, and then, I laughed, 'she did all the things I thought she wouldn't want to do and she began to put beastly red stuff on her cheeks and her lovely mouth. But I couldn't fall out of love, however hard I tried.'"

Marise, clinging to him, asked:

"Tell me—tell me the things you like?"

He kissed her again and said:

"The country—the beauty, and the quietness of it, dogs and long walks—yes, and gardens." He checked himself. He saw she could scarcely keep her eyes open.

"Sweetheart, you must go to bed. I'm going to carry you upstairs. And you are to sleep and sleep—do you understand? I shall tell your mother you're not to be disturbed. And when you do wake, we'll wander off and see if we can find a quiet spot somewhere, and I'll tell you properly how much I love you."

Marise turned her face to his shoulder with a little happy sigh. He just caught her drowsy murmur:

"There's a beech wood . . . over the hill . . ."

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PRIVATE VIEWS

By STEWART HOWARD

★★ SHE MARRIED HER BOSS

Claudette Colbert, Melvyn Douglas. (Columbia.)

AFTER all the problem pictures, grand, spectacular productions, tense love dramas and murder and gangster stories, one falls back with relief on a film that has not had all the laughs squeezed out of it. "She Married Her Boss" falls into this last-mentioned category, and is a thoroughly good entertainment. The situations and dialogue are amusing; they vary from a quiet humor which never leaves a smile absent for long to a madly farcical ending which will shake loose a few guffaws from all but chronic misanthropes.

The story varies from the usual in that Claudette Colbert "gets her man" quite early in the piece. Having done so, however, she is faced with the problem of making a human being out of him. Not so easy! Indeed, it is only when she gives the job up in disgust and makes whoopee in one of the windows of her husband's branch store that the said husband (Melvyn Douglas) comes to his senses, gets drunk with his butler, grabs Claudette, and signals his return to sanity by heaving bricks through the plate-glass windows of his New York business as a prelude to making a quick departure on the long-delayed honeymoon to South America.

Both the principals are good; the story hangs together well, with no dull spots; and, again, no nigardliness has been shown in measuring out the laughs. Recent showing.

★★★ CARNIVAL IN SPAIN

Marlene Dietrich, Lionel Atwill. (Paramount.)

"NO man can call me his, yet all men are mine!" If that confession, straight from Marlene's throbbing heart, doesn't make you want to read the rest of this review, then nothing will.

The quotation summarizes the role Dietrich plays in this film: a thoroughly heartless woman of the people, whose beauty enslaves those men who unfortunately for themselves are rich enough, or powerful enough, to make them worth despoiling.

Although Marlene Dietrich is the big name of the production the praise for really good acting goes not to her, but to Lionel Atwill. As Don Pasqual, the lover who suffers defeat after defeat, humiliation after humiliation, he gives a fine performance, and in so doing, throws into relief the deficiencies of his lovely vis-a-vis.

There is nothing to write home about in the Dietrich interpretation of the role of Concha. She suffers from the common delusion that, to be the perfect Continental charmer, an actress has

★★★ ANNA KARENINA

Greta Garbo, Fredric March (M.G.M.)

It is magnificent. There is no more to say.

St. James; showing.

only to pout prettily at regular and frequent intervals, and between pouts, to shrug the shoulders and waggle the head tantalisingly. It is not quite enough. She gets by with it during the early part of the film, but later, in the duel scene, when the man she loves is about to fight, she registers about as much emotion as a suburban housewife seeing her husband off for the \$30 train to town.

The story, however, is good—one of the best-constructed that has been released during recent weeks. There is not a dull moment in it, and the direction and production are of a class to equal the scenario. There will not be many who will not class this picture as good entertainment. Cameo; showing.

★★ THUNDER IN THE NIGHT

Edmund Lowe, Karen Morley. (Fox.)

A FIRST-CLASS murder mystery, enlivened by the man-of-the-world poise of Lowe as Count Torok, of the Police Department, and the humorous astuteness of Gene Lockhart in the role of Lieutenant Cabot—one of those stupid policemen who could only exist in fiction.

Several people could have murdered Paul Seagrey, all of them with motives, all-blue-and-a-yard-wide motives. The question is, however, who did it? (An original situation, don't you think? I've only struck it about a million times!) Suspicion points its lightning finger at Count Torok's friends, Madeline and her husband, Count Arvigny. To hit things up a bit more, politics come into it, thus giving Lowe-Count Torok—quite a mess to clean up. He does it.

The story is well constructed, photography and direction good, and, most important of all in a film of this nature, the denouement quite unexpected. Capitol and King's Cross; showing.

OUR FILM GRADING SYSTEM

★★★ Three stars—
excellent.
★★ Two stars—
good films.
★ One star—
average films.
No stars . . . no good.

★★ SHE

Helen Gahagan, Randolph Scott, Helen Mack. (R.K.O.)

I AM dabbling with the idea of becoming a motion-picture director, specialising in spectacular films. The fundamental rule to grasp appears to be embodied in one word—noise. Ring-in the frenzied howling of a mob, the ear-splitting bray of trumpets and orchestral clamor rising, at the correct moments, to a mad crescendo of sound, and any well-educated picture audience should realise that this masterpiece of your direction is a grand and spectacular production.

It is a pity that this should be so. The amount of uproar in it took the fine edge off my enjoyment of "She." Nevertheless, fairness must be preserved, and there can be little doubt that this picture will please the public palate, and, in the words of showmen, should be "good box-office."

The settings, when the action is transferred to the lost city of Kor, are splendid. Without even brushing vulgarly the sets for this section of the film convey an impression of richness, magnificence, and grandeur. The dances, too, have been arranged by somebody who has an imagination a little above the musical comedy conception of what native dances (no matter of what country) should be.

Taken right through, the acting is not such as to bring forth enthusiastic cheers, but, on the other hand, it is not weak. Randolph Scott and Gustav von Seyffertitz share the honors, while Nigel Bruce, as Holly, a scientist, is the least convincing of the cast. Plans; showing.

★ THE SILVER STREAK

Sally Blane, Charles Starrett. (R.K.O.)

THIS is the story of a young engineer who designed a stream-lined train. His company couldn't see any good in it, but, after sundry misadventures and a few shots that promise a lover's ending when the train "The Silver Streak" proves itself, the big chance arrives. Medical equipment must be rushed to a hospital 2000 miles away. The Silver Streak—the only hope of getting it there in time—is unleashed.

Now come the thrills! The Silver Streak sets off on a flying trip that has more excitement to the celluloid foot than the most gory gangster epic. It misses other trains by millimetres, runs away on a down grade at something like 140 miles per hour, dashes on to bridges which are open to permit boats to pass underneath, and, finally, after scaring seven years' growth out of its passengers, every railroad man along the 2000 miles of track, and the audience, reaches the hospital in time.

This is excitement of the old school. The uproar that will come from suburban theatres when the kids see it during a Saturday matinee will be nobody's business. Plaza; showing.

★ LEGONG

Goesti Poetoe Aloes, Goesti Bagus Marna. (Paramount.)

READERS who send in the correct pronunciation of the names of the stars in this picture will receive a purple certificate, an honorable mention, and the undying admiration of the staff of this paper. A fair offer; entries will be received on November 31.

Coming to the picture: so, so! As a technicolor travel picture, of about half its present length, it would be interesting. As it stands, however, with an unconvincing story of unrequited love, ending in the suicide of the maiden, Poetoe, it will hardly win enthusiastic applause from the average picturegoer.

Whether the actors would be classed as first-rate by Balinese critics, it is impossible to say. By our standards, they definitely are not. All of them have an extremely limited repertoire of looks and gestures, with the result that they seem continually to be repeating themselves, an illusion (if it is one) that is helped on by the fact that, except for the musical background, the film is of the silent variety—there is no spoken dialogue.

The most praiseworthy feature is the glimpses it gives of life on the Isle of Bali. Some of the scenes are really beautiful. Cameo; showing.



MARGOT GRAHAME as Milady de Winter, with Walter Abel, of Broadway, the d'Aragnan of "The Three Musketeers."



A GROUP in the Dumas film. Rosamund Pinchof, Walter Abel, Heather Angel, and Ralph Forbes in an emotional scene.

DUMAS' Masterpiece Made into TALKIE

"The Three Musketeers"

Ninety-odd years ago Paris was gripped by a new novel: "The Three Musketeers," by Alexandre Dumas. Soon afterwards, translations were being made into all languages; the book swept the western world.

The time that has elapsed since then, the publication of innumerable new works of fiction, of countless imitations—these things have failed to dim the glamor of this immortal romantic story. It still can stir the blood of all lovers of romance and adventure; and now, following on the film version which was made some years ago for the silent screen, comes a talkie which should spread still further the fame of the long-dead author.

THE period of the story is 1625—one of the most exciting in French history. It was a period of deadly intrigue and personal ambition.

From the palace to the hut, men were striving to gain their own ends irrespective of home and country. France stood on the verge of war, and powerful nobles used war as a pawn to advance their own interests.

King Louis XIII was on the throne of France, and Cardinal Richelieu and Queen Anne were manoeuvring in a deadly game of wits for the supreme confidence of the King. Spies and private agents were everywhere, and life hung lightly in the balance. Rivalries were bitter, extending wholeheartedly to the least of the retainers of the powerful factions. Particularly was the rivalry keen in Paris between the Cardinal's red-coated guards and the King's Musketeers. They fought, without provocation, on sight. The rapier was the weapon of the age, and the rapier ruled.

Against this background of historical fact the romance is told and brought to the screen.

D'Aragnan is the fiery spark of the tale. His burning ambition to become a King's Musketeer leads him to Paris. His hot-headedness and willingness to

prove his prowess with the sword gets him mixed up with three Musketeers, among the best duellists in France. His cleverness with the blade wins his way into their affections, and they become an inseparable four, forming what is probably the most famous quartet of fact or fiction.

New Star Appears

Practically every male Hollywood star was considered for the part of the swash-buckling D'Aragnan, but the part was eventually given to Walter Abel, New York stage star of note, who alone was considered qualified to bring the fiery Gascon to the screen.

Paul Lukas, Moroni Olsen and Onslow Stevens portray the Musketeers; Margot Grahame is the fascinating spy, Milady de Winter; Rosamund Pinchof is seen as the Queen; Heather Angel as Constance, the Queen's lady-in-waiting with whom D'Aragnan falls in love; Ralph Forbes is the Duke of Buckingham, and Cardinal Richelieu is portrayed by Nigel De Brulier.

Direction was in the hands of Rowland V. Lee, one of the ace motion-picture directors. Among his recent big productions are "The Count of Monte Cristo" and "Cardinal Richelieu." His work on this latter film should have ensured that the picture would be well steeped in the tradi-

tions of the "Musketeers" period, as the stories are contemporary.

One of the colorful highlights of the picture is the drill of the Musketeers. Fifty-four swordsmen perfected a duelling routine in which fencing manoeuvres are brilliantly executed in chorus. This is conducted to music and is so timed that the clash of the steel blades is in perfect time and rhythm to stirring music.

A spectacular finale to the picture is the King's ball that unfolds in a blaze of brilliance. It is in this final sequence that the stirring duel between D'Aragnan and de Rochefort (Ian Keith) takes place, and the former wins a King's prize, a Cardinal's approval, achieves his ambition to become a Musketeer, and wins the heart of a lady of his choice.

As an insurance against historical flaws creeping into the picture, Louis van Den Ecker, ex-member of the French Foreign Legion and lifelong student of French history of the period, was engaged.

Van Den Ecker had to know the right answers to questions such as: Did the Musketeers eat with their fingers or with forks? Were the wine bottles corked? Was coffee known to the French gourmet? Did the French housewife cook potatoes? These, and a thousand other queries, were satisfactorily answered before the picture went into production.



HEATHER ANGEL adds to her distinction as a charming and skilful actress with her interpretation of the role of Constance, Lady-in-Waiting to the Queen.

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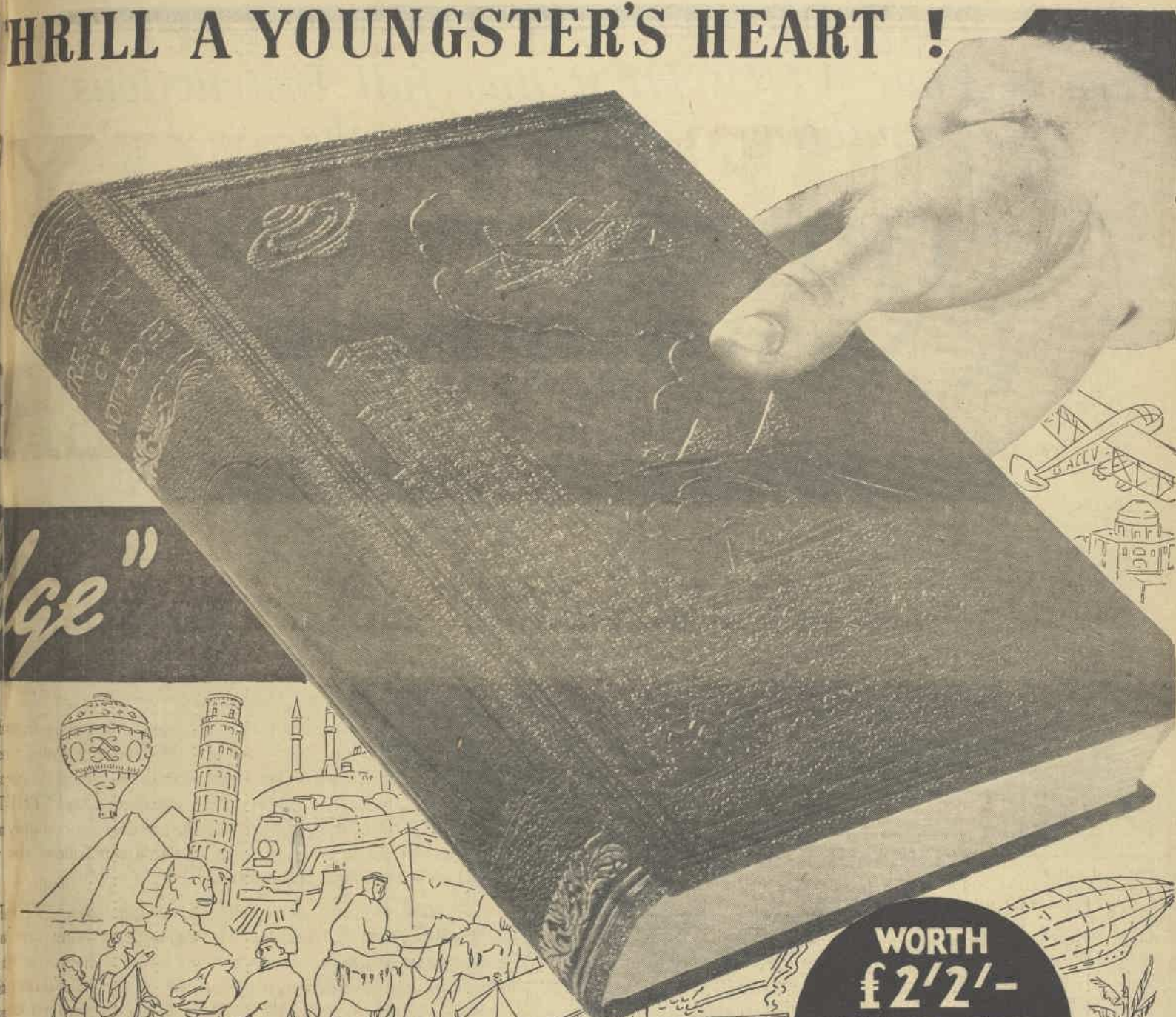
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Intimate Jottings

Did You Know That—

Keith Goddard now gone even farther afield? Is manager of Wace Hill station, Northern Territory.

Architect and Antiques

LIFE hardly worth living for Derek Deane these days. . . . having the busiest time dashing from popular antique shop to cope with builders and contractors. . . . Derek is architect for something smart in homes at Bellevue Hill. . . . Friend Ewart Allen, man of law, and bride-to-be Betty Florence, will be occupants. . . . Wedding will take place at Temora early February. . . . Barbara Florence and Agnes Main to be bridesmaids. . . . Trio of girls all pupils at Ascham together, and all extremely fair.

Honeymoon by Air

MRS. LITTLEJOHN, first bride to arrive in Australia for honeymoon by air, would be useful in cricket team. . . . When any decision to be made, Littlejohn couple toss for it, and Mrs. Littlejohn always wins. . . . Young, slight, and charming airwoman wore white shirt, brown jodhpurs, and solar topee when invited to Darwin tea party. . . . No doubt snappy wardrobe will be quickly acquired in Sydney. . . . Interesting couple intend making Australia their home.

Mr. and Mrs. Lindsay Mildred sail shortly for European holiday. Mrs. Lindsay formerly Peggy Macfarlane, of Sydney.

Excellent Dance Pianists

HARRY WHITE and fellow pianist gave great performance at Romano's on Saturday. . . . First-rate dance music appreciated by very social gathering. . . . Mrs. Dick Allen wore somewhat difficult mushroom shade with unusual net hem to skirt. . . . Large white coin spots on black made distinctive gown for Mrs. Tony Hordern, who added three rows of ivory beads. . . . Purples and greens were color motif of Mrs. Byron Wrigley's gown, and Sheila Sullivan wore floral silk.

Mrs. Ada Holman, guest of honor at surprise welcome-home party during week-end. Traveller thoroughly enjoyed recent trip to America, where she was joined by clever daughter Portia.

Fiji Frivolities

MR. AND MRS. BILL MACKAY will be accompanied back to Fiji home by Mrs. Mackay's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Basingthwaite. . . . Quite a number of tennis parties given in honor of departing guests. . . . Travellers intend making halt by wayside in New Zealand, where men of party will purchase cattle of superior breeding. . . . Mackay home is on island with seventeen other European families to keep them company. . . . Social life surprisingly gay and varied.

Just Like Sheep

ROSALIND KENNERDALE just back after holiday in New England and Moree districts. . . . Not so keen on plain country, but enthusiastic about country hospitality. . . . Amused by sheep on Queensland border—having been hand-fed from special "feed" cars, they have acquired habit of following all cars if not going too fast. . . . Rosalind invariably accompanied by large Alsatian on peregrinations round town. . . . Rehearsals for "Interference" taking up much time.

Family Reunion

DR. BULLMORE in his black Hudson car was early astir on Thursday. . . . Arrival of Mrs. George Campbell, formerly Peggy Bullmore, from abroad, being cause for excitement. . . . Mrs. Campbell is accompanied by husband and small son, Lorne, and expects to stay at least a year in native land. . . . Dr. Bullmore now completely recovered from recent trying illness. . . . Palm Beach chosen for recuperation. . . . Family once more installed in old home, Calingra, Ocean St.

Diamonds for Birthday

PAT HILDEBRANDT, of Vaucluse, celebrates her twenty-first birthday this week. . . . Parents have decided upon sparkling diamond ring, cluster design, for present. . . . Party at Pickwick Book Club for seventy or so friends at night. . . . Cocktails, buffet supper, and dancing arranged for merry evening. . . . Pat is studious young lady with penchant for reading travel books. . . . Hopes to wander far and wide before many more birthdays.

Bent on research work, Dr. Rex Money leaves next week for America, returning in March.

Finland for Birch

BLESSED with most artistic eye is Mrs. Charles Maslin, of Bombala. . . . New station has been bought at Hay for a winter residence and homestead promises to be one of district's loveliest. . . . Finland is getting order for silver birch for interiors, China for honey-colored carpets, and tapestries to come from England. . . . Mr. and Mrs. Maslin are contemplating trip to Japan in March so will probably add a few Eastern pieces to their furniture.

Hood inclined to slip, but effective at all angles. . . . Dr. and Mrs. Glan Satchell partook of cocktails with Wardlaw couple. . . . Dr. and Mrs. F. C. Thompson celebrated wedding anniversary at a dinner party, afterwards taking guests to Romano's.

New Sydney Home

MAJOR and Mrs. FRANK MURPHY intend leaving Wellington home in favor of Sydney residence. . . . At present in Sydney keeping parental eye on small Frank, who has had tonsils removed at Tusculum. . . . Search will be made for North Shore residence next week. . . . Meantime Murphy couple stay at Hotel Australia.

Temperamental Flower-girl

BRONWYN POOLE, very young daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Peter Poole, becoming quite accustomed to flower-girl finery. . . . First occasion Rothe-MacArthur Onslow wedding at Camden. . . . Young lady turned shy and decided not to attend church that day. . . . Instead let pet cockatoo toy with priceless lily-of-the-valley in her basket. . . . Second effort for Rutledge-Stephen wedding much better. . . . Scattered rose-leaves with genial air.



MISS MARJORIE BUNCE, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Clifford Bunce, of Vaucluse, is as decorative as she is energetic and is one of Sydney's most efficient philanthropic workers. She has just returned from a holiday in the Singleton district.



Navy Absent

MANY maidens sad at absence of Navy from Melbourne Cup parties. . . . Passengers by Orion just time to iron creases from frocks for racing event. . . . Mrs. "Bruz" Eyres and Mrs. Cliff Kitchen among them. . . . Sir John McKelvey, also returning passenger, likely racegoer. . . . Other Sydney residents at Cup included Mr. and Mrs. Warwick Fairfax, Dr. and Mrs. S. A. Smith, and Mr. E. P. Hollingdale.

Lull Before Storm

SURFING season officially opened at Palm Beach during week-end. . . . Surf Club gave O.K. to watery sport in delectable resort. . . . Festivities slow in getting under way this year. . . . Apart from Rutherford family and Mrs. Alreema Samuels, who have constant week-end guests, social life quiet. . . . Maybe lull before storm? . . . Have heard of ciel-blue latex surf suit waiting for good day for first appearance on beach. . . . Beach fashions will be set for other resorts at P.B.

Jeanne and Ethel Ranken hostesses at Royal Sydney Golf Club on Saturday. . . . Guests arrived for late tea and stayed for early sherry.

Surprise for Guests

SURPRISE served with tea and cakes to guests at party given during week. . . . Invitations issued by Evelyn Holdship, but guests received by Mrs. De Groen. . . . Hostess had been married early on afternoon of party and brand-new husband came along for congratulations. . . . Mrs. R. H. Todd assisted with entertainment, Mrs. Woolston, Mrs. Cunningham, Miss McCulloch, and Miss Ferris among tea drinkers. . . . Future home to be at Bondi.

Sleepy Heads

JUST a mite sleepy, and who can blame them, were members of Viennese Boys' Choir on Friday night. . . . Two matinees and two evening performances in succession responsible for surreptitious yawns. . . . Lads sang like angels nevertheless. . . . Surprisingly few social lights present to hear them but Town Hall packed with musical enthusiasts. Capt. and Mrs. "Snowy" Thompson and Mrs. Harold Bowden and blonde daughter in front row.

Taking the Waters

LATEST news from Admiral and Mrs. Feakes comes from Budapest. . . . Mrs. Feakes not so well and taking mineral waters made famous in Roman times and also much the vogue in Elizabethan reign. . . . Prague and Nuremberg will receive leisurely survey before popular couple make for London. . . . Plans already in hand for likely return to Australia. . . . Admiral Feakes, always keen about Eastern cities, intends coming out via Burma and Siam.

Have You Noticed—

Very smart frocks worn at numerous parties by Mrs. Pete van Valsah? Melbourne visitor left for South just in time for Cup.

Jane Anne

FARMER'S

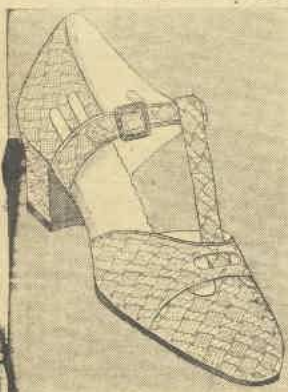


Opens
this week!

SANDAL SHOP

It's a Sandal Summer—and Farmer's is first to realise it. We've actually given Sandals a special section all to themselves on our spacious third floor. We think they deserve a special section in your pedestal too—and we're sure you'll agree when you see **Farmer's Sandals**—the gayest, excitingest selection of sophisticated styles in Sydney.

178 New Styles! Besides those illustrated below, we have Belgian beach dogs, 4/6. Orient Macrame Sandals, 5/11. "Normandie" cruise Sandals, 12/9. Perforated white calf Sandals, 8/11. "Swish" White Buck T-Bars, 21/-. Plaited Straw "Royalty" Cruise Sandals, 12/9. And scores and scores of others priced from 4/6 up to 29/6.



"LOW DOWN" T-bar of American Basket white calf, smart new style. A genuine pump, too. From 2 to 7½, half sizes.

19/6



THE "SUNLIT", White buck with blue patent strips, brown calf with cherry patent, blue calf with blue patent. Low heel, ½ sizes from 2 to 7.

12/6



THE "ATLANTA" is Sydney's most popular sandal. Toeless. Backless. White, blue red calf, Cuban heels, ½ sizes, 2 to 7.

8/11



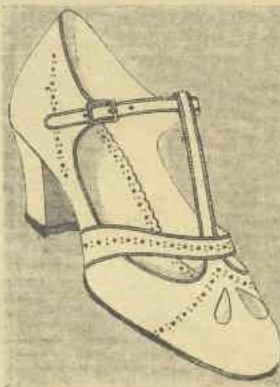
THE "SANDALEE" steps airily into the summer scene. White suede T-bar, with the right low heel. From 2 to 7½, ½ sizes.

7/11



IMPORTED Moulded Sole Sandals are the newest craze for summer. White calf with brown or blue lacing, ½ sizes, 2 to 7.

16/6



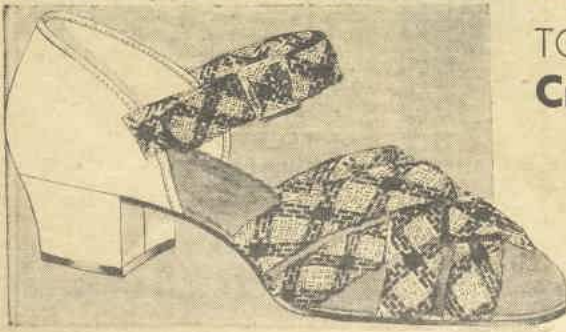
SNOW-WHITE Nubuck T-bar, cool and sophisticated as anything. Genuine pumps, and Cuban heels, ½'s, 2 to 7½.

11/6

TOELESS Macrame Cross-strap Sandal

8/11 ½ sizes 2 to 7

Did you ever see Macrame in such thrilling circumstances? That cunning cross-strap... the non-slip suede-back Cuban heel... the exciting combinations of white with blue, red or green. It's the sort of sandal you MUST have this summer—only 8/11



END of the Romance of GRETNA GREEN?

Ex-Blacksmith Fights to Retain Right to Marry

By Air Mail from Our Special Representative in London

Women have been invited to join the committee for the revision of Scotland's marriage laws, and their first decision will concern that most romantic of wedding places—the blacksmith's forge at Gretna Green, the tiny village just over the border, which in days gone by was the Mecca of runaway couples.

OLDER people are forever agitating to have Gretna marriages made illegal. They say that merely joining hands over an anvil, in the presence of a blacksmith, is no sort of marriage, even though the young couple concerned have now to qualify for the right to be married there by three weeks' residence in Scotland, and by signing a statement that they are both free to marry, both over 21 years of age, and that they will register the marriage within three weeks.

He no longer works in the forge, but wears a black suit and presides only over the marriage anvil.

London, too, is fusing over wedding ceremonies. The vicars of various churches are refusing to perform marriages on Sunday.

Registrars' offices are not open on Sundays, they argue, so why should couples expect to be married in church on that day, when in all probability the vicar has six other services he must perform in church on a Sunday.

Also weddings are usually followed by



THE WORLD-FAMOUS SMITHY at Gretna Green, the history of which is richly flavored with romance.

smith, who presides over the tiny, low-ceilinged room where the anvil now stands, is fighting for his right to marry the romantic young things who come to him.

"Lots of young people like to be married quietly and romantically, but without the ceremonial of a church service," he told me while I looked through his collection of letters from grateful couples he had joined together. "A registrar's office is rather cold comfort, I imagine, and in this little room there is an atmosphere of romance, don't you think, as though the thoughts of a thousand lovers, who dared parental displeasure to seize their happiness, still linger."

"There may be bad marriages made at Gretna, but there are also bad mar-

riages made everywhere else, so my anvil and I can't be entirely to blame. If I am ever in doubt about a couple's bona fides I send them away."

Mr. Remison is tall and dignified, with a long, serious face and twinkling grey

festivities that clergymen consider quite out of keeping with the sacredness of the Sabbath.

In most cases chauffeurs and taximen are employed driving cars to and from the churches, a labor that the clergy consider unnecessary. Sunday work, and therefore to be discouraged.

Finally, the hours for weddings have been so extended that any couple can marry at some hour during the week, no matter how long the day's work.

As against this a sweet old man, who is vicar of a country parish, told me: "I don't really mind what my flock do if they are truly happy. Of course, I marry them on Sunday, if they want me to—probably it's the only day they can get all their friends together. And I let the

Alsatian Favored by Duke and Duchess of Kent

By Air Mail from Our London Office.

DUSHKA is a very superior Alsatian. He belongs to the most popular young couple in England, the Duke and Duchess of Kent.

Dushka has been given more space in the papers than any other Alsatian living, so naturally his head is a little turned, and unkind people refer to him as a snob.

He sat in the royal wedding coach with a white ribbon round his throat waiting to take the young bridal couple to Himley Hall. And he was filmed taking his master and mistress for a walk round the grounds.

Dushka is eleven years old, and to take such an old friend on his honeymoon stamps the Duke as a true dog lover.

riages made everywhere else, so my anvil and I can't be entirely to blame. If I am ever in doubt about a couple's bona fides I send them away."

Mr. Remison is tall and dignified, with a long, serious face and twinkling grey

girls come to church without hats, and I allow smoking and confetti throwing in the church-hall. The happiness and well-being of my children are worth a little extra work and the breaking of a few conventions."



A MEDICAL EYE SERVICE

We have now established a Medical Eye Service, at a moderate fee, by an Oculist, late of Moorfields Eye Hospital, London.

(This service will meet the needs of those whose eyes require medical treatment, and who dislike going to a public hospital and cannot afford the private fees now charged.)

Parents with children whose eyes need medical attention, will welcome this service, which eliminates the long, tedious waiting before being attended to in the already overcrowded public hospitals.

THE OCULIST MAY BE CONSULTED AT OUR ROOMS AT 375 PITT STREET

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C. A. GIBB, Optometrist
6 HUNTER STREET
(2 Doors from George St.) SYDNEY, and at Newcastle.

J. W. BEEMAN, Optometrist
375 PITT STREET
(Opp. Anthony Hordern)



CONSTIPATION IS A PENALTY OF OLD AGE

Nothing is so essential to health in advancing age as keeping the bowels open. The wear of years impairs the action of the bowels. Advancing age entails activity and exercise and is responsible for the constipated condition of old folk. The digestive organs are more sensitive to the stimuli made upon them and react more quickly. Old age needs a mild and gentle laxative, one that will not constipate and tone up the system without giving or disturbing sleep effects.

All elderly persons should take

CHAMBERLAIN'S TABLETS
FOR THE STOMACH & LIVER

BABIES are Australia's Best Immigrants. In many homes baby does not appear, to the disappointment of husband and wife. A book on this matter contains valuable information and advice. Copies Free if 3d. sent for postage to Depart. "A," Mrs. Clifford, 40 Elizabeth Street, Melbourne. Established 24 years.



Jennifer Jane

IF Jennifer Jane Were the Queen of Spain, She would wear a crown. And a jewelled gown; She would sit on a throne As stiff as a peg, But never a leg Would she own! But Jennifer Jane Isn't Queen of Spain; Short-skirted she'll run And sometimes for fun She will climb tall trees— Like a possum she goes, Nor cares that she shows Brown bare knees!

—Mabel Lee

Types that welcome Hedley's Beauty aids. No.2



Twenty three ...
The age of Decision

THE average age of brides in Australia varies from twenty-five to twenty-six. Twenty-three is therefore none too early for the greatest decision in a woman's life.

At this age crowded social engagements and strenuous sports are added, in the majority of cases, to the demands of employment, and unless care is taken, signs of fatigue will show in the face.

The modern girl adopts modern methods to protect her personal attractions, which is the reason for the immediate success of Hedley's Beauty Aids.

Hedley's cleansing cream, powder base, astringent and face powder are the most modern products of their type available.

Each is based on a formula which has only been arrived at after intense experimental research on the care of the skin.

Rapidly replacing older (and now obsolete) cosmetics, there is a definite swing in favour of—



Hedley's BEAUTY AIDS
(Skin Food, Powder Base, Face Powder, Astringent)

Distributing Agents for N.S.W.: HABERS & CO. LTD., 49 Clarence Street.

B. & K. Powell Advertising

DON'T ... FORGET

THE Salvation Army Christmas Appeal. Contributions to be forwarded to Colonel Cross, Salvation Army, 140 Elizabeth Street.

The musical in aid of the Adult Deaf and Dumb Society at the Town Hall, November 14. Programme arranged by Lady Davis and Mrs. Walter Swinson.

A picture night. Plaza Theatre, November 12: tennis tournament, November 14, at 350ville Tennis Courts, Dulwich Hill; and car picnic to Gully Park, November 24, all preliminary entertainments for New Year's Eve ball at Mark Poy's in aid of Canterbury District Memorial Hospital. For further information ring GL1711.

The Nowington Wrenn, Pels. in college grounds, Stannmore, November 29 and 30. Proceeds in aid of College Athletic Club and Grounds Improvement Scheme.

"Ma Ma Bessie," produced by Madame Ada Baker in aid of Hammondville, November 16.



"MISS WOMEN'S WEEKLY" ("Peggy" Macdonnell), who won first prize for the least costly costume at the Children's Carnival in aid of the Baby Health Centre at Lismore.

19. and 21. at Railway and Tramway Institute.

Grand spring fete at the Holy Trinity Church of England, Miller's Point, November 9.

Garden fete in grounds of Mrs. Turnbull's home, Karing-gal Chase, November 23, in aid of Guild of Empire.

In aid of the Kindergarten Union of N.S.W., exhibition of Titania's Palace at David Jones', remaining open until November 18.

Grand Jubilee concert by Royal Philharmonic Society at Sydney Conservatorium, November 14.

Seeds College Fete at College Grounds, Bellevue Hill, December 7 arranged by Parents and Friends' Association in conjunction with the Old Boys' Union.

The children's Christmas party on board the Orford, December 14, in aid of the Adult Deaf and Dumb Society. Mrs. Hubert Fairfax is president of the committee.

The pageant of "Drama Through the Ages" arranged by the Junior Theatre League in the grounds of Kilauea, Double Bay, December 7.

Monteale in aid of Darling Point Branch of District Nursing Association, November 21, at "Swire", Darling Point, lent by Mrs. Edmund Reuch for donation.

FORMER DRUNKARD NOW MODEL HUSBAND
"Since taking 'DRINKO' in his tea my husband has stopped drinking," writes a grateful wife. "Your husband, too, can be relieved with this great treatment. Write or call for free book—give all details. Dept. W. HOME WELFARE FRY, Commercial Bank Chambers, 951 George Street, Haymarket, Sydney. N.S.W."

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HOUGHTON & BYRNE Guaranteed Destroyers will stamp out the pests that are menacing property and health.

SAFE—CERTAIN—INEXPENSIVE!

"SQUILLTOX" KILLS RATS AND MICE, BUT NOTHING ELSE—Quickly kills mice and rats and all other destructive pests—will not harm humans or domestic pets—Kills Rats and Mice only, but it kills fleas with certainty—1/2 tin makes 120 baits...

Use "SQUILLTOX" 1 oz. TIN 1/6

COCKROACHES



"SOLVENTO"—A safe and certain destroyer of the household, disease-carrying Cockroach pest—has been tested and proved fully effective under every condition—ashore and abroad—it is perfectly safe among food-stuffs. Protect your family's health.

Use "SOLVENTO" 2 1/2 oz. TIN 1/-

SILVERFISH



"KILLSIL" is a simple and safe cure of the Silverfish pest that plays havoc with carpets, fabrics, curtains, books, etc. Stamp this pest out now and avoid the destruction of valuable possessions!

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"KILMOTH" (Crystals)—This wonderfully effective Moth destroyer is a gas-liberating crystal—Instant death to Moth, Moth Egg and Moth Larva—Non-poisonous to humans and free of objectionable odour. Safeguard clothes, carpets and woollens!

Use "KILMOTH" 8 oz. TIN 2/-

WHITE ANTS



"TIMBERTOX," "The poison in oil," kills White Ants and Borer and prevents further attack; contains a poison soluble in oil only—will not bleach out.

Use "TIMBERTOX" QUARTS 2/9

FLEAS



"K.F." is the safe Flea Killer—Kills Fleas on Dogs and Cats—also Lice and Vermin on Birds, Poultry and Horses—It is non-irritant and non-poisonous and prevents re-infestation—Indispensable in the home too!

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BORERS



"WOODBOROL" is to-day's sure method of destroying Borers—Kills Borers and their eggs—Does not leave stain—Easily applied—Safe and certain destruction of these pests—Save your home and furniture from depreciation by Borer damage.

Use "WOODBOROL" 1 PINT 1/9

BUGS



"SPRAYZOL"—A liquid insecticide which quickly destroys these filthy vermin—Drives them out of crevices to die. "Sprayzol" means 'quick riddance' of these unwelcome 'Bug' guests.

Use "SPRAYZOL" 1 PINT 2/6

ANTS



"X-ANT"—The non-poisonous method of destroying Ants, is wonderfully effective and is entirely safe among foodstuffs. A sprinkling of "X-Ant" means 'exit' to Ants!

Use "X-ANT" TIN 1/3

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Grow Cabbages without Grubs and Plants without Pests. "Derridust" the new, safe, non-poisonous plant insecticide, replaces dangerous arsenicals. Kills Cabbage-Moth, Diamond Back, Looper, Thrips, Aphids, etc. 1-lb. will dust 100 cabbages.

Use "DERRIDUST" 1-lb. 1/6; 1-lb. 2/6

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Always in your bath ...

Never was water so superbly soft, so luxuriously comforting as when is added a little SCRUB'S Ammoniated Liquid BATH SALTS. Never was the bath so

wonderfully exhilarating and refreshing. Far superior to bath crystals for water softening and cleansing. Eau de Cologne, Pile, Rose, Jasmine, Lavender.

SCRUB'S AMMONIATED LIQUID BATH SALTS

POSTAL BARGAIN SHOP BY MAIL

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Chico Invisible Earphones
The last word in really scientific earphones, which can be easily inserted into the ears without fear of pain or injury.
CHICO INVISIBLE EARPHONES are NOT made of perishable rubber, but are of perfectly and substantially constructed, and they are guaranteed for your lifetime.
1/1/- PER PAIR.
NO FURTHER COST OF REPLACEMENTS.
Write for Free Booklet.
THE MEARS EARPHONE COMPANY,
31 State Shopping Block, Market St., Sydney.

Money advanced upon all classes of security without possession.
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(An All-Australian Organisation—Established 1885)
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If you have had luck to the lottery, game, gambling, etc., you should carry a pair of Magic Playing Cards. These cards are carried by most officials and are a popular item. They are used to prevent bad luck, evil, and misfortune, and the owner is almost sure to win. They are made of the finest material, and are guaranteed to last. Price 4/6 the pair. Post 8d extra. Money refunded in 7 days if not satisfied.
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WRIST WATCHES
Cameras, Ma-Ma Dolls, Fountain Pens and many other valuable prizes, also cash commission, for selling small parcel of tested garden seeds. Send for parcel and big illustrated catalogue of presents. **SEND NO MONEY NOW**, only name and address. Write to-day.
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Highest Quality Business, Spices, Medicines, Soap, Essences, Foods, Cosmetics, Toilet Preparations, etc. **SUCCESSFUL ALWAYS IN DEMAND**—sell to friends and neighbours. **NO RISK**—no capital needed—no cash. You buy at manufacturers' low prices—advertising, sales training, everything supplied—**PROVED SUCCESS**—full time part time. **15 TO 10 WEEKLY**.
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SUITE OF DOLL'S FURNITURE

Well and strongly built of wood, nicely colored and very well finished. The oval table is 6 ins. long, the settee 4 inches wide, and the chairs stand 4 1/2 inches high. A fine little doll is given free. Price 2/6, post free.
THE UNION MFG. CO.
299 Elizabeth Street, Melbourne.

And They Thought He'd Never Marry

SO many beautiful girls had tried in vain to attract him that people thought he'd never marry! He was handsome, clever, good-natured, and seemed to like them—but only as friends. They did not seem to interest him further. Then he met Mabel, and his whole outlook changed! This woman possessed that greatest of all assets—PERSONALITY. She had developed her magnetic powers, and might just as easily have attracted and won any other man who interested her. You, too, may enjoy the love and admiration of the opposite sex. You can be popular. Amazing book: "Personal Magnetism" reveals the secrets of personal charm. FREE to readers of this paper under our special Christmas Offer. Send only 2d stamp for postage. **HENRY CALVER, Publisher, Box 160, G.P.O., Sydney.**

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When you visit Sydney, stay at Petty's Hotel. The tariff is indeed moderate.

Wire or write for reservations

PETTY'S HOTEL

YORK ST., SYDNEY



A Free Xmas Gift

The Salvage Stores purchased at recent Government Customs Sales—3000 Pairs of the famous "Dolce Twins" NOVELTY FRENCH DOLLS. Each Doll is 17in. high, prettily dressed in cute velvet costume, bevel, etc. Unbreakable, fitted with VOICE and real hair. Imported to sell at 7/6 pair. We offer you 1 pair in different colors for 2/6. POST FREE. With each pair is given ABSOLUTELY FREE a handsome colored story-picture book.

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The Postal Shopping Page of THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY offers you a fascinating variety of goods which can be purchased by Mail Order.

WATCH THIS SECTION WEEKLY

PROBLEMS ... for a Child PSYCHOLOGIST

Richard Want's Work on 2GB

"What is wrong with my child?" is a question hundreds of parents ask Richard Want, B.A., who conducts the Child Psychology Session from 2GB each Tuesday and Thursday morning at 10 o'clock. Either the child won't eat green vegetables, is rude to his father, pokes out his tongue at visitors, or does something else equally vexatious.

The answer, says Mr. Want, should be, in some cases, a counter-question: "What is wrong with you as a parent?" But in dealing with individual cases, he must put it more tactfully than that.

IT is Richard Want's opinion that children are not born bad, nor do they inherit viciousness. Every child has more potential good qualities than bad ones, and provided the early training is right these can be so developed that the child will become a happy and useful citizen. The crux of the child problem is early training.

Parents must realise, says Mr. Want, that from the age of 21 years onwards the child needs to be independent of his parents. Particularly does he need the social companionship of children of his own age. The mother who goes to bridge parties and does the social roundabout is not necessarily neglecting her duties as a parent, provided she sees that the child has proper companionship. The answer to this need is, of course, the nursery school.

Much of Mr. Want's work has been among backward children, for whom he runs a small school along psychological lines. But it is at his play school at Edgecliff that he is enabled to put into practice the theories he expounds over the air.

This school is run for the children

2GB Highlights

SATURDAY, November 9—
11.0: Hall of Songs. 1.15: Plato. 1.45: Darcy and Joan. 5.45: Krausmeyer and Cohen. 6.30: Feature Session—Game of Chance.
SUNDAY, November 10—4.15:
Highlights from Opera. 3.30: Jack Lumsdaine—With Book, Pipe, Piano and Dog. 7.30: Dr. W. G. K. Duncan—Was 1914-18 in Vain? 7.40: Dr. P. R. Cole—Efficiency in Leadership. 8.45: George Edwards in "Suspense."

MONDAY, November 11—10.45:
From the Cenotaph. 12.45: Mrs. C. J. Dobbie—Tariffs and World Peace. 1.30: Dorothea Vautier—From Near and Far. 7.50: Oliver Twist. 9.45: Edmund Breece in Memories. 10.0: The Trial of Charles Peace.

TUESDAY, November 12—3.30:
Dorothea Vautier—Musical Personalities. 5.45: Romance in the Retail. 8.5: Pick and Pat Minstrels. 9.15: Story of Your Suburb. 9.45: A Day with Jack Lumsdaine.

WEDNESDAY, November 13—
8.0: Kingsmen. 9.0: Easy Chair Music. 9.35: Short Stories of the Air.

THURSDAY, November 14—
10.0: Richard Want—Child Psychology. 6.20: Famous Bands. 9.30: Harmony Highlights.

FRIDAY, November 15—6.58:
Castles in Music. 9.15: Jack Lumsdaine. 9.30: A. M. Pooley.

of wealthy parents, but their problems are much the same as those of poorer children.

Richard Want believes that children should be encouraged to express themselves freely, otherwise their experiences will find an outlet in real naughtiness. As an example, there is the story of one pupil who replied to a mate's statement that his father had been dead a year. "Oh, that's nothing: mine has been dead 22 years." Many a parent would punish such a child for lying, but it is really only a child's harmless desire to impress his fellows.

One of the most frequent problems that radio listeners ask Mr. Want to help them solve concerns the disobedient child. Here again the parent is often at fault. When a child is told, "You mustn't do that!" he wants to know why, and often disobeys to find out.

Other parents complain about the disobedience of children in not returning from play on time, or in dawdling over messages. Punishment breeds rebellion in such cases, for the child considers it unjust. Between five and six years a child has little idea of time beyond five or ten minutes, while even a child of nine or ten years finds it difficult to



MR. RICHARD WANT

remember a command to return after half an hour has elapsed.

Even though every adult knows how annoying it is to be interrupted when doing something interesting, parents forget that a child's game is of the utmost importance to him, and wonder why, when they say, "Leave that immediately and run a message," the child disobeys. It is much better to say, "I want you in five minutes to run a message, so finish off what you are doing."

These are simple things, but clumsy handling of children by well-meaning parents has created most of the problems in the solution of which Richard Want is asked to help.

HEALTH EFFICIENCY and EYESIGHT

The vital necessity to-day is physical fitness, if youth is to be prolonged and maximum earning power maintained.

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Oliver Twist

Do you remember Fagin, Bill Sykes, the Artful Dodger, Nancy, Mr. Bumble, and all those other queer characters from Dickens' famous story of "Oliver Twist"? The little boy who asked for more? They will all be recreated for you, along with the drama of London's forgotten underworld. Five nights a week at 7.50 p.m., commencing on Monday, November 11. George Edwards has already achieved great success with his presentation of "The Old Curiosity Shop," "Great Expectations," and "David Copperfield," and this presentation is in response to many requests.

AND TO-DAY

The Wings of the Dragon

There is a clan of men in every race that won't be bound by the ordinary rules of life—they are the soldiers of fortune. And there is a strange and seething country where every custom is bound by an alien mysticism that the white man cannot understand—where hidden forces move and the merest incident can change the destiny of four hundred million people—that is China. "The Wings of the Dragon" is the amazing true story of two American alchemists who are helping to turn back the hands of North China on behalf of the Nanking Government. In thirteen startling dramatic episodes the story of Jack Lincke and Bob White will be told.

From 2HD, Newcastle: Commencing Monday, Nov. 11, each Monday, Wednesday and Friday at 7.30.

From 2GB, Sydney: Commencing Monday, Nov. 13, each Monday, Wednesday and Friday at 8.45 p.m.

2GB The Nation's Station

"The TREASURY of KNOWLEDGE"

Superb Book for Young People at Gift Price!

An Ideal Christmas Present

To-day The Australian Women's Weekly announces another sensational book offer for its readers—an offer specially intended to bring lasting joy to the hearts of the boys and girls of Australia at Christmas-time.

"The Treasury of Knowledge" is the title of the volume, and no book could have been more appropriately named.

THIS is a book of 760 pages with nearly 600 artistic illustrations, which presents geography and the history of the world in a fascinating new light. In its two hundred different sections, it deals with the wonders of the Universe, it explains the marvels of nature, the wonders of science, the achievements of men and women in the realms of music, art and literature. It tells graphically of man's conquest of land, sea and air, and of the modern miracles of talkies, autogyros, radio, and television.

A veritable encyclopaedia of human knowledge is this book, presented in simple language that can be read and

understood by the average child of from ten years upwards.

Parents, naturally, are eager to give their children something useful as well as attractive for a Christmas present. Here is a unique opportunity to make a magnificent present for your boys and girls at a comparatively trifling cost. "The Treasury of Knowledge" is packed with information which will permanently enrich the minds of the children to whom it is given.

Superbly printed, bound and illustrated, this book, bought in the ordinary way, would be extremely costly, but The Australian Women's Weekly is mak-

"The Children's Treasure House" and "The World's Best Mystery Stories"

THE Australian Women's Weekly has now to announce that supplies of "The World's Best Mystery Stories" are rapidly becoming exhausted, and as no further shipments will be available readers who have reserved this fine volume of mystery stories should bring or send in their tokens together with the advertised cost of the volume without delay.

Many readers who did not reserve the volume within the specified time have since made application for it, but their requests cannot be considered until all who made their reservations in accordance with the terms of the offer have had their orders filled.

This applies also to "The Children's Treasure House." Readers who have reserved this magnificent volume are advised to make sure of collecting it within the next few days to avoid being disappointed.

ing it available to its readers at the gift price of 5/6, if called for, or 6/6 if posted to any address in New South Wales.

"The Treasury of Knowledge" can be secured in four weeks from this date, in ample time for presentation to the children at Christmas.

HERE is all that has to be done. Fill in the reservation form on page 4 of the special four-page supplement in the centre of this issue, and forward it to The Australian Women's Weekly, Dept. W1, Box 4100 W.W., G.P.O., Sydney, and a copy of the "Treasury of Knowledge" will be reserved for you.

Send no money with the reservation form, but cut out the token on the inside page of the back cover of this issue. Similar tokens will be published in succeeding issues of the Australian Women's Weekly. When you have collected four tokens, "The Treasury of Knowledge" will be handed to you at the offices of the newspaper, 321 Pitt Street, on payment of 5/6, or the book will be posted to any address in N.S.W. on receipt of the four tokens and 6/6.

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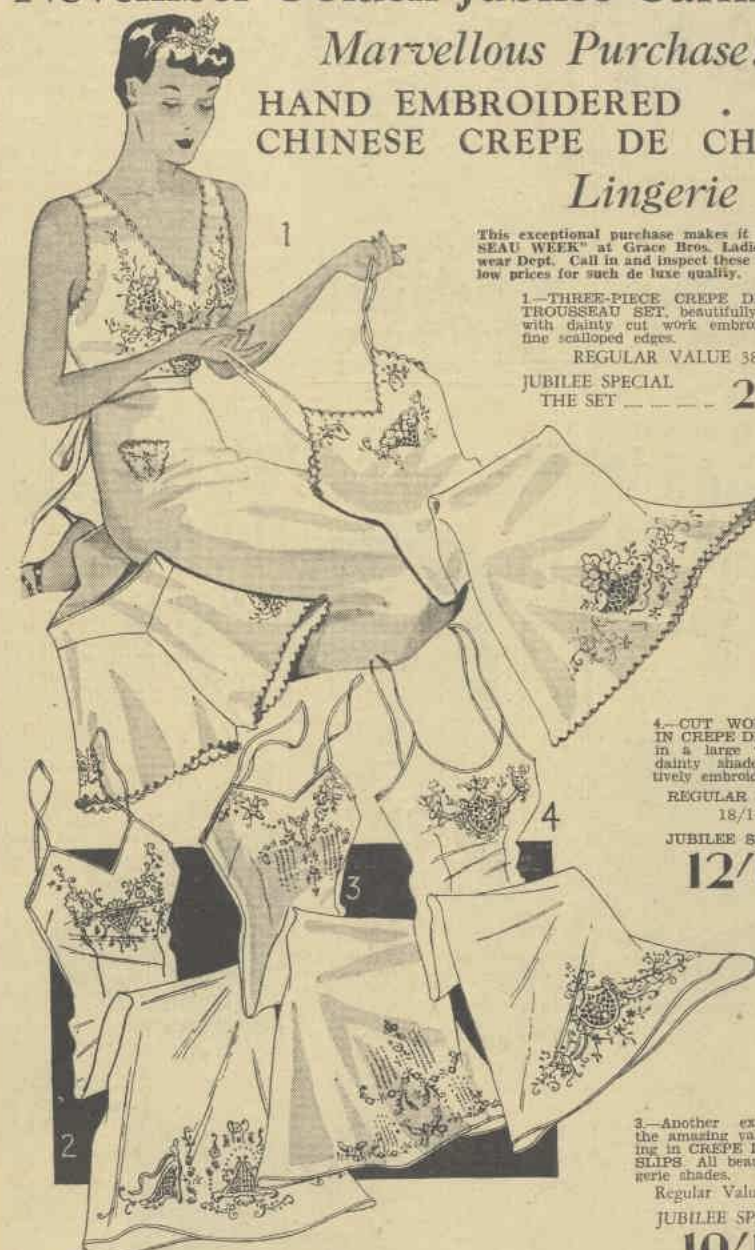
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SNUGGLE TO SLEEP



"I isn't that I'm afraid I'll change my mind," said Angela. "It's that I know I won't. Last night wasn't as sudden as it sounds. I think deep inside myself perhaps I always knew, but they didn't; they hadn't the remotest idea I wasn't as satisfied as they were."

"Then this morning you hit 'em between the eyes with it," said Betty. "You can see, can't you, Jim? The place is going to be a gorgeous little battleground for some time to come. That old man has a terrible will."

"It's not going to be pleasant living in the house with him after this," said Angela. "Come and stay with us," said Betty impulsively. "We'd love to have you."

Angela shook her palely shining head. "You're awfully sweet, but that would only make grandfather worse," said Jim. "Angel's right, Betty," said Jim. "They'd have to put the old boy in a strait-jacket. He doesn't like you and me very much, anyhow."

"That's because we're not real English gentry," said Betty. "Just a loose-living artist who married his model."

"After which she went and got too fat for him to paint," said Jim sadly. Angela looked at him out of wide,

MEN and ANGEL

Continued from Page 18

faintly shadowed eyes, startling in their darkness below that silver-gilt hair.

"Angel," said Jim, "have you got anything at all of your own beyond what your grandfather gives you?"

"Only a hundred pounds my mother left me."

"In your own name? In the bank?"

"Yes. Why?"

"A hundred pounds is more than you think, young lady. Do you know what I should do if I were you?"

Angela said, "Tell me. I haven't anyone but you and Betty to talk to."

Jim said, "I'd take my hundred and go away for a bit."

"They'd never let me."

"Don't ask their permission. You were twenty-one yesterday, weren't you?"

"I'd almost forgotten that," said Angela slowly.

"Get out of here—leave a note on the pin-cushion so to speak."

"He'd never forgive me, Jim."

"He'll probably never forgive you in any case—for using your head and throwing over Horace. If you just walk out without warning you'll give the old man such a fright that it may straighten things out for you. In the end he'll respect your gumption."

"But where can I go?" said Angela. She looked her hands together in her lap.

"Well, as to that—" said Jim. He stopped and sat scowling.

"New York?" said Angela. "I know people there."

BETTY sat up from her pillows and hugged her knees. Her soft face tightened into lines of an elder shrewdness.

"Over my dead body, you go to New York," she said forcefully. "At your age—with your looks—with nothing to do—inside a week you'd be the best-known cocktail girl in town."

"You're right for once, my love," said Jim. "For Angel, New York wouldn't be so good."

Angela said slowly: "But why shouldn't I have something to do? I'd like it."

"Now you're talking sense!" said Jim. "Business training?" said Betty. "I can't quite see her—"

Angela said: "Art school, perhaps."

Jim looked at Betty. She nodded. As if thoughts ran between them almost with no need for words.

"Look here, Angel," said Jim. "That's not at all a bad idea. Remember how you used to fool about with clay until a year or so ago? I thought you had quite a flair for it. Some of those masks you did weren't half bad. Why in the world did you stop?"

"Horace," said Angela. "He didn't like it on my hands."

"Horace," said Betty, "would be sensitive to that."

"Well," said Jim, "seeing that Horace's sensibilities are now out of the picture, what about a course somewhere in modelling?"

"Oh," said Angela diffidently. "Do you think I could really—"

"Why not?" said Jim. "Might give it a trial."

Suddenly Betty flung herself forward and caught Angela by the arm.

"Angel—" she cried. "I've got it! Where does anybody go who wants to study art and all that sort of thing?"

"Italy," said Jim promptly.

"You're mad," said Betty. "At this time of year?"

"All right. Then you tell us," said Jim.

"Paris, of course," said Betty triumphantly. "And Angela can combine it with a cruise by going round to Marseilles, by boat, and training back to Paris."

"Oh, Paris," said Jim. "Second-best, of course."

Angela protested: "But Paris—" Paint color rose in her face.

"Now, Angel, if you're thinking of Neville," said Betty, "you needn't even see him. Needn't let him know that you're there."

"Neville could be a lot of help to you," said Jim. "He's been there two years. He must be pretty well at home."

"You don't dislike him, do you, darling?" said Betty. "I know at the time he left here you liked Horace so much better that—"

"Well, that's all over now," said Jim with masculine contempt for feminine introspection. "Thing is—if Neville can give Angel a hand in getting started there's no earthly reason why she shouldn't call on him."

ANGELA thought: "If they'd only stop talking about him!" She said: "Anyway, I haven't enough money."

"Nonsense. Have you a passport?" Angela said it would have to be renewed. She felt as if the earth were

whirling under her feet. Some strange impulse of desire for the unknown future kept her quiescent. She sat and listened while Betty and Jim planned her flight in accurate detail.

"When everything's all ready we'll drive you up to London for the day," said Jim. "Nobody's going to object to that—"

"And once aboard the lugger—" said Betty.

The clock on the table beside the bed struck twelve.

Angela leapt to her feet.

"Trot along, Cinderella," said Jim, grinning. "We'll have you a free woman before you know it."

When Angela had gone he stood at the window looking after her down the sunlit dusty road.

"What are you thinking of?" said Betty.

Jim told her slowly: "Tis an awkward thing to play with souls—"

"Don't flatter yourself," said Betty. "Angel only needed someone to open the gate."

(To be Continued.)

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Auburn (Day use)	Mercolized Wax	Berry-Agar Rosettes or Dearborn Rosettes (Light)	Coffinblack	Vermil	Blue	Black	Brown
Auburn (Night use)	Mercolized Wax	Berry-Agar Rosettes or Dearborn Rosettes (Light)	Coffinblack	Vermil	Blue	Black	Brown
"In between" types (Day)	Mercolized Wax	Berry-Agar Rosettes or Dearborn Rosettes (Light)	Berryberry	Vermil	Blue	Black	Vermil
"In between" types (Night)	Mercolized Wax	Berry-Agar Rosettes or Dearborn Rosettes (Light)	Vermil	Vermil	Blue	Black	Vermil
Ash Blonde (Day use)	Alabaster	Berry-Agar Rosettes or Dearborn Rosettes (Light)	White	White	Dark Blue	Black	Vermil
Ash Blonde (Night use)	Alabaster	Berry-Agar Rosettes or Dearborn Rosettes (Light)	White	White	Dark Blue	Black	Vermil
Platinum Blonde (Day use)	Mercolized Wax	Berry-Agar Rosettes or Dearborn Rosettes (Light)	White	White	Blue	Black	Tan
Platinum Blonde (Night use)	Mercolized Wax	Berry-Agar Rosettes or Dearborn Rosettes (Light)	White	White	Blue	Black	Tan

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THERE was nothing Jerry Owens wanted to do less than go ashore with the general manager and his daughter. It wasn't only that it simply wasn't done, but he was certain he'd have a better time with the third mate of the Gannet. And then, too, he had a sense that he was being patronised and he was apt to be a very independent young man, which, since he was an orphan and had fought his own way up, he had a right to be.

"I'm sorry, sir," he said firmly. "But you see..."

"Owens!" choked or rather snarled Captain Stewart. "Mr. Madrone has done you the great honor of asking you to dine with him. I hope you understand?"

If Captain Stewart had kept his mouth shut his boss would have kept his date with the third mate of the Gannet in spite of hell and high water. But it was the captain's tone, and the striding anger in his voice, that altered matters. Jerry Owens understood that to dine with the Madrones would annoy the captain enormously. And he smiled. He owed the old man something for those veiled threats after the shackle episode.

"Very well, sir. I'll see you ashore," he said to the general manager, and with a half-salute he left the cabin. Captain Stewart waited a moment and when Mr. Madrone's back was turned he hurried his cigar viciously into the cuspidor.

"Don't you think it's bad policy to entertain a deckhand ashore?" he demanded heatedly. "After all, sir, he's liable to become familiar with Miss Esther."

"I don't think so," disagreed Mr. Madrone. "He's not that kind."

"How do you know?"

"I know men. That's why I'm running the Line," said Mr. Madrone shortly.

THERE seemed no point in going on with that conversation so Captain Stewart lighted a fresh cigar.

"I suppose you know how I feel about Miss Esther, sir," he said diffidently. The general manager stared out of an open port.

"You've mentioned it," he observed with a touch of dryness. "I believe I told you it was up to her."

"She seems to take it as a joke," said Captain Stewart, bitterly. "I asked her again if she'd marry me, when we were in Rio. I've been in love with her a long time, sir."

"Well, women are queer," observed Mr. Madrone, unconsciously repeating the mate's remark of a little earlier.

WOMEN ARE QUEER

Continued from Page 6

"Give her time. She's still young."
"Yes," agreed the captain bitterly.
"She's still young."

When he left the captain's cabin Jerry Owens found the head of the companion leading to the main deck blocked by a vision in white. He was aware of the fragrance of violets and other indefinite but very disturbing things. His annoyance immediately returned.

"Mr. Owens," said Miss Esther Madrone (and she had, when she wished, a voice that would move a stone image). "Mr. Owens. You must forgive me. I want to apologise for being so rude this morning. You see, I was so astonished, and I didn't see the faintest idea of what was happening."

Jerry frowned.

"That's all right, miss," he said stiffly. "It's all in the day's work."

"That's very charming of you to put it that way," she murmured. "But I still thank you. You're going ashore with us to-night, aren't you? Father thought it would be the least we could do to have you as our guest."

A dark suspicion shot through Jerry's mind.

"If you," he demanded, "put that idea in your father's head?"

"It?"

"Well, it's a funny idea," he said scowling.

"Well, then, I did," she laughed. "I wanted to make up for my treating you so. You're not angry, are you? I'm really interested. Mr. Tremont was telling me the way you've been studying and I thought perhaps I could help."

He stared at her, hard-eyed and resentful, all his independence stirring within him.

"You always get what you want, don't you?" he said bitterly. "Just like that!" He snapped his fingers.

She was silent for a moment, her lower lip caught between white teeth and her eyes speculative. And then very suddenly she softened.

"That wasn't very nice," she said, and all unbidden the blood crawled in his cheeks. No, it wasn't very nice. And the dusk was softly flooding over the lights of Monte Video; and it was spring; and the scent of violets was very close; and her eyes were starry; and out in the harbor on some liner a band was playing. No, it wasn't very nice. And then abruptly, when she laid a small white hand on his arm, something turned completely over inside him.

"I—I didn't mean that," he choked lamely, and quite unaware of what he was saying. "I'm really sorry."

She nodded gravely and moved aside to let him pass.

"On the dock then, in half an hour," he was already one step down the companion when she stopped him again. "Father always comes back on board early. He gets sleepy. You won't mind, will you?"

"Mind?" he echoed.

"I mean if we go to a dance afterwards."

"No," he said. "Oh, no." And he fell rather than walked down the companion to the main deck.

She watched him go with the trace of a smile and her eyes were deep and speculative again. Yes, he was very good-looking. And it seemed he didn't like women. Well, well, well! We shall see. Anything anyway was preferable to Captain Stewart. She detested him. But Mr. Owens?

"I've been on this ship three months now," she told herself. "And never even noticed him before. I must be losing my grip."

Jerry Owens found himself talking too when he reached his room.

"She's not going to make a fool out of me," he said savagely. "Stepping out of her class for a thrill. I'll bet I have a rotten time!"

He took a final look in his mirror to adjust his tie, and he had already reached up to put out the light when something in his own eyes stopped him. He stared at himself for a long minute and then he spoke just four words, slowly and with a queer emphasis.

"Well, I'll be hanged!" he said.

"OWENS," snapped Captain Stewart many days later. It was early afternoon on the deck and boat deck, with a keen wind blowing and the purple sea covered with white caps beneath a cloud-spotted sky. Jerry was looking at a splice one of the A.B.'s had just finished and it was not until the light dazzled back from the captain's whites that he was aware he was being spoken to.

"Owens!" barked the captain. "You're a clever boy, a very clever boy. Too damned clever. And you're getting out of your depth."

Jerry straightened from the splice and stared at the captain.

"I don't get it, sir."

"You don't get it?" echoed Captain Stewart, his face white with passion. "I'm talking about Miss Madrone. I saw you ashore with her in Rio after she'd told her father she felt too tired to go with him. I saw you ashore in

Santos. That's a presumption on the kindness of decent people who came down to your level for one evening in Monte Video."

Jerry went a little white himself.

"I don't see it's any of your business what I do when I'm off duty, sir," he said, an edge to his voice.

Captain Stewart half-raised a hand flat, and, thinking better of it, dropped it again.

"It's my business when foul-weather hands start fooling with the passengers, especially when the passenger in question happens to be the daughter of the line's general manager. I wonder you don't invite yourself in the saloon for dinner!"

"I still don't get it," Jerry insisted. "Miss Madrone is old enough to know what she's doing, and she certainly isn't answerable to you. Nor am I off duty and ashore."

"I'm talking to you, and about you, not her," shouted the captain, madness in his eyes. "As a matter of fact Miss Madrone and myself are practically engaged. And your presuming to make appointments with her, knowing her father has no knowledge of them, is certainly my business. You stay away from her or there'll be trouble, mighty big trouble. I know you've been meeting her after dark, and you've been at sea long enough to know to-ale rats like you aren't allowed ashore the foremast without orders. How would you like me to tell Mr. Madrone you'd been pawing and kissing his daughter?"

Even as he hit the captain Jerry knew he had made a ghastly mistake. A master mariner, on his own vessel, on the high seas, lying on his boat-deck holding his jaw, and with his bow'n standing over him was something to make the gods shudder. Jerry nursed his bruised knuckles and had wild visions of standing trial. This was serious. But he'd gone far enough now to go further.

"You talk to me like that again and you'll get some more," he said, thin-lipped. "Now go and tell Mr. Madrone. I don't give a dam! I'm in love with Esther, and you're a liar when you say you're as good as engaged. She hates the sight of you!"

Captain Stewart got up ominously calm.

"That finishes you, Owens. I'm putting you in irons for striking a superior officer."

Please turn to Page 35

NEW PLASMIC

America's Most Talked Of Skin Preparation.



From Actual Photo (Unouched)
Mrs. Helen Sagermore, Bondi Road, aged 57. Taken on July 12th, 1934.



From Actual Photo (Unouched)
Mrs. Helen Sagermore, Bondi Road, aged 57. Taken on July 23rd, 1934, after 4 applications of New Plasmic.

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NEW PLASMIC ACTS LIKE MAGIC

The Very First Treatment produces Unbelievable Results. Restores permanently to old or middle age the skin and complexion of youth.

OLD FACES MADE YOUNG. YOUNG FACES KEPT YOUNG. BLEMISHED SKINS MADE PERFECT.

THE LATEST AND MOST GENUINE DISCOVERY. TRY IT—YOU WILL BE AMAZED.

Call for FREE DEMONSTRATION or Large Tube, sufficient for twelve treatments, posted free to any address for 6/-.

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WOMEN ARE QUEER

Continued from Page 34

"PROVE it," said Jerry shortly. "You haven't a witness. You took care of that yourself when you figured on talking to me. Made sure no one was around. Prove it! And remember if you put me in irons that Miss Madrone's name will come out at the trial. If you think anything of her you won't want that."

Captain Stewart looked up and down the boat deck and checked a vicious oath.

"There are other ways," he said thickly. "I'll disarrange you before we get home. I'll give you such a rotten discharge you'll never get a ticket. And I'll have you blacklisted in every port on the coast."

"If going to sea means serving with tripe like you I'll be glad to quit," said Jerry dogmatically, and he turned and walked away before the captain could say anything further. But he knew just the same that he would never wear the gold bands of rank.

"I guess I'm through, all right," he told Esther that night when they met in the darkness near the after-hatch. "I'll never forgive me and he can do everything he says."

"Darling," she cried, and kissed him.

"I'll tell father everything. He'll—"

"No!" He put a hand over her lips and she kissed that, too. She was very different from the spoiled and selfish young girl who had almost been killed by the breaking shackle. She was terribly in love. She had never dreamed she could be so much in love.

"Yes!" she stormed, freeing her lips. "Father is much more important than that horrible man. I will tell him."

"No!" he snapped, so savagely she was startled. "This is my fight and I'll see it through myself. I don't want any help like that."

She recognised the old fierce and stubborn independence in him again, and she loved him the more for it, but she would straighten the matter out somehow. After all, what use was there in having a father general manager if one couldn't straighten out things? She nodded to herself. And then both of them forgot all trouble for a long time.

"I'm sorry to disturb you," said Mr. Madrone's dry voice about half-an-hour later. A flashlight blazed briefly upon them and went out again. "I

understood I'd probably find you here."

There was a small, tight silence. "Captain Stewart told you," accused Esther. She added with bitterness, "And he's supposed to be in love with me." Jerry said nothing. There was nothing he could say.

"I think you'd better go for'ard," observed Mr. Madrone. "You'll hear more of this in the morning, Owens."

"Very well, sir," Jerry agreed. He felt Esther's cool fingers press his hand reassuringly but he knew there was no hope. Bo'suns do not marry the daughters of general managers. It was unthinkable. Mr. Madrone pointed out that very same fact in the privacy of his stateroom.

"YOU must be insane," Esther, he said seriously. "I never dreamed when you asked me to invite him to dinner in Monte Video you had anything like this in your head."

"I hadn't," she walked in her handkerchief. "I only meant—meant it to be one of those things. Just a bit of fun. But it's—it's all real now."

"Nonsense!" snapped Mr. Madrone.

puffing through his moustache. "Tell me it's just a silly and very unwise flirtation and I'll let the whole matter rest. I'll even do what I can to help young Owens. I haven't forgotten he saved your life."

"But it isn't just a flirtation," she protested. "Not now! I love him. I'm going to marry him."

"What!" shouted Mr. Madrone, and stared at her with a baffled look in his eyes. He had always given her her own way. He had never tried to keep a rein on her. Never. And now this!

"This is just the result of a long voyage," he said at last, dolefully. "Monotony, that's all. When you get home you'll see how impossible it is. Don't you realise he's only a common sailor?"

"He'll be an officer soon."

"I doubt it now. But supposing he is. You can't get married on a third mate's pay. And he'll be a third mate for a long time."

"I've thought of all that."

"And you'll still marry him?"

"I'll never marry anyone else. I tell you I love him! Oh, why are you so stupid?"

"Stupid?" Mr. Madrone was astonished. "I'm not the stupid one. What about you? There's Captain Stewart crazy about you. He's not an old man."

"He's nearly forty!"

"Forty's not old," Mr. Madrone protested, with all the emphasis of a man in his fifties who still feels good for twenty years. "Ridiculous. Captain Stewart has a private income. He has a command. He'll get the new ship the Line's launching next year. Don't be a fool, Esther. You've got to think of the future."

"I am thinking of the future. If I had to live with that—that beast of a captain I'd die."

"Stewart? A beast?" Mr. Madrone blew through his moustache again and vaguely groped for a cigar. "Look here," he said decisively. "This is all rot. I'll break Owens myself unless you give him up. The whole thing's impossible."

"I don't care!" She faced him, red-eyed but all aflame. "I'll marry him just the same. I hate Captain Stewart! I hate you! I hate everyone!"

"Let's put things off until we're home," he begged. "We can look at them with a different perspective then. The whole business has got Stewart so crazy with jealousy he'll ruin Owens' sea career, that's certain. Maybe the young man can find something ashore. I don't know. But let that wait. If you still want him when we've been home for a time—well, we'll talk it over again." He paused a moment, smoking nervously. He wanted to be fair. "Owens is a promising boy. I think he's got the real stuff. And I'm sure he'll listen to reason."

"I don't want him to listen to reason!"

"There, there," he soothed. "I won't say a word to him then. And maybe I can calm Stewart down, though it's against my policy to interfere between the captains and their men. But maybe something will turn up to solve the whole problem."

MR. TREMONT knocked on the door of Jerry's room two days later.

"The usual thing, boy," he said. "Boat drill. The siren goes in ten minutes."

Jerry slid from his bunk and reached for his jacket. He looked thinner, grimmer even, and there was an unaccustomed sombreness about his blue eyes. He would have felt better if something drastic had happened after the events of two days previously, but nothing had. Captain Stewart had not spoken to him; Mr. Madrone had given him only the usual good morning. Of Esther he had seen nothing at all. It gave him a sense of impending doom, and not even the fact he was in love helped him.

"I don't see the sense of this boat drill," he observed sourly.

"No more do," assented the mate, lighting his pipe and leaning against the wash-basin. "The old man just likes to show off. Leading a parade of boats around the harbor. If he wants real practice he ought to try it at sea."

The Cardiff City had just come to port, her last port of call before home, and it was Captain Stewart's practice each voyage to have a more thorough boat drill than was usually possible at sea. The boats on the side away from the dock were filled, lowered to the water, and pulled around for half-an-hour or so. It gave the men practice at the falls and the oars. Captain Stewart would explain, and it brought out any weaknesses that might have developed in the boats themselves. Everyone took part in this last drill, from the captain to the smallest deck boy, but it was optional with the passengers, though they invariably went along for the fun of the thing.

"The boat gear's all right?" asked the mate casually. Jerry stared at him, for there was something in the mate's tone that implied things

Please turn to Page 36



MAKE BLOND HAIR
—even in DARK or BROWN shades—
GLEAM with GOLD
in one shampoo
WITHOUT BLEACHING

Girls, when your blond hair darkens to an indefinite brownish shade it shunts your whole personality. But you can now bring back the fascinating blonde that set fashions in your hair, and that gives you personality, radiance—beauty. Sta-Blond makes the permanent wave last longer. Try the wonderful shampoo treatment today and see how different it is from anything you have ever tried before. If you are dissatisfied, just ask for your money back. Sta-Blond (known abroad as Norbiond and Blondex) is the largest selling shampoo in the world. Get Sta-Blond today of all chemists, hairdressers and stores. Made in England. Sole distributors: Fagett & Johnson Ltd., 240, New 200y. St. Sydney.

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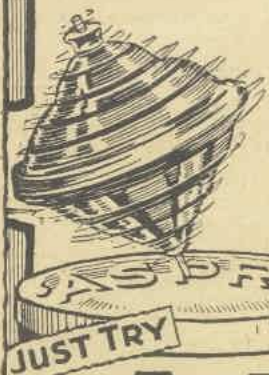
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SLEEP LIKE A TOP



SOME people sleep but are still tired the next day — some people "cannot sleep at all." Others have refreshing sleep and wake full of vim for the daily task. This 'ASPRO' message is

for the SLEEPLESS or for those whose sleep fails to refresh. The message is this: "TAKE 'ASPRO' AND YOU WILL SLEEP — furthermore, you will be refreshed, soothed and invigorated. You will wake with the pleasurable feeling that yesterday's troubles were half illusions. You will be ready to "dictate the terms" for the new day. For those whose sleep is unsatisfactory, the same applies — 'ASPRO' will bring the sleep of peace and harmony. 'ASPRO' does not drug you to sleep, it has no deadening effect. Its action is of a peaceful, soothing nature, leaving no harmful effects whatsoever. Furthermore, 'ASPRO' does not harm the heart, and can be taken by all. If you don't sleep well, give 'ASPRO' a trial. It will mean a refreshing sleep. Always keep a packet in the home.

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SECURES RELIEF AND SLEEP
SAYS ASTHMA SUFFERER.

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Dear Sirs,

Twelve years ago I was so bad with Asthma that I was given only six months to live. I wasn't prepared to give up, and at last tried 'ASPRO'. I got relief very soon, and eventually felt so well that I was able to leave off the medicine. Now, when I get any return of the trouble, or feel at all "wheezy," I take 'ASPRO', and always secure relief and sleep. The difference it has made to me as a sufferer is wonderful.

Yours faithfully,
(Sgd.) GEO. KING.

36th/35.

'ASPRO' SOOTHES AND
INDUCES SLEEP.

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Dear Sirs,

Your 'ASPRO' has been a wonderful boon to our family. I suffered for years with Neuritis and raging Headaches, but 'ASPRO' has brought me such relief that I wouldn't be without it.

My sister also was subject to severe attacks of Quinsy, but has stopped attacks in the early stages by letting 'ASPRO' dissolve in her throat, and also taking it at intervals. Other so-called medicines have failed, but 'ASPRO' soothes and induces sleep.

Yours faithfully,
(Sgd.) Mrs. A. CHAMBERS.

WOMEN ARE QUEER

Continued from Page 35

"I LOOKED them all over last week, sir," he said. "And we had the boats out in Rio if you remember. Everything's O.K."

The mate nodded.

"It would be awkward if we had another accident like that shackle affair, Owens. The old man's just waiting to hang something on you."

"Meaning what?"

The mate shrugged.

"Oh, nothing. I'm not sure. But I'd take a quick look around at the gear before the drill. Especially the poop boats."

Jerry looked at him for a long time, but the mate stared at the white-scrubbed cabin deck and seemed plunged in thought. It was obvious he had nothing further to say on that particular subject. Jerry frowned and jammed his peaked cap on his head.

"Well, we'd better be going then, sir."

The mate inspected the bowl of his pipe and nodded. They went on deck together to prepare for the boat drill.

The drill itself was all a matter of routine and there was little or no danger connected with it. The third mate's boat got away, and then the mate's. The captain's boat, on the bridge deck, was swung out and waiting for the second mate's, which was on the poop. Jerry was with Captain Stewart, the chief steward. Mr. Madrone, and four able seamen, while Esther stood close to her father. She was a little pale, but otherwise seemed perfectly collected and even cheerful.

In the confusion she managed to squeeze Jerry's arm and whisper a few words. Everything was going to be all right. She hadn't given her father a minute's rest, and she was sure he would help them. Jerry nodded but said nothing, staring gloomily at Women certainly were optimistic.

"Well!" snapped Captain Stewart. "What's the idiot waiting for?"

He seemed nervous, walking up and down jerkily and occasionally stopping to glare at the poop. Once the second mate's boat was in the water his own would be lowered and the solemn procession round the harbor commenced.

"He's all ready, sir," said Jerry shortly as he saw the second mate lift his hand. The captain halted and watched, little muscles twitching at the corners of his lips. Five of the second mate's men were clambering into the boat, and then abruptly there came a strained cracking sound and the forward fall stretched, unravelled and snapped. One end of the heavy lifeboat dropped, pitching the five men into the water, while the boat's wooden hull slammed and splintered against the Cardiff City's steel side.

"Good heavens!" choked Mr. Madrone. "Those men will be drowned." But the mate's boat was already pulling for the swimmers. Captain Stewart drew a deep breath.

"Well, boss?" he said thinly. "That's the second little accident this voyage. Someone might have been killed."

Jerry stared at him, his face white.

"I don't understand it, sir. We rove all new falls only two voyages back, and I inspected them myself just before drill."

"So it seems," said the captain dryly. "What sort of an officer you'd make, God knows. But you're finished as boss on my ship. I'll attend to you later."

There was a gathering in the captain's cabin after the drill. The general manager and his daughter sat on the settee, Esther having insisted on being present, despite the opposition of both her father and Captain Stewart. Captain Stewart himself was at his desk, grim-faced and with a barely hidden look of triumph on his face. Jerry stood to one side of the desk, frowning a little and thoughtful. There was something funny about the whole business. He would have suspected it even if the mate hadn't dropped those hints.

"Where the devil's Tremont?" the captain wanted to know. "Well, it doesn't matter. The mate's responsible for the ship's gear, but in practice the boss attends to it. It's very obvious you're either unlucky or careless, Owens. I think the latter. So I'm discharging you to ordinary seaman."

"It wasn't my fault that fall gave way, sir," said Jerry doggedly. "I tell you the rope was sound. It looked good for several more voyages."

"Well, it broke, didn't it? You're supposed to see falls don't break when they're needed. What's going to break next?"

"Is it necessary to do anything drastic?" put in Mr. Madrone earnestly. He did not like to interfere in such a matter. "After all, no one was hurt and you know Owens expects to go up for his ticket."

"He's not fit to hold one," the captain snapped. "And I might say this little affair is only a culmination of several, including a matter of striking me."

"You know what that was over?" cried Esther. She jumped up, her eyes blazing. "You're just a jealous beast!"

"Now, now," said Mr. Madrone.

"I'm sorry, Miss Esther," the captain soothed her, reddening. "You know I'd do anything for you. But this is a matter of discipline. The crew would take charge of the whole ship if I let one man ride over me."

The cabin door opened and Mr. Tremont came in. He looked around for a moment then took off his peaked cap.

"I'm discharging Owens, Mr. Tremont," the captain snapped. "I know he's a pet of yours, but that can't be helped."

MR. TREMONT nodded and cleared his throat.

"I take it that broken fall is the reason, sir?"

"Just one of them. And we'll make a note of inefficiency on the young man's discharge."

Mr. Tremont cleared his throat again.

"I dislike having to say what I must," he began. "An officer's duty is to uphold the captain, but I can't stand by and see Owens' future wiped out."

Captain Stewart stared at him impatiently.

"What the devil are you talking about?"

"Well, last night, or rather this morning about three o'clock, while we were still at sea, it so happened I couldn't sleep and came on deck for a breath of air. I saw you going aft, sir."

Captain Stewart grew a little pale.

"Is there anything to prevent a master going aft on his own ship?"

"But at three in the morning, sir, I thought it a little odd."

"So you followed me?" inquired the captain in a strained voice.

"Not exactly, sir. I thought I'd meet you coming back, and have a talk about one thing and another. But you didn't come back for such a long time. I finally went aft. You were on the poop deck then doing something near the boats. I couldn't make out what."

There was a complete silence with every eye on the captain. He held himself in control though, and laughed. "Nonsense!" he said. "I never touched anything about the boats. What are you trying to imply?"

Mr. Tremont looked at Jerry, and then at Mr. Madrone.

"The forward fall of the port boat that broke, was very carefully cut more than half through. Someone had opened the strands and cut the insides so that when they were twisted together again the rope would look sound. The fall could stand the strain of the boat, but not when the men got into it."

Captain Stewart jumped to his feet. "You're romancing!" he blazed. "I never touched the falls. That's a serious charge, Tremont, and you'd have to prove it."

"A very serious charge," Mr. Madrone agreed, and he looked keenly at the captain. Mr. Tremont nodded.

Please turn to Page 50

£25 Cash Must Be Won

"Search For Film Stars" Competition No. 9

£25 CASH WILL BE AWARDED TO THE COMPETITOR WITH THE GREATEST NUMBER OF NAMES CORRECT. IN THE EVENT OF TIES PRIZE MONEY WILL BE DIVIDED EQUALLY.

This list below, 16 names, is made up of 16 names of featured film players, the first letter only of the Christian name being given. The surname is jumbled with the addition of one unnecessary letter. See example No. 1. GRETA GARBO, the extra unnecessary letter being "X". Include this name in your solution as Number 1. You are required to give the names of the remaining 15 film players. NOTE: (1) Additional entries must be written out separately. (2) Alterations cannot be accepted. (3) MISPELT NAMES COUNT AS ERRORS.

IMPORTANT: Use the diagram for working out your solution and, when you have solved the names, write your list in order on a sheet of plain paper (one side only). Enclose a Postal Note for 1/- as entry fee—additional entries will be charged 6d. each—(stamps will not be accepted) and mail your solution, together with your name and residential address, NOT LATER THAN FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 15, 1935. "FILM STARS" COMPETITION, G.P.O. Box 38341, SYDNEY, N.S.W.

No. 1	GRETA	RAGBOX GARBO	No. 9	M	ONIXNO
2	M	LOFY	10	M	LARKEIC
3	M	YESIW	11	I	RYCHI
4	P	ELLYOK	12	C	SMUGGLER
5	T	ODDDT	13	H	DINNMM
6	F	HICER	14	T	MXIO
7	J	BENTBENT	15	P	CASKLU
8	R	GUNYOU	16	A	HARDYGIN

Prize Money and Sealed Solution are deposited with "Truth and Sportsman" Ltd.

Decision of the Adjudicator must be accepted as final.

RESULTS WILL BE PUBLISHED IN THIS PAPER ON ISSUE DATED NOVEMBER 30th.

"Search for Film Stars" Competition No. 7

RESULTS

Seven competitors submitted fully correct solutions, and they divide the £25 prize-money, each receiving £3 13s 6d.

A. LOSE, Rosemount Terrace, Windsor, Brisbane.
Mrs. L. P. CARROLL, 5 Hindman St., Kalamunda.
Mrs. J. VOCKINS, 87 Lane St., Broken Hill.

Mrs. G. H. NICHOLSON, High St., Warialla.
Mrs. C. BLODE, 2 Fitchester Place, Reffers, Ill. Rd.
Mrs. A. E. LEE, 25 Violet St., Balgowlah, N.S.W.
A. BARKER, 66 Railway Crescent, Wollamoot, Vic.

SOLUTION: 1. Beryl Gray; 2. Janet Gaynor; 3. Charles Farrell; 4. Reginald Dwyer; 5. Conrad Veidt; 6. Fay Wray; 7. J. Edgar; 8. Judy Valley; 9. Charles Bickford; 10. Charles Bickford; 11. Charles Bickford; 12. Rudy Vallee; 13. Heather Angel; 14. Ricardo Cortez; 15. Orville Field; 16. Judy Gann.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY HOME MAKER

November 9, 1935.

A special section devoted to the interests of home-lovers.

37



TIME to Catch the Christmas Mail with These!

BERTHA MAXWELL designs six Australian wildflower d'oyleys and a lovely d'oyley case to match. Expert directions, given hereunder, will enable you to complete them swiftly—so make your choice to-day!



THE very spirit of the bush for your home or for your friend overseas—there is just time to stitch one or two of these dainty Australian gifts for the last Christmas mail. If ever you have longed to show the beauty of our wildflowers to people in other lands, this is your opportunity to express your wish.

THERE are three 8-inch d'oyleys, the most useful of all sizes, and three sandwich d'oyleys measuring 4½ inches by 11 inches, a very generous size. All have been designed for neatly-buttonholed edges, quick and straight for time-saving work, with a piece here and there to brighten them up and if you wish you may have all these edges hemstitched for your crochet or lace. These are the lovely linens available, and their prices: Round Christmas Bell, Flannel Flower, and Gumnut d'oyleys, also sandwich d'oyleys, in white and cream linen; and also in pastel-blue, pink, primrose, or green. Price, 1/- each. Blue, green, pink, or primrose Cesarine, 9d. each. Hemstitched edges to carry lace or crochet cost 2d extra for each d'oyley ordered.

D'oyley Case or Blotter

THERE is also a very amply-cut d'oyley case, stamped with a group combining all the wildflowers which appear on the separate d'oyleys—a perfect idea for a set such as this. This is stamped on linen measuring 12in. x 12in., which allows plenty for turnings or bindings, and is also large enough to make a small blotter. This costs, including back pieces, 2/- in linen and 1/9 in Cesarine. If you require hemstitched edges, add 1d extra for each case ordered.

This 12 x 12-inch size is also suitable for centre-pieces, or small circular tray-cloths. In linen (white, cream, or pastel-blue, pink, green, or primrose), 1/6; in blue, pink, green, or primrose Cesarine, 1/-.

The d'oyley case is stamped without any ring or mark, so that you may use it to cover cardboard cut to your own liking.

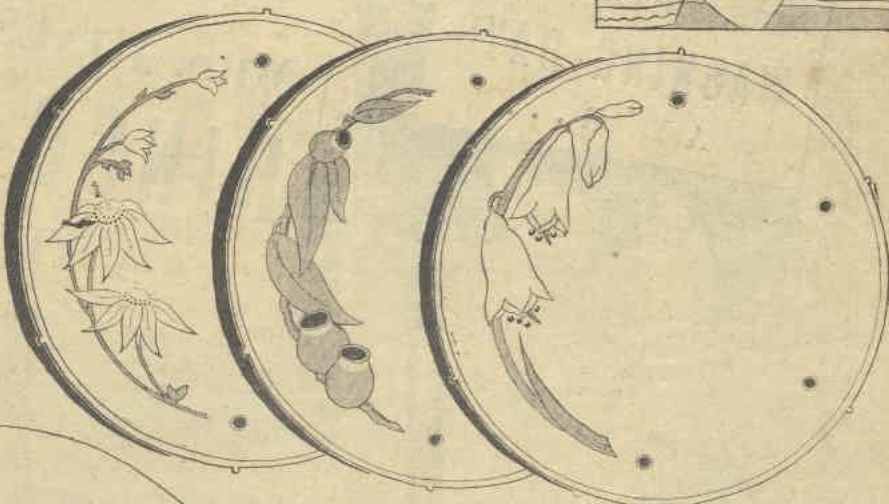
Gumnuts are not flowers, but they

bers of the lily family, and have the same long knife-like leaves as many of the lilies bear.

The dainty, mysterious flannel flowers, the lovely white daisies of the eastern States, are widely known for their ethereal beauty and soft, strange texture.

These three plants are typically Australian, and are all immensely popular with flower-lovers.

THE GUMNUTS: These quaint sprigs are best worked in shades of brown and



BERTHA MAXWELL offers dainty Australian motifs on useful linens for the home—and designed for swift stitching to enable you to comfortably catch the overseas Christmas mail. Note: The last Christmas mail for Great Britain closes round about November 18 in Brisbane, November 19 in Sydney, a day or so later in Melbourne and Adelaide, earlier in Tasmania. You can, of course, take advantage of air mail for your belated overseas gifts.

wonderful flowers are incredibly beautiful in a jar of black pottery. Stitch in rather flat satin-stitch by dividing the ray petals into two parts down the centre-line, and form the centres either by a padded round of satin work, or by a mass of tiny dots. Softly satin-stitch the long stems and oddly-shaped leaves.

ALL these designs look very well on blue, green, or pale pink linen or Cesarine. Brown or green gumnuts, with edge to match all in the one color, are very handsome on the cream linen, while white on white for all the patterns is always correct for chka mata. The bells are very striking on yellow backgrounds.



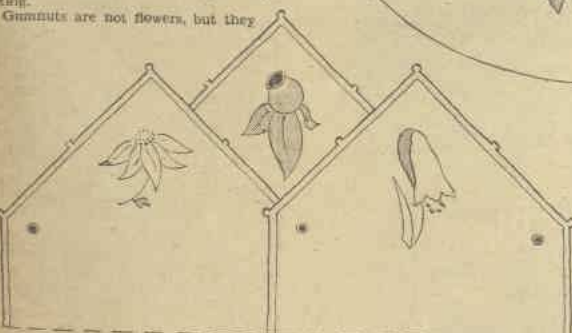
AUSTRALIAN wildflowers on a pretty linen d'oyley case or blotter-cover. See article.

nuts are always brown, except when they are very young, when they are dark green. The long leaves are deep bronze green in most kinds of gumnuts, sometimes with an Indian-red tip. Stems are brown or green.

Colorful Favorites

THE CHRISTMAS BELLS: Bright scarlet bells, shading to yellow at the lower part where the lobes branch out, with yellow stamen dots. The long leaves are light green, and very smooth. They are effective in outlining or satin-stitching over a trace of padding with the stitches lying diagonally across the leaves. The bells look well in button-holing, which becomes deeper about the lower parts of each flower, but firm outlining is also satisfactory.

THE FLANNEL FLOWERS: These are a soft white, with white centres. The rather meagre leaves and thin stems are pale soft green. A large bunch of these



SANDWICH D'OYLEYS, measuring 4½ inches by 11 inches, carry these Australian wildflower designs at each end. You can see for yourself that very little work is required for pleasing effect. In white, cream, pastel-blue, green, pink, or primrose linen. Price, 1/- each; in pink, primrose, green, or blue Cesarine, 9d. each.

are so decorative, and are used so much in place of flowers, that they have become part of our floral needlework and interior decoration. They are always beautifully brown and quaint, and are very effective in stitching. The tall Christmas Bells are mem-

CLEVER IDEAS

PAINT STAINS: For paint stains on white fabrics, cover the stain with lard and leave for a day or two; then wash with white soap.

STALE SMOKE: Burn a few drops of vinegar on a hot shovel for a quick way of clearing the smell of stale smoke out of a room.

COOKING TIP: A little flour sprinkled over the fruit before adding the top layer of pastries to pies, tarts, etc., will not only thicken the syrup, but prevent the juice from boiling over and soaking into the crust.

CLEANING POTS: If soap is rubbed on your scouring cloth before the cleanser is put on, the soot on the bottom of a pan will be instantly removed, and the cloth will be free from the black soot on rinsing.

OILSKIN COAT: To renovate an oilskin coat, obtain 1 pint double-boiled linseed oil, 1 oz. pale-orange paint, driers, and 1 oz. black, ground in oil. All obtainable from paint stores. Thoroughly mix and strain through coarse cloth, then brush all over as evenly as possible. Allow to dry one week before wearing.

USE FOR COFFEE GROUNDS: A good housekeeper will always empty the coffee grounds down the kitchen sink, as this keeps it free from clogging with grease, and the water will always run away freely.

TO HOLD SPICES: A ten or twelve-inch round cake-tin is a splendid convenience to hold spices and flavoring bottles, etc., in the kitchen cupboard. It revolves easily and gives one the chance to select with ease the exact thing needed. Place the tall bottles in the centre. Another round dish in the lee-chest or refrigerator will conveniently hold an opened jar of mayonnaise, sauce, jelly, or preserves, and small quantities of leftovers.

IODINE STAINS: Iodine stains on any washable material can be removed by soaking in a solution of ammonia. Wash afterwards in warm soap-suds.

TEA AND COFFEE STAINS: Glycerine will remove tea and coffee stains from white or colored table-linen. Apply with a soft, clean cloth, leave for an hour or so, then wash the article in the usual way.

CLEANING ELECTRIC IRONS: Electric irons can be kept smooth and clean if they are rubbed over occasionally with a rag soaked in kerosene. If marked, or rough, clean with whitening and kerosene, taking care to rub thoroughly with a soft, dry cloth afterwards.

GOLF STICKS: If the business ends of golf sticks have become rusty, they can be restored to their pristine brightness by a vigorous rubbing with kerosene, benzine, and castor oil prepared in equal proportions.

FLORAL GEM OF UNIQUE BEAUTY.

If its name were easier to pronounce, CRASSULA COCCINEA would be in every garden of consequence.

The plants are extremely hardy—have most unusual foliage—and each long fleshy stem is adorned with a large pendulous beautiful scarlet color.

The flowers last perfectly fresh for weeks in water. Ideal for cutting or floral work. Plant them in rockeries, garden beds, or in foregrounds of shrubberies. They command attention and admiration!

WE OFFER: Large Pot-grown Plants, already in bud, for 2/- each; 6 for 10/-

Package, New South Wales, 9d. each; 4 for 2/- extra.

Postage, Interstate, 1/- each; 6 for 2/0 extra.

ANDERSON & CO. LTD.
100-101 George St.
Sydney.

Phone: 100-101. B.O. 100-101. G.P.O. Sydney.

BOILING TOFFEE CAUSES SEVERE BURN

That would be an emergency calling for a doctor's attention. The Index First Aid Book tells what to do in any emergency. 36 pages of necessary advice to every mother. Accidents happen so suddenly that you should have this FREE Book. Clip this advertisement and your name and address to Index Co., 121, Palmer Street, Sydney.



POTTED COLEUS with their rich, variegated leaves, bring beauty to home and bush-house. They also flourish in secluded spots of the garden. This fine specimen was raised by the Old Gardener.

Beautiful Coleus and Begonia In Brilliant Combination!

Light Up Shady Places in Your
Garden and Your Home

—Says THE OLD GARDENER

NOT only do colorful coleus and brilliant-leaved begonia thrive best in shaded, sheltered places of the garden, but they are the loveliest plants in the world to brighten dull, uninteresting corners, both in the garden and in the home, because they are so brilliantly colorful.

Together they make a perfect combination—the coleus with its many and distinctive colors, and the begonia with its broad, well-shaped leaf ablaze with colors. They are both quite easy to cultivate. The Old Gardener below tells you how.

MANY may be at a loss to know what to grow in the shady and semi-shaded positions of their gardens, to brighten and

give color, charm, and gaiety through the summer months. There is nothing more suitable than the coleus.

In examining a well-planted and thriving bed of coleus one marvels at their

markings and colors, each plant showing distinctive characteristics and unique coloring which never fail to attract.

How useful these plants are, also, for indoor decoration, when grown in pots, boxes, and tubs, so that they can be lifted from place to place to give the desired colorful effect in the home.

Plant coleus under trees, in shady nooks, and corners. Imagine the effect when they are massed here and there between beds of ferns. They also brighten out-of-the-way corners which otherwise would appear untidy. Plant them anywhere and everywhere so long as there is a little shade to protect them during the hottest part of the day.

They are easily grown—growing like weeds. All they require is a sprinkling of fertilizer, such as blood and bone, or superphosphate, dug in at planting time, and liberal supplies of water, and they will thrive.

How to Raise Coleus

RAISE them from seed. Prepare your boxes or pans with equal parts of loam and leaf mould, mix in a little sand, soak the boxes in a tub of water, lift out, and drain.

Sprinkle the seed on the surface and cover lightly. In a few days the plants will be up. Keep them moist, but not too wet. Over-watering causes them to damp off.

When large enough, prick out into pots or boxes. Do this carefully, so as not to injure the young, tender plant in any way. Be sparing with the water for a few days—just a light spray when required will be beneficial.

Moving out gradually into the open as they grow will harden them off, and



LAST WEEK two illustrated suggestions were given for beautifying home and garden with decorative trellises. Here is another style that will interest home and garden-lovers. This fanlike lattice trellis pictured here is not only ornamental, but easy to build. The idea may be modified or enlarged upon according to your taste.

when transplanting time arrives they will be sufficiently acclimatized to withstand the final move.

When transplanted to their permanent positions, be liberal with the water through the growing period. As the flowers appear, nip them off. This tends to keep the bright color. If the flowers are allowed to remain, the color fades from them. Nipping the side shoots will also make them grow into thick, stocky plants. Coleus seed can be sown at intervals up to the end of December. They are very easily propagated from cuttings so with any special colors you desire to perpetuate take cuttings and they will keep true to type and color.

Raising Begonias

THE begonia is another plant which adds charm and distinction to shady parts of the garden. There are many varieties from which to choose and, in combination with brilliant coleus, splendid patches of color can be had.

One of the most attractive varieties which is becoming more popular is the Rex Begonia. This charming plant is grown, of course, for its color and leaf decoration, and should be popular in shady places, as is the coleus. They are splendid for indoor decorations, or outside in sheltered positions. Even in window boxes they are most attractive.

All begonias require to be grown freely and well. Raise them from seed, following the same procedure as for coleus. Rex Begonia can also be propagated from the leaves of the plant.

Leaf Propagation

THESE leaves have thick veins running through them. Just cut them up into small pieces, making sure that each piece maintains some of the hardened vein. Press pieces of these leaves into pots with good leaf mould, and about an inch of sharp sand. Keep moist and in a very short time they will be rooted.

The border begonia can be raised from seed, will flower the same season, will also strike from cuttings, and can also be divided up each year.

MRS. SMITH HAS 51
WASHING-DAYS
A YEAR . . .



... So Mrs. Jones is
quite safe from
Washing-day droop

Two ways of doing the same job. Washing-day—one long drudgery that leaves a woman's shoulders sagging with weariness, the first step towards ugly washing-day droop. Rinso-day—a very different thing, not a scrap unpleasant or tiring, because Rinso does all the hard work. For the sake of your figure, throw away your washboard.

CHANGE

WASHING-DAY
TO
RINSO-DAY

Rubbing clothes is the bad old way of washing—bad for your figure, bad for the clothes. The modern way is to soak clothes clean. Use enough Rinso to make a good lather, sprinkle it in the tub, add hot water . . . and just soak and rinse for whiter whites and brighter colours. You don't need bar soaps or anything else because Rinso's rich suds have more washing power—there's no dirt that can hold out against them.

A LEVER PRODUCT



RINSO'S
EASY TO USE
Sprinkle straight
into the tub

Rinso



Just see what you can do with these Recipes!



By following the expert hints and adhering closely to ingredients and method in every instance, you'll make the lightest, most delicious sponges, sponge sandwiches, and rolls that ever came out of an oven.

By RUTH FURST
Cookery Expert to The Australian Women's Weekly

"HAVE A taste yourself," said Pat Connie when one of her grown-up pals offered her a slice of Ruth Furst's delicious sponge roll.



A LITTLE decoration goes a long way to making your sandwich tempting to the eye.

Sponge Sandwich No. 2

Three eggs, 1 cup sugar, 1 cup plain flour, small teaspoon baking powder, 1 teaspoon butter, 3 tablespoons water, mock cream, icing sugar, or icing.

Beat eggs well. Add sugar gradually, then beat vigorously till mixture is thick and has plenty of air bubbles. Stir in sifted flour and baking powder. Melt the butter in hot water and add to egg mixture. Pour into two well-greased 7-inch sandwich tins. Bake in moderate oven 20 to 25 minutes. Turn on to cooler. When cold join together with mock cream. Ice top or sprinkle with icing sugar.

Sponge Sandwich No. 3

Three eggs, 1 cup sugar, 1 rounded cup self-raising flour, good teaspoon butter, 3 tablespoons water, lemon cheese or mock cream, icing, or icing sugar.

Beat eggs well. Add sugar slowly, beat vigorously till mixture is thick, about 15 minutes. Stir in the sifted flour. Dissolve butter in hot water, then add to mixture. Pour into two well-greased sandwich tins. Bake in moderate oven 20 to 25 minutes. Turn on to cooler. When cold join with mock cream or lemon cheese. Ice top or sprinkle with icing sugar.

Sponge Sandwich No. 4

Two eggs, 4oz. sugar, 4oz. plain flour, 1 teaspoon cream tartar, 1 teaspoon carb. soda, 1 dessertspoon butter, 2 tablespoons water.

Separate whites and yolks. Beat whites to stiff froth. Add sugar, beat for one second. Add yolks, then beat till stiff and frothy. Stir in sifted flour and cream tartar. Dissolve butter in hot water. Pour on to soda, then stir into cake mixture, mixing in well. Pour into two well-greased 7-inch sandwich tins. Bake in moderate oven 20 to 25 minutes. Turn on to cooler. When cold join together with jam.

Sponge Sandwich No. 5

(Without Butter)

Four eggs, 1 cup sugar, 1 cup plain flour, 1 teaspoon baking powder, mock cream.

Separate the whites and yolks of eggs. Beat whites to stiff froth, add yolks, then sugar, and beat till thick, frothy, and has plenty of air bubbles. Stir in very lightly the well-sifted flour and baking powder. Pour into two well-greased sponge sandwich tins. Bake in moderate oven 20 to 25 minutes. Turn on to cooler. When cold join with mock cream or thick custard. Sprinkle with sugar.

Sponge Sandwich No. 6

(Cold Water)

Three eggs, 4 tablespoons sugar, 4 heaped tablespoons plain flour, 1 tablespoon cold water, 1 teaspoon cream tartar, 1 teaspoon carb. soda, filling, icing.

Beat eggs well, add sugar, and beat till thick and frothy, about 15 minutes. Stir in the sifted flour and cream tartar, lastly the soda, dissolved in the cold water. Pour into two well-greased tins. Bake in moderate oven 15 to 20 minutes. Turn on to cooler. When cold join with filling and ice the top.

Sponge Roll No. 1

Three eggs, 4oz. sugar, 4oz. plain flour, 1 teaspoon cream tartar, 1 tea-



Sponge Sandwich, if properly mixed and well baked, is one of the lightest and most delightful of all cakes.



Coffee Sponge should be joined with coffee-flavored mock cream and topped with coffee-flavored icing.

spoon carb. soda, 3 tablespoons water.

Separate the whites and yolks of eggs, add pinch salt to the whites and beat until stiff. Add the yolks and sugar, and beat till thick, and the same consistency as a batter. Add sifted flour and cream tartar. Boil water, pour on to carb. soda, mix well, then add to cake mixture. Pour into greased Swiss roll tin and bake in a moderate oven from 15 to 20 minutes. Turn on to a damp cloth, roll up, unroll again, lift on to white paper sprinkled with icing sugar. Cut edges off, spread with jam, re-roll, sprinkle icing sugar over the top. Leave on a cake cooler.

Cornflour Sponge

Two eggs, 1 tablespoon water, 1 cup sugar, 1 cup plain flour, 1 cup cornflour, 1 teaspoon cream tartar, 1 teaspoon carb. soda, 1 cup hot milk, 1 teaspoon butter.

Beat eggs and water well together, add sugar and beat till thick. Stir in sifted

Chocolate Sponge

Three eggs, 4oz. sugar, 4oz. plain flour, 1 teaspoon cream tartar, 1 teaspoon carb. soda, 1 teaspoon butter, 3 tablespoons water, 1 dessertspoon chocolate or cocoa, filling, icing.

Beat whites of eggs, add unbeaten yolks and sugar. Beat till thick. Stir in well-sifted flour and cream tartar. Blend chocolate in the water. Boil with butter, then pour on to soda. Stir into cake mixture, mixing in well. Pour into well-greased sandwich tins. Bake in moderate oven 20 to 25 minutes. Turn out. When cold join with mock cream and ice with chocolate icing.

Coffee Sponge

Three eggs, 4oz. sugar, 4oz. plain flour, 1 teaspoon cream tartar, 1 teaspoon carb. soda, 1 tablespoon coffee essence, 2 tablespoons water, 1 teaspoon butter, filling, icing sugar.

Separate whites and yolks. Beat whites stiffly, add yolks and sugar and beat till thick. Stir in sifted flour and cream tartar. Boil the essence, water, and butter, pour on to the soda, then stir into the cake mixture. Pour into well-greased sandwich tins. Bake in moderate oven 20 to 25 minutes. Turn out. When cold, join with coffee mock cream, and ice with coffee icing.

Make delicious Fruit Junkets this easy way



No mixing of flavours and several ingredients—no mess—no failures! Just add the required amount of Hansen's Essence for making Fruit Junkets to lukewarm sweetened milk, pour out, let set and chill! Fragrant, delicious, healthful fresh fruit Junkets are ready to eat—sweets that are light, easy to digest and tempting to jaded appetites. Good for the children—popular with guests—easy to make—economical!

Order some Hansen's Essence for making Fruit Junkets to-day and surprise the family with a new sweet tonight!

● If you prefer plain junkets you can get Hansen's well-known Junket Tablets at all grocers.

NOW
7 1/2 D.
2
PER
BOTTLE

HANSEN'S
Essence for making
FRUIT
JUNKETS
ORANGE-LEMON
RASPBERRY-VANILLA



"Of course she is happy..."

Thousands of housewives will also recommend Rosella Worcester Sauce, Fruit Chutney, and Apricot Chutney.

... the dinner was a big success."

From the soup to the dessert it was thoroughly enjoyed — and Rosella Tomato Sauce had helped, adding zest and rich goodness to the meal. Do you use this savory—



From the Over 100 Varieties!

TOMATO SAUCE

It has a flavour which cannot be imitated—the goodness of sun-ripened tomatoes, delicately spiced. It pays to insist on—

Rosella
OVER 100 PURE FOODS



FOOTWEAR AND FOOTWORK

On the courts . . . on the green . . . in every sphere of sport, critical eyes observe your footwear and footwork. Keep your white shoes white and above reproach by using "NUGGET" WHITE CLEANER—unequalled for canvas and buckskin shoes and will not rub off however strenuous the game.

NUGGET

White Cleaner

A Sponge with every bottle

CLEVER Recipes Net CASH PRIZES

Six Prizes Awarded Every Week for
Best Recipes Received

Selected as the six best for the week, the recipes below will give you noble assistance in varying your daily menu.

Each week we give a first prize of £1, second prize of 10/-, and four consolation prizes at 2/6 each for the best recipes received.

THERE are no tedious rules to follow—just write out the recipe clearly, address the envelope, and mark Best Recipe Competition—and leave the rest to us.

Here are the delightfully varied recipes for this week:—

POTATO CHOCOLATE CAKE

Three-quarters cup butter, 2 cups sugar, 1 cup chocolate, 1 cup mashed potato, 1 cup milk, 4 eggs, 2½ cups

plain flour, 2 teaspoons baking powder, 1 teaspoon each ground nutmeg and spice, 1 teaspoon cinnamon, 1 cup chopped nuts, 1 teaspoon vanilla essence.

Cream shortening, add sugar, melted chocolate, mashed potato; mix well; then add yolks of eggs, well beaten, then milk and dry ingredients, which have all been sifted together, nuts and flavoring, and, lastly, the well-beaten egg-whites. Bake in a deep, round tin for one hour.

First Prize of £1 to Mrs. Laws, 21 Cross St., North Strathfield, N.S.W.

DAFFODIL MERINGUE

Two tablespoons L-pica, 3 tablespoons honey, 2 tablespoons lemon juice, 1 pint of boiling water, 3 eggs, 1 tablespoon butter, a pinch of salt. Moisten tapioca with cold water, stir it into the boiling water, salt slightly, and cook until clear. Beat the yolks of the eggs well and beat in honey with lemon juice and butter. Add this gradually to the tapioca and cook over hot water until it thickens (about 20 minutes). Pour into a buttered dish, cover with a meringue made from the whites of the eggs beaten with three tablespoons of honey, and bake to a delicate brown.

Second Prize of 10/- to Mrs. J. Dunn, Patrick St., Stawell, Vic.

RASPBERRY SHORTCAKE

Quarter pound butter, 1 egg, 1 cup of sugar, 1½ cups self-raising flour. Beat butter and sugar to a cream, add beaten egg, then flour. Press into greased baking-dish and spread with raspberry jam. Then put the following mixture on top: 1 cup sugar, 1 cup desiccated coconut, 1 egg. Mix well and bake in a moderate oven 30 minutes.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. H. Lochet, Flowerdale, Tas.

SAVORY CASSEROLE STEW

Take meat and trim fat off same, then roll in mixture of flour and sugar. Grease casserole, then place in it layer upon layer of finely-chopped onions and prepared meat, adding salt and pepper to taste. When dish is three-parts full add two tablespoons of tomato sauce and one each of Worcestershire sauce and vinegar; then add a little water—enough to make ample gravy. Small pieces of bacon make this stew extra nice, but are not necessary. Place lid on casserole and slowly cook in oven for two to three hours. An excellent way to use up mutton flaps. This dish can be made successfully by placing one pliedish on top of another if casserole is unobtainable.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. C. C. Stodart, Jessievale, Quambi, Nth. Qld.

BUTTER TARTLETS

One egg, 1 cup sugar, 1 cup currants, 1 teaspoon chopped nuts, 1 teaspoon vinegar, 1 teaspoon mixed spice, 1 tablespoon melted butter. Put all ingredients into basin and mix well. Line small cake-tin with following paste: 2 tablespoons plain flour, 6 tablespoons self-raising flour, ½ lb. butter, little sugar, 1 egg.

Rub butter into flour. Add sugar and beaten egg and mix well. Roll out fairly thin and cut to shape. Place one teaspoon of mixture in each pastry-lined tin and bake till golden brown. They are delicious.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. Anderson, 45 Brookong Avenue, Wagga, N.S.W.

UNUSUAL FOOD COMBINATIONS

HERE are a few unusual combinations that are delicious. You may like to try them:—

Hot stewed pears served with broiled lamb cutlets.

Breast of lamb stuffed with plitèd prunes.

Boiled cabbage or cauliflower sprinkled with dried bacon.

Bacon and egg or the morning sausage served with fried apricots (dried variety soaked overnight).

An apricot added to poultry stuffing.

Cut-up cherries added to a meat jelly.

Half pears sprinkled with cheese and baked in place of the overworked potato.

Half pears rolled in breadcrumbs in place of baked potato.

A few sliced peaches added to apple sauce.

A pear added to apple pie in the place of the usual cloves.

A couple of slices of pineapple added while making jelly tongue.

Equal parts of crushed pineapple and honey served with hot cream.

A little pineapple juice added to mint jelly for the lamb or veal roast.

A few raisins added to colored steak.

Prepared mustard spread on slices of liver before frying.

Mustard added to the butter sauce for boiled fish.

Slices of cheese on top of apple pie before putting on the crust.

Ground ginger on dates in a sandwich.

A pinch of ginger added to haricot beans.

Cinnamon sprinkled on dried peaches, when peaches and cream are being served.

Hot plums with roast pork.

A sprigling of stuffing on asparagus.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to D. Price, 14 Selgford Rd., Fullarton, S.A.

She sleeps well and enjoys life thanks to Bourn-vita



There's no secret regarding her wonderful complexion; her energy and good spirits. She takes Bourn-vita each night—at bed-time!

Bourn-vita has benefited thousands of people, it has brought them the sound restful sleep that imparts the radiant glow of health, the springy step of energy and well-being. Bourn-vita helps one to sleep better not only because it nourishes and soothes one after the strain of the day's work but because it contains an unusually large proportion of a natural digestive called "diastase". This means that Bourn-vita is able to relieve your digestion of overwork and materially assist in the digestion of other foods, allowing your body to relax fully, resting every nerve and helping you to sleep soundly while your system absorbs the nutritious ingredients—malt, milk, eggs and chocolate—in Bourn-vita. And so you wake in the morning fit, fresh, radiant.

Bourn-vita is sold by chemists and grocers at 1/6 ½ lb., 2/9 ½ lb., 4/9 1 lb. Get a tin to-day and commence taking a cupful regularly each night, at bedtime.

SUPERIORITY OF BOURN-VITA'S "DIGESTIVE POWER"

Here are authoritative figures showing the "digestive power" of Bourn-vita as compared with that of the other leading food-drinks. These figures are provided by a famous Professor of Bio-chemistry who submitted all the food-drinks in question to the standard "diastatic-value" test. "Diastase" is the scientific name given to the natural digestive which is found in malt.

RESULT OF TEST

Diastatic power of

BOURN-VITA . . . 49.8 (Linter value)

Diastatic power of Next Highest . . . 29.0 (Linter value)

Diastatic power of the lowest . . . 2.1 (the average of the eight tested being 23.1)

Note the immense superiority of Bourn-vita!

A GENEROUS SAMPLE FREE!

To enable you to prove for yourself how good Bourn-vita is, we will send you a generous sample on receipt of full name and address and 3d. in stamps (to cover packing and mailing). Send your request to CADBURY'S, Dept. D., Claremont, Tasmania.

Cadbury's

BOURN-VITA

FOR DIGESTION, SLEEP AND ENERGY

OBTAINABLE AT CHEMISTS AND GROCERS!

1/6 ½ lb. net; 2/9 ½ lb. net; 4/9 1 lb. net.

WEIGHT GUARANTEED

V2 365

Every Sufferer from INDIGESTION

knows this to be true

Indigestion, even in a mild form, indicates a condition that is fraught with danger.

Unless flatulence is immediately relieved it will lead to serious trouble, and the acidity which causes it will go on increasing until the inflamed stomach makes it impossible for the sufferer to digest anything properly.

Every sufferer from Indigestion wants three things, and wants them quickly.

1st He wants immediate relief from his pain, feeling of fullness, palpitation or flatulence.

2nd He knows that unless his inflamed or weakened stomach is protected from the hot, burning acid continually poured out, he will only have the pains come back again.

3rd He wants help for his weak stomach to digest the food he must take.

All these requirements have been carefully provided for in De Witt's Antacid Powder.

On entering the stomach De Witt's Antacid Powder—

1st neutralises the excess acid and renders it harmless to the inflamed stomach. The pain of flatulence is relieved and there is an immediate feeling of well-being.

2nd The valuable Colloidal Kaolin ingredient coats the stomach walls, and while protecting them from the burning acids, allows the ordinary work of digestion to go on.

3rd Another ingredient actually digests a portion of your food, taking a further load off the weak stomach.

Finally, by persistent use of De Witt's Antacid Powder, the system gets regularised and healthy so that the stomach can digest everything you eat, and the medicine is no longer required.

DEWITT'S Antacid Powder

Sold by all chemists and stores in sky-blue canister. 2/6



When
a MAN
tells you:

that he has used Calvert's nearly all his life, that Calvert's has kept his teeth perfect when most men of his age have parted with theirs,

Well, don't you think it is worth trying for your teeth!



LONELY MEN AND WOMEN

Send stamped, addressed envelope to obtain a free illustrated booklet and catalogue, particulars of my Marital correspondence Club. Make acquaintance at all times.

MRS. ROWENA F. RUSSELL, Commercial Bank Chambers, Haymarket, Sydney, N.S.W.

NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS CONDUCTED BY EVE GYE

Blouses Made Fashionably Lovely with Smocking . . .

Add these to your Christmas Holiday Wardrobe

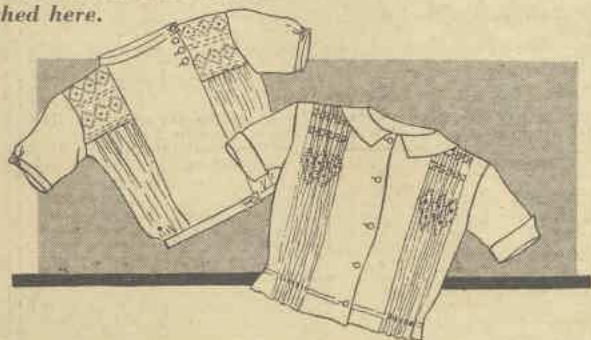
Hand-cut patterns in any desired size, transfer sheets of smocking-dots enable you to fashion these new and unusually chic blouses sketched here.

GOOD quality crepe-de-chine is perhaps the best medium for smocking. The blouse with Peter Pan collar would be decidedly French if made in dusty pink, with matching pearl buttons, and the smocking worked in French-blue, pale blue, and a deeper shade of pink.

For the blouse with the side-neck fastening use pale beige and shades of jade, scarlet and nut-brown.

For the Peter Pan blouse you will need two yards of 36-inch material, five buttons, the transfer sheet of dots at 4d per sheet for the smocking, the colored silk, a length of elastic to fit the waist, and the pattern, which costs 1/-.

There are five pattern pieces—half-front, half-back, sleeve, collar and cuff. To cut and make: Lay centre of back and collar to the fold of material. Cut



CLOSE-UP OF simple smocking stitches. Transfer sheets of smocking dots available, price 4d. per sheet.



SIMPLE SMOCKING stitches made easier with transfer dots as infallible guide to success.

collar twice, cut fronts, sleeve, and cuff, double. Work the smocking, and face each front with a two-inch facing of

material. On the right-front, work five buttonholes at regular intervals.

Join shoulder and underarm seams; join sleeve seams, and sew in sleeves, then join the two collar-pieces together on the wrong side; turn inside out and press. Lay the right side of the collar to the wrong side of blouse, and leaving one edge of the collar free, stitch all round neck. Turn in the other edge and catch stitch down.

Make up the cuffs and join to lower edge of sleeves in the same way. Turn a narrow hem at lower edge. Sew a piece of tape wide enough to take the elastic, about two inches from lower edge (making the smocking fullness into neat little pleats at each side of front) thread elastic through, catching each end down, sew on buttons.

Unusually Sweet

FOR the second blouse you will need the same amount of material, transfer sheet of smocking dots, price 4d; the paper pattern, which costs 1/-, and six small buttons, four for the neck, and one for each sleeve.

There are six pattern pieces, front panel, sleeve, neck and sleeve bands, side-front and half-back.

To cut and make: Lay centre-back to the fold of material, cut side-front, sleeve, panel, and armband double; cut neckband once. Work the smocking, then make three buttonholes one-inch apart on the left-hand side of one piece of the front panel. Lay the two panel pieces together with wrong sides facing,

TWO DELIGHTFUL and unusual designs for smocked blouses, which lend themselves to all manner of lovely color schemes. Hand-cut patterns, exclusive to readers, cost 1/- each.

and tack top and bottom; cut through the buttonholes to the wrong side, andasten all round.

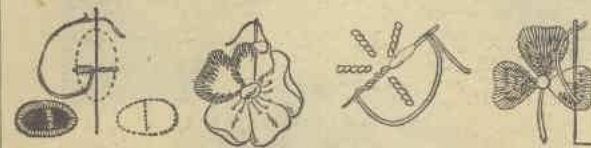
At the opposite edge of the panel make a quarter-inch turning on both sides, slip the edge of the right-front between, and machine down close to the edge. Join the left side the same, only from below the smocking to lower edge of blouse.

Finish the neck opening by turning in the same amount on the panel and machine past the buttonholes. Cut a two-inch strip of material, fold in half, and sew to left-hand side of neck.

Join shoulder, underarm, and sleeve seams. Sew in sleeves. Fold neckband in half. Make a buttonhole at right-hand end. Join each end on wrong side, turn inside out, press, then turn in a narrow edge on both sides and slip the blouse between. Tack and machine all round. Make each sleeveband in the same way, slightly gather the sleeve to fit the armband, and machine.

Cut a two-inch strip of material to fit the waist, fold in half, make a buttonhole at one end, gather the smocking fullness into neat pleats at each side, and sew the band to lower edge of blouse. Sew on buttons.

Directions for Embroidery Stitches



THE amateur, not familiar with stitches beyond feather-stitch, hemstitch, or chain-stitch, will find these helpful. Here are the descriptions of the four stitches illustrated above, commencing with the one shown left:

Venetian Ladder-work or Italian Cut-work

First outline the parts with short running stitches. Next lay the thread across and back (as in Roman cut-work) for bars, which then may be either covered with buttonholing or with over-casting stitches, giving bar the appearance of a fine cord. Next slash material under bars, turn under and finish edges as you would an eyelet.

Long-and-Short Stitch

This stitch is used in working leaves, flowers, or other figures, which are not to be filled in with solid embroidery. Work from the base of the leaf or petal up to the left side and down the right. Work stitches as in slanting satin-stitch, but only around edge of petal. Bring needle up at base of petal, taking a long stitch covering line of edge, then a short

stitch close to this, then a long stitch. Alternate long and short stitches, keeping an even line around outer edge but an irregular one on inside of petal.

Bullion or Wheat-stitch

Used in working grains of wheat or small-petal flowers. Fasten thread at base of petal, which is to be covered, then insert needle at top of petal, bringing point through the base. With the right hand, wind the thread around point of needle a sufficient number of times to cover the length of material taken up on needle; then pull latter through, holding the wound threads in place with the left thumb until the thread is entirely pulled through. Turn the wound threads back, put needle through to wrong side at top of petal, bring it up at base of next petal and repeat foregoing directions.

Solid Kensington

For floral designs in silk floss. The surface on the flower is covered with a succession of stitches, laid at regular intervals in alternating rows, so that the end of each stitch is enclosed by the ends of the two on either side. Hold material so that each stitch is taken away from you, but the point of the needle is always towards you.



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To every home in which an Electric Range (4 k.w. and over) is installed, secondary allowance points (based on electricity which now is supplied at 70 per cent. of a penny) per unit, instead of 1d.—a reduction of 30 per cent., which equates to ALL electricity used in such homes.

Any approved Electric Range may now be purchased from electrical retailers on the following EASY TERMS:

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HER DOUBLE CHIN VANISHED

"Fat and Stodgy" Figure Gone

Well and Energetic
With Kruschen

"I am 46 years old," writes a woman correspondent, "and was beginning to get awfully fat and stodgy. About a year ago I was advised by a friend to start taking Kruschen. As I am in business, it was absolutely necessary that I keep a decent slim figure. I won't say Kruschen took off so much that it made me slim and girlish, because that would not be true. But all the objectionable, so-called middle-aged spread and double chin have vanished, and I always feel as well and energetic. All the horrible weariness and listlessness after a long day in the store is gone. All my family have derived wonderful benefits from Kruschen."—(Mrs.) O. O. S.

Kruschen is an ideally balanced blend of six separate mineral salts. The formula represents the ingredient salts of the mineral waters of Carlsbad, Ems, Kissingen and other well-known European spas which have been resorted to for generations by the over-stout. Only in Kruschen can you get this precise combination of salts. The exact correctness of the formula of every batch of Kruschen



is checked by a staff of qualified chemists, before it is passed for bottling.

Kruschen combats the cause of fat by assisting the internal organs to perform their functions properly—to throw off each day those waste products and poisons which, if allowed to accumulate, will be converted by the body's chemistry into fatty tissue.

So safe and harmless—so health-improving is Kruschen that many folks, after they've lost the desired amount of fat, continue to take their "little daily dose" to guard against future fat and to assure themselves of the health and physical fitness that Kruschen brings.

Kruschen Salts is obtainable of all Chemists and Stores at 2/6 per bottle.

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(...if you're free from Constipation!)

If your health is ALWAYS one hundred per cent. . . if you are NEVER "off colour", or below par . . . you are the one reader of this paper who has no need to sample Nyal FIGSEN. You can forget this coupon. But if you are one of the tens of thousands who realize that constipation is the root cause of the majority of physical ills—if there are frequent times in your life when nature needs aid, then you will welcome the relief and health that Nyal FIGSEN brings. Nyal FIGSEN is the one non-habit-forming laxative that does not purge or grip. Its action is sure—but gentle and natural. It is pleasant to take, yet it never fails. Why not allow this coupon to bring you a sample? A tin of 24 tablets costs only 1/3 from your chemist.

NYAL FIGSEN

For this coupon for FREE SAMPLE of Nyal FIGSEN to The Nyal Company, 431N, Gt. St. Rd., Sydney, N.S.W.

NAME
ADDRESS

MAN WORKED OVER-
TIME WHILE LEG
HEALED

"Varec treatment has been quite successful on that bad leg of mine—a miracle, in fact. In five weeks the wound healed up completely and I never lost an hour's work time. The first day, in fact, I have been working overtime as it three days a week, since the cheap cure." Write to-day for free Varec booklet. Ernest Healey, Physiotherapist, Varec Ltd., 2nd Floor, Wynne's Building, 4885, George Street, Sydney. 277 Mallum St., Melbourne. 2838



"I'M WORRIED ABOUT WINNIE, NURSE. SHE FRETS FROM MORNING TILL NIGHT WHAT DO YOU ADVISE?"

"Why, the poor little mite is constipated. No wonder she's fretful. That is the chief thing a mother has to guard against, Mrs. Grant. Kiddies don't understand; they're so absorbed in their games, and neglect nature's call. Then they get bilious, lose their appetite and become irritable. Show me your tongue, Winnie. Yes, it is coated—a sure sign she's out of sorts. All she needs is 'California Syrup of Figs,' 'Califig' and she'll be as happy as a sandboy in the morning. You'll find it keeps the bowels regular, purifies the system, saves stomach upsets and biliousness. If children are to thrive and grow strong and keen witted, they must feed

well and digest what they eat. There's no better way than the regular weekly dose of 'California Syrup of Figs.' All children love it.

If I were you, I would send for a bottle and give Winnie a dose at once.

Be sure you insist on 'California Syrup of Figs' Mrs. Grant. I am surprised that some mothers are ready to experiment with cheap and drastic preparations. It's such a pity they don't realise that 'California Syrup of Figs' is a perfectly safe children's laxative. I know myself how carefully and scientifically it is prepared.

'California Syrup of Figs' is sold by all chemists and stores, 1/6 or 2/4 times the quantity for 2/10. Be sure to say 'California' and look for 'Califig' on the package.

"California Syrup of Figs"
'NATURE'S OWN' LAXATIVE

For Young Wives & Mothers

Ten of the Reasons Why Baby Cries!

By MARY TRUBY KING

HE young, inexperienced mother is naturally upset when she hears her baby cry. Instinctively her mind searches for the reason. Is hunger the cause? Wind, thirst, illness? Fearfully, when "hushing" will not avail, she dwells on the last.

But babies have so many different cries that it is difficult for the new mother to distinguish between them. For instance, there is the colic cry, the carache cry, the thirsty cry, the hungry cry, the lonely cry, and the spoiled cry. Nor is that all! There is the cry of over-tiredness, the cry of exhaustion, the "uncomfy" cry, and the out-and-out "ill" cry.

CRYING is the only way in which baby can talk to us for the first year, so his cries are well worth studying.

The very new baby has a quite painless reflex cry. This is necessary for the expansion of his lungs, and for exercise. He does not cry for long at a time—perhaps only once or twice during the day—and this cry is not accompanied by any untoward symptoms. When made comfortable, he soon drops off to sleep.

The first cry which needs attention is the cry of discomfort. It is loud and insistent, and more or less continuous till the discomfort is removed.

Find out if the napkin needs changing. If he is too hot or too cold, if the bedclothes are wrinkled up under



him. If a pin is sticking into his skin. If mosquitoes are worrying him; or if there is not enough fresh air in the room.

Banishing Irritation

TO be comfortable, especially in summer, baby should have a cellular cotton shirt next his skin. Wool next the skin will nearly always make him irritable. Do not have the garments made too small for him, nor of heavy materials, and see that the bedclothing is as light as possible, consistent with warmth.

Do not allow powder to cake in the folds of baby's skin. When powdering, dust off the surplus powder carefully, or you may cause irritation.

Baby should not be left to lie in wet napkins. If you train him to hate

CHRISTMAS GIFT FOR BABY

OUR latest Christmas gift suggestion for baby—dainty 15 1/2 x 10 1/2 pillow-case, worked in several enchanting designs. You may make your choice between soft, white, Egyptian cotton, 2/-, or fine, white linen, 2/6. Remember, they are hand-embroidered!

These are obtainable at our offices on application.

being wet by never letting him remain in that condition, you will be giving him a valuable lesson in cleanliness. A birth, baby's skin is very delicate (owing to having been soaked in amniotic fluid) for so many months and becomes an easy prey to skin rashes and sores if he is well looked after. Never rub the skin when drying baby, but pat it dry, lightly with a soft, absorbent towel.

If the room baby is sleeping in is stuffy, he will wake frequently with a little cross, whimpering cry. Open the windows wide, or, better still, put baby out under a shady tree.

If a mosquito net is being used, see that it is raised at least two feet above baby's head, and place the cot in a good current of moving air.

The over-tired cry is almost a temper cry. Baby is so worn out that he is annoyed with himself and everyone else and fights against going to sleep. Make him perfectly comfortable, and then let him cry it out. If you keep going back to "tune" him he will only become more overwrought and restless.

Beware of keeping baby out too long in the afternoon, especially on busy days, and of having him over-stimulated by admiring relatives and friends to the point of exhaustion. If you fear this has happened, give baby a quick sponge over when you get him home, and change his undies before tucking him up to bed.

Hunger or Thirst Cry

THE cry of hunger or thirst is often accompanied by sucking of the fingers. Do not feed baby except at the proper regular times. If you suspect he is hungry, test-feed, and increase the amount of time at the breast if it is found to be necessary, but do not give the breast "whenever baby cries" as this will assuredly lead to over-feeding and worse crying from indigestion and pain.

If baby is artificially fed, find out you are giving the right recipe for his age and weight, and increase the dose under the expert advice of your nearest mothercraft nurse, if she finds it necessary.

The thirsty cry stops when baby is given an ounce or so of warm, boiled water by bottle. During these hot days baby needs a drink of warm water at least twice a day, between feeds when awake, but do not wake baby up to give him water, as sleep is more necessary. Always boil the water!

Mother should remember that over-feeding will cause just as much crying as under-feeding. Do not jump conclusions, but have baby test-weighed for 24 hours.

(To be continued).

Jane dreams of romance



BUT while she sleeps she's spoiling her looks . . .

Jane leaves daytime make-up choking her pores all night! If she'd remove cosmetics the Hollywood way, she'd guard against ugly Cosmetic Skin.

LIKE Jane, many another girl takes chances with her beauty. She thinks she removes cosmetics thoroughly, but actually she leaves stale make-up in the pores to choke them. Soon she discovers the distressing signals of ugly Cosmetic Skin—enlarged pores, tiny blemishes, blackheads, perhaps.

Cosmetics Harmless if removed this way

To guard against this loss of beauty, thousands of women are adopting Hollywood's beauty method. Lux Toilet Soap is made to remove cosmetics thoroughly. Its ACTIVE

lather sinks deeply into the pores, swiftly carries away every vestige of dust, dirt, stale cosmetics. Before you put on fresh make-up during the day—ALWAYS before you go to bed at night—give your skin this gentle Lux Toilet Soap care.

When you use this method you protect your skin—keep it beautiful. Begin to-day!

KAY FRANCIS

STAR OF WARNER BROTHERS
"THE GOOSE AND THE GANDER"



Naturally I use cosmetics, but with my regular Lux Toilet Soap care there's no danger of my getting Cosmetic Skin

It's easy

to get every scrap of dirt, grease or burn in substance off aluminium. Use Steelo—it polishes also. A 5d. packet contains pads and special soap—enough for 5 washes.

STEELO



Our FASHION SERVICE and FREE PATTERN

PLEASE NOTE!

To ensure prompt despatch of patterns ordered by post you should: (1) Write your name and full address clearly in block letters. (2) State size required. (3) When ordering a child's pattern, state age of child.



WW561A

TROUSSEAU NIGHTDRESS

WW561A.—This sweetly pretty night-dress would be very suitable for trousseau, or for general good wear. Front is neatly gathered where it joins the V front. Cape sleeves are cool and dainty. Material for 36-inch bust: 34 yards, 36 inches wide; 2 yards lace. Other sizes, 32 to 40 inches. PAPER PATTERN, 1/6.

THIS PRETTY SWAGGER COAT

WW561A.—A particularly appealing example of the ever-popular summer swagger coat. Trimming attached with heavy stitching in very new. Material for 36-inch bust: 34 yards, 36 inches wide. Other sizes, 32 to 40 inches. PAPER PATTERN, 1/6.

DELIGHTFUL IN FLORAL

WW562A.—A delightful summer mode with clever cuts, and becoming neckline. Ribbon ends to tone in with the floral pattern are a distinguishing feature. Material for 36-inch bust: 34 yards, 36 inches wide. Other sizes, 32 to 40 inches. PAPER PATTERN, 1/6.

WW562A

SWEET SIMPLICITY

WW562A.—This little frock, cool, sensible, immaculate-looking, is absolutely ideal for tennis and general sports. Material for 36-inch bust: 34 yards, 36 inches wide. Other sizes, 32 to 40 inches. PAPER PATTERN, 1/6.

FOR A HOLIDAY

WW563A.—This is a charming little frock that will imbue you with the holiday spirit straight away. Skirt has a panel back and front with an inverted pleat at the seams. Material for 36-inch bust: 34 yards, 36 inches wide. Contrast: 1 yard, 36 inches wide. Other sizes, 32 to 40 inches. PAPER PATTERN, 1/6.

WW563A

TRIM LITTLE STYLE

WW563A.—For any occasion for your little girl you will find this design eminently suitable—trim, dressy, and youthful. Pleats are provided from the yoke. Pattern for 2 and 4 years. Material for 4 years: 11 yards, 36 inches wide. Contrast: 1 yard, 36 inches wide. PAPER PATTERN, 10d.

WW564A

FOR BEST WEAR

WW564A.—This is a unique and desirable frock for the tiny one. Embroidered design on the pleats, and gathered frilling for an edging make pretty trimming. Cape collar substitutes for sleeves. Pattern for 1 and 2 years. Material: 11 yards, 36 inches wide. PAPER PATTERN, 10d.

CUT ON THE CROSS

WW567A.—These cami-knickers, cut on the cross, give a very slimming line under modern clothes. Lingerie lace is always the most suitable and most beautiful trimming. Material for 36-inch bust: 11 yards, 36 inches wide. Other sizes, 32 to 40 inches. PAPER PATTERN, 1/6.

WW565A

SMART FOR THE MATRON

WW568A.—Here is a dressy, straight-

down style for the matron. Side pieces of the skirt are attached separately. The touch of contrast forming the vest gives a note of distinction. Material for 36-inch bust: 34 yards, 36 inches wide. Contrast: 1 yard, 36 inches wide. Other sizes, 34 to 48 inches. PAPER PATTERN, 1/6.

WW566A

WW567A

WW568A

NOW CLEAN TEETH WHITER THIS EASY WAY

USE TOOTH PASTE THAT ACTUALLY REMOVES DINGY FILM AND TARNISH... RESULTS WILL AMAZE YOU



CHEER UP! I'LL TELL YOU HOW TO CLEAN YOUR TEETH... MAKE THEM SPARKLE.



DEAR! MY TEETH LOOK WHITER ALREADY. KOLYNOS WORKS WONDERS.

Start brushing your teeth with Kolynos. In a few days they will look whiter—shades whiter. They will feel much cleaner. Here is the reason: Kolynos does what ordinary toothpaste cannot do. As it cleans away every tiny crevice and kills millions of germs that are the known cause of most tooth and gum troubles. Thus Kolynos gives RESULTS YOU CAN SEE. Cleaner, whiter teeth. Healthier looking gums. Give up incompetent ways of brushing and start using Kolynos to-day. It is the better, quicker way to cleaner, whiter teeth. Sold by all chemists and stores.

KOLYNOS
The Antiseptic Dental Cream



YOU HAVE THE MOST GORGEOUS WHITE TEETH I'VE EVER SEEN.

FLATTERER! YOU WOULDN'T HAVE SAID THAT A FEW DAYS AGO.

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This coupon is available for one month from the date of issue only. To obtain a free pattern of the garment illustrated, fill in the coupon and post it WITH 1d. STAMP to cover the cost of postage, clearly marking on the envelope, "Pattern Dept." is any of the following addresses. A PENNY STAMP MUST BE FORWARDED FOR EACH COUPON EXCHANGED. A charge of threepence will be made for free patterns over one month old.

ADLAIDE.—The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 368A, G.P.O., Adelaide.
BRISBANE.—The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 400, G.P.O., Brisbane.
MELBOURNE.—The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 155, G.P.O., Melbourne.
NEWCASTLE.—The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 41, G.P.O., Newcastle.
SYDNEY.—The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 412K, G.P.O., Sydney.
TASMANIA.—The Australian Women's Weekly, c/o Andrew Mathew and Co. Pty. Ltd., 100-115 Liverpool St., Hobart.

Should you desire to call for the pattern, please see addresses of our various offices, which will be found on another page.

PLEASE PRINT NAME AND ADDRESS IN BLOCK LETTERS.

Name

Address

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Pattern Coupon, 9/11/35.

Three-in-One Free Pattern!

YOU will love these styles for summer, all three, provided for in our excellent three-in-one pattern. Note the shirred front, new-style collars, and slimming panel from neck to skirt.

Pattern is for 36-inch bust.

Material: No. 1: 34 yards, 36 inches wide.
No. 2: 31 yards, 36 inches wide.
No. 3: 32 yards, 36 inches wide.
Collar: 1 yard, 36 inches wide.



A SURE FRIEND IN UNCERTAIN TIMES



"There's always TO-MORROW!"

WHEN Elizabeth Young and Robert Taylor acted together in the making of the picture, "There's Always To-morrow," they little dreamed that the A.M.P. Society would see in their photographs, and in the title of their picture, a useful text.

"There's always to-morrow!" says many a young couple, care-free, finding the world a joyous place, happily making the most of every day, when reminded of the duty (the very easy duty) of providing for their old age, and for their dependents.

The wise ones act differently. They know that life has both opportunities and responsibilities. Not wanting to be worried about their own financial future, or that of their dependents, they unload the responsibility on to the broad shoulders of the A.M.P. They invest a small part of their income to make "to-morrow" safe and sweet. The Society has over half a million such members.

What of your to-morrow? Would you like to talk it over with an experienced adviser? The Society will gladly send one to you if you live within reasonable distance of any A.M.P. office; or it will get in touch with you by mail.

Don't delay. See to it to-day that your TO-MORROW (and your family's) will be free of anxiety.

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Bayer Aspirin Harmless, but it Must be Genuine.

Since Bayer discovered Aspirin and introduced it to the medical profession in 1900, many imitations of this original genuine Aspirin are being sold, some as Aspirin and others are being loudly advertised under similar names, but unless you see the name Bayer on tablets, you are not getting the genuine Bayer Aspirin prescribed by physicians for over 30 years as a harmless way to stop headaches.

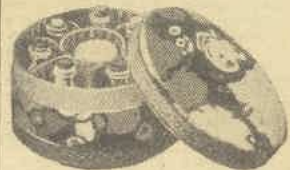
When you suffer headache, from any cause, or you feel nervous, unstrung or excitable, be sure you take only genuine Bayer Aspirin tablets as directed in package, and relief will come without any bad reaction.

Bayer Aspirin never affects the heart, deranges the stomach or forms a habit; besides, this genuine Bayer Aspirin costs no more than these uncertain substitutes and imitations which no physician would think of prescribing. All chemists sell boxes containing 12 Bayer Aspirin tablets, also bottles of 24 and 100 tablets—the Bayer Cross trade mark appears on every tablet. Say Bayer and insist because Bayer means better.

Captured Sunshine In Cosmetics

INVENTORS are turning their attention to beauty preparations, and it is claimed that ultra-violet rays have been captured for the vanity case.

In these new cosmetics the ingredients of creams and powders are activated by



ultra-violet rays, and when photographed a sample of the powder showed a million scintillating suns.

They are said to possess healing, soothing, and antiseptic qualities, and have been made expressly for sun-worshippers, for they provide one way of having summer with them all the time.

SUMMER CAN'T Last for EVER

Continued from Page 7

"THAT'S a bit of a rush, but it's a very comfortable cabin, he says, and we know some people on board who would look after you and be very nice. And then when you get home—we can give you a letter of introduction to somebody who might be very useful in getting you a new job. If you were to go straight to him I feel sure that—"

"It's awfully kind of you," Phillida interrupted quietly. "I mean to take so much trouble about me. But I—I'm not going home straight away to look for a job."

"I'm afraid," Mrs. Potter said firmly, "that you won't find one out here, not a job that would be any use to you, my dear."

"No, I know that. I meant—I'm not going to find a new job just yet—not till the summer's over, anyway. You see, now that I'm in India, I'd like to see something of it."

"Yes—quite," Mrs. Potter was perplexed. "But I don't quite see how you can manage that. I mean—where can you go?"

"I'm going," Phillida said with shining eyes, "up to Kashmir. I'm going to hire a houseboat and moor it on the Dhal lake. I've got two hundred and fifty pounds and I'm going to spend it all—seeing India."

The Potters thought she was crazy. They argued with her, reasoned with her, they told her awful tales of wind-dogs, train thieves, the dangers of the motor drive up to Kashmir, the impossibility of her living by herself on a houseboat.

Phillida smiled calmly and produced a newspaper cutting from that morning's daily paper. "Middle-aged lady doctor summering Kashmir houseboat, May-August, wants companion to share expenses—Reply Box XX58," which Phillida had promptly done.

The matter was clinched next morning when Dr. Agnes Hawley came round to see her. Dr. Hawley was extremely masculine, grizzle-headed, curt, humorous, and businesslike.

"I want someone who'll be quite independent of me. I like to grub about amongst the shops and the schools in Srinagar and I never go near clubs or smart people. You can do exactly as you like, I shan't interfere."

They shook hands on the bargain and booked a date for their departure and the Potters gave it up as a bad job. It was no use trying to help the girl or advise her; she had simply lost her head over getting a little money, and would end up in a thorough mess. Rushing off to Kashmir as though she were rich and didn't have to think of working any more! How was she going to get a job and settle down afterwards?

They washed their hands of her and four days later Phillida, very cool and neat in pale biscuit linen, and Dr. Hawley, rather grim and forbidding in dark grey poplin, caught the northward-bound mail.

As the express rushed through the night, scattering fiery red sparks amid the steady roar of its wheels, Phillida lay in the hard top bunk of the double-berthed compartment, and now and then gave a little shiver of excitement.

She had an odd feeling that she had left Phillida Petrie, the trained secretary and business girl, behind in Calcutta; that this was somebody quite different that she was travelling with towards Kashmir, the land of mountain and lake and lotus. That she and this new, strange Phillida had to get to know each other—and that she was going to be rather an exciting companion.

THE light of the full moon, white as ivory, delicately patterned as old lace, lay over the lawns of the Shalimar garden in Kashmir. Water flowing down a wide, shallow, white marble channel made a strip of sequin-bright, sparkling, nightingales sang in the heavy trees, the warm air was perfumed with roses. It was a paradise of peace and loveliness, especially to a man tired after long months of fiendishly hot service on the Indian Frontier.

Christy Maradick lay stretched on his back under one of the giant chinar trees, and sleepily watched the moonlight flicker through the myriad leaves.

It was heaven to breathe such cool, pure air, to feel the moisture of dew on his sunburnt face.

For five months his regiment had tramped and scoured in the bare Frontier hills, and he had had malaria, so badly at last that he had been packed off forthwith on two months' leave to Kashmir. And here he was still with six long, idle weeks to go.

But was he looking forward to them so ardently, he wondered, as he rolled over and lit a cigarette. He had been up here over a fortnight now, for the

ALL characters in the serials and short stories which appear in The Australian Women's Weekly are fictitious, and have no reference to any living person.

first week camping in the hills, for the second living in a tiny matting houseboat moored on the Dhal lake. During this week he had scarcely spoken to a soul. Srinagar was rather empty just now; most people had gone off to Gulmarg for coolness. He didn't know anyone at all and being a shy young man who wasn't feeling too strong or lively just yet, carefully avoided all social endeavors. That certainly made for peace—but couldn't peace verge on loneliness after a time?

He spent the days floating about in a shikara, fishing or sketching, and the nights sleeping on the tiny square of deck on his boat, and certainly health was flowing back into his tired body. In fact he was beginning to feel a bit restless and bored with his own society, to think that he'd like someone to talk to and do things with without being dragged into the noisiness and gaieties of a certain clique of rather wild young people who dashed about overland, motor-bus, bathing, moonlight picnicking, and dancing with the maximum of noise and excitement. They had been out here to-night and he had taken care to keep well out of sight while they played gramophones and bunnies, danced and hurled cushions at each other, and did their best to drown the ripple of running water and the liquid notes of the nightingale. But it was very late now, late enough even to have sent them all home yawning and squabbling, and the garden was left alone with its roses and moonlight.

Christy lit another cigarette and drifted off into another doze.

He was awakened from it by a sound that at first was woven into the fabric of his dreams, a faint, sweet sound of music. It didn't seem strange, somehow, to hear it floating through the garden, but perfectly natural; it was a fairytale sort of night on which anything might happen. Yet, of course, there must be some ordinary reason for it, and when he was fully awake and sat up, picking daisies and grass out of his thick, fair hair, he looked about him with curiosity. Music it certainly was, a sweet, haunting refrain played on muted violins, and it seemed to be drifting up from the lower terrace of the garden.

Please turn to Page 46



Everyone admires the freshness of my skin

My secret is Vivatone—the Perfect Skin Tonic

Few women realize how much the right skin tonic contributes to the beauty of their skin. Those who do, always use Vivatone, the Perfect Skin Tonic. Vivatone is ideal for closing the pores after a thorough cleansing with Daggett & Ramsdell's Perfect Cold Cream. It stimulates the circulation and gives you that fresh, youthful appearance everyone admires.

Vivatone is excellent for a quick clean-up before applying new make-up. It is also recommended for neutralizing perspiration. Get a bottle to-day and see how firm and fresh it will make your skin.



Daggett & Ramsdell

Your Dog

He needs a Blood Purifier regularly every week

You should remember that your dog's skin is non-porous and therefore he cannot purify his blood by perspiring. If you want him to be healthy and to remain so, you must provide him with the means of keeping his blood pure and his organs toned up. There is no better way of doing this than by giving him BARKO Condition Powders every week without fail.



By giving your dog Barko Condition Powders you will purify his blood and keep him healthy. You will soon see a wonderful difference in his coat—hairs will stop falling, and it will regain that beautiful natural bloom which is the unfailing sign of a healthy dog.

BARKO CONDITION POWDERS

Price — 1/6 per box of 20 powders At all Chemists 2/10

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The purity of a dog's blood determines the condition of his coat. If his blood is out of order his coat will almost immediately become dull and ragged, and his hair will commence to fall out. A dog's blood becomes laden with poisons and impurities if he is not regularly conditioned.

By giving your dog Barko Condition Powders you will purify his blood and keep him healthy. You will soon see a wonderful difference in his coat—hairs will stop falling, and it will regain that beautiful natural bloom which is the unfailing sign of a healthy dog.

BARKO CONDITION POWDERS

Price — 1/6 per box of 20 powders At all Chemists 2/10

Make Them More Interesting!

Those neglected or cluttered corners of your home

By Our HOME DECORATOR

SOMETIMES we who love our homes so much sigh a little over them. We would like to refurnish this or that room; we feel that the lounge or the bedroom is looking shabby, garish, bare, out of date—looking anything, in fact, but charming. What couldn't we do if we had the means, we say, but—

AS I have so often said, money does not always make an inviting, restful home. It is the personal touch, the artistic hand and brain; the hand and brain that can, when and where necessary, successfully conjure with scant material; rearrange, "swing" a room around, relieve dull monotony with deft touches, brighten—and know where to stop!

Now, in this dissatisfaction over the appearance of your rooms, have you ever attributed the reason to badly treated or neglected corners?

Look around! Probably you've filled them up with chairs and all four-square the room blinks its rebellion; perhaps you've left them severely alone, and the room looks barren, uninviting; or you've cluttered them up with odds and ends to the room's utter confusion.

But, as you will discover for yourself, corners can be transformed from dull, uninteresting, or cluttered affairs into cozy, interesting, and most inviting spots.

A low, comfy chair, carrying colorful cushions, and a small table upon which stands a colorful bowl of charmingly-arranged flowers, or a beautiful table-lamp, and a small object skillfully grouped in a corner may change the whole atmosphere of a room.

Banishing Dullness

AGAIN, a mirror may, by careful placing, resurrect a corner from dull oblivion, for it catches and reflects color, light, and shade. Of course there are scores of ways of making corners cozy, invitingly different, as the sketches on this page indicate.

Study the black-and-white sketch at the top right of this page. Here you see how a very awkward spot to cope with has been treated.

It is in reality an alcove between chimney-breast and wall, but in this case the outside wall is a sloping one. Fitted as it is, with shelves, it becomes a decorative asset to the room. China could be very attractively displayed in lieu of books on these shelves.

The colorful sketch next to this shows another interesting way of treating a corner. Incidentally, to those about to build this picture is full of ideas. Note how the low mantelpiece is continued, carried into the recess. This makes an admirable setting for books, also a place on which to display lovely bits of china.

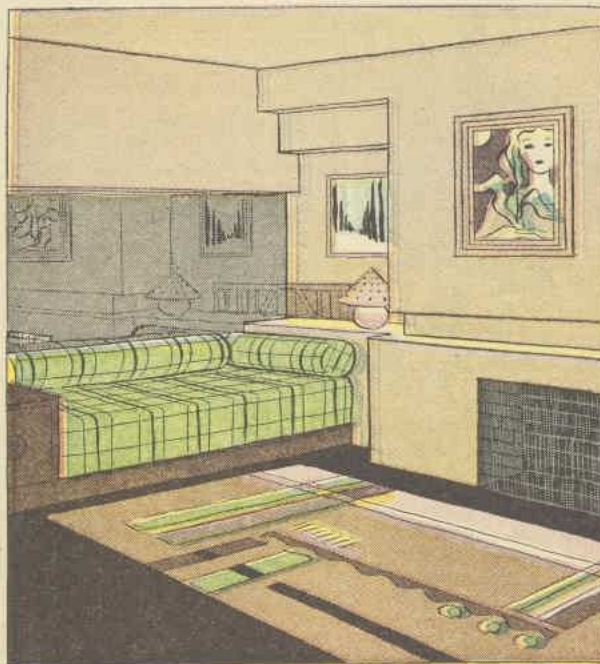
Observe, too, the picture above the reading-lamp, the placing of the lounge

and the long, mirrored panel at the back. You can well imagine the illusion of space, the magic-like reflectors of life and color created by this mirror.

In the Bedroom

A CHARMING way of treating a bedroom corner where the placement of windows allows for a dressing-table is to be seen in the central illustration. A wardrobe here would simply rob the room of charm. But how well the Old-World type of dressing-table fits in! Especially attractive, too, the striped flounce and matching curtains.

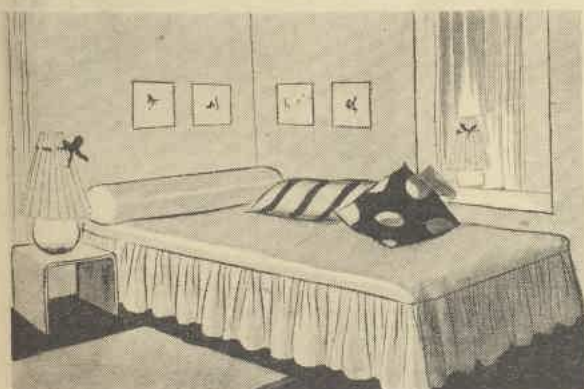
In the black-and-white sketch below you glimpse the corner of a room which will have special appeal for the bachelor-girl. The bed is disguised completely as a divan. The arrangement



A CHARMING, Old-World touch is given this corner by the draped dressing table, with its flowered chintz flounce matching the curtains.

of simple but colorful prints is delightful; further charm and interest are lent this corner by reason of the mirror, the squat moderne bedside-table, and its huge reading lamp.

Corner shelves in a breakfast-room are ever so attractive. They can be easily painted, be as simple in construction as you like, or as picturesque as those in the colorful sketch at right. If such shelves are painted a neutral color you can rely upon bright, cheery china to bring charm and interest to the corner.—E.E.G.



ABOVE YOU SEE an attractive corner in a bachelor girl's one-room flat. The bed by day is a luxurious divan. Observe the mirror, creator of space and light, which in its manner of placement adds to the beauty of the room; also the arrangement of the small prints on the wall.

RIGHT: SHOWING how a bare corner in a breakfast-room may take on interest. Home-made shelves and cupboards hold bright, colorful chins—useful as well as decorative.



THE COLORFUL sketch above shows how a corner recess can be successfully treated. Those about to redecorate or build should be interested in this illustration.

IN THE black-and-white sketch showing at right above, you glimpse the manner in which a brainy young home-lover has filled in an awkward nook. Though a sloping wall is not always evident, many rooms with preplaces carry these awkward alcoves which may be turned into useful as well as decorative assets to the home.



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How to Enhance Your Charm

FAILURE as a social success often is due to a condition that drives away even sincere admirers—perspiration odour.

Deodorants that merely deodorize are not made to keep your underarm dry. No matter how little you perspire, some moisture always collects on the armpit of your dress. This moisture grows stale, and when next you wear the dress, the warmth of your body brings out a disagreeable odour.

Odorono stops perspiration—your own doctor will tell you that it is absolutely harmless to stop perspiration in small areas. You can rely on Odorono to protect you—and your clothes. If you want to be completely immaculate—use Odorono.

Odorono is made in two strengths—Odorono Regular, and Instant Odorono, which is the milder of the two.



ODO-RO-DO

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Australian Agents
HILLCASTLE LTD.

SUMMER CAN'T Last for EVER

Continued from Page 41

CAUTIOUSLY, then, he went to the edge of the wide, shallow, marble stairs and looked down on them—and saw a sight that made him catch his breath and wonder if he really were awake, or if the Shalimar garden was perhaps haunted by ghosts.

Down there on the wide space of grass a girl was dancing by herself to the music that seemed to come from nowhere.

She was small and slight, and light as air, dressed in a very simple, soft white frock that floated out round her, and her thick, curly hair that looked bright copper even in the moonlight, almost touched her shoulders.

She was barefooted and her toes twinkled over the soft grass like little white feathers as she whirled faster and faster to the hurrying beat of the music. And then suddenly her foot must have caught in something on the grass, for she tripped, swayed in the air and fell full length at the same moment as the music stopped abruptly with the click and whirr of a gramophone that had run down. So she wasn't a ghost, she was human and real—and she looked as though she might have damaged her ankle by that fall.

Christy ran down the steps and across the grass to her side, where she sat slowly rubbing her ankle. Her lip caught between her small white teeth in an expression of pain.

"I say, have you hurt yourself? I saw you fall," and then quickly, his face turning a little red, "I'm afraid I was watching you from up above. I hope you don't mind."

At the first sound of his voice she gave a startled jump and a little gasp of surprise and lifted her frightened eyes, but when she saw him standing there, looking abashed and shy, and very big and square-shouldered, her face broke into a smile.

"I thought I was absolutely the last person left here to-night. You must think I'm—mad!"

"I thought you were a ghost or something. What about that ankle?"

"It's all right, just a very small twist. If you'd give me a hand up—"

She held one out to him and he took it and felt it so small and fragile that he hardly dared grasp it firmly as he drew her gently on to her feet.

She clung to his arm for a moment before she let go, and stood on both her feet.

"It's perfectly all right. Thank you so much."

Then they stood and looked at each other without saying anything, without knowing quite what to say. It was such a very odd and unconventional way of meeting, almost at dawn, alone, in a garden in Kashmir that was full of the song of nightingales and the scent of heavy red roses.

"Let me introduce myself," he said hastily. "My name's Christy Maradick—Captain Maradick, up here on leave. Will you have a cigarette?"

He held out a silver case and she took a cigarette and bent her head down to the flame of the tiny lighter that shone on her mass of copper gold hair.

"Thank you. And I'm—" then she stopped suddenly, tilted back her head and looked at him, her lashes lowered mysteriously. "Who do you think I am?" She never knew what made her say that—afterwards, when she thought about it, it sounded ridiculously melodramatic. "What do you think I am?"

"You?" He looked at her gravely.

"Yes. Would you think I was a—"

"You?" He gave a sudden shout of laughter. "I can't believe that you're fresh and blood even now. A secretary? No... you're a dancer, aren't you?"

A Russian ballerina, perhaps. At any rate one of the loveliest dancers that ever whirled about a stage."

PHILLIDA let a perfect smoke ring drift out of her rounded mouth and float up through the warm air, but her long lashes hid the brilliant gleam, the excitement in her eyes.

"Perhaps you're right," she said very softly. "Only—I'm not telling anyone, not even you. You see, I'm up here for rest and quiet and escape. I've worked too hard for a long time. I don't want a soul to know me as anything more than Phillida. Phillida Lee—if you like."

"Phillida." He repeated the name slowly. "I can't think of any name that suits you better—not even your real one." And then he was all confusion again. "I say—aren't you getting cold and oughtn't you to be getting back home?"

"Home." Phillida said, "is a funny little houseboat moored round the corner beyond the entrance to the garden. I've got a shikara waiting for me. Perhaps it might be as well to go to bed for a bit. Would you mind collecting the gramophone for me?"

She sat down on the grass and slipped on her sandals while he gathered up the small gramophone and two or three records.

He still felt that this was all a fantastic dream, that he would wake up in a second in his rather hard little bed, to find the sun in his eyes and Doggett, his big Airedale, licking his face.

But when he looked up, the girl was still there, standing up and wrapping a light woollen shawl over her thin frock and with a nod and a smile she led the way down towards the garden entrance where two shikaras floated side by side manned by soundly sleeping boatmen.

"Thank you," she said, as he stowed the things away and roused the boatman with a prod or two. "I do hope I didn't spoil your solitary evening for you. I expect you wanted to be solitary if you stayed out here so late, and didn't want to have people turning on gramophones and dancing all over the place. I'm not really sorry. It's just that it's so perfect here that sometimes I can't help dancing."

"In spite of coming here for a rest," and then with a rush he said: "Look here—I mean, don't you get rather tired of being by yourself always? I do—only I don't want to shove myself in and worry you. But if you would care to go for a row round the lake to-morrow afternoon—if it wouldn't bore you?"

She laughed softly, shaking back her hair that was getting damp with falling dew.

"Of course it wouldn't! It will be fun to get away from Dr. Agnes and her lectures on diseases peculiar to Kashmir. That's what she's come up here to study. I'll bring a tea basket. Good night!"

SHE slipped into the shikara, gave a quick order and was rowed away down the narrow, platinumbright channel of water that led to the lake.

As the paddles dipped rhythmically she lay back on the red cushions and stared at the stars, her eyes big and serious.

What had come over her this evening?

Was it the moonlight, the song of the nightingale, the fairylike atmosphere of the Shalimar garden?

Something had gone to her head, so that after dinner when Dr. Agnes retired early to bed she simply hadn't been able to sleep, or even sit still, had been urged to slip away secretly in the shikara, with her gramophone, to the nearby garden, and there to put on a record and dance... dance over the wet grass as it had always been her dearest dream to dance.

And then this young man had walked in on her and, instead of coming down to earth and telling him the plain truth, she had had to go on floating about in a romantic dream, fluttering her lashes at him, pretending she was a world-famous dancer inognito, that she was a creature of beauty, glamour and fame... But to-night she really felt that she was! After all, he had believed her, had thought her dancing rather wonderful, had found her rather lovely. This was the new Phillida she had been waiting to find, after leaving the old one parked in Calcutta. This Phillida was glamorous; had it in her to be a world-famous dancer; to attract a young man; to meet adventure.

The shikara paddled on across a sheet of splintered diamonds, and not far behind it came another, in which lay a young man, also staring at the stars, lost in a sort of trance.

Days followed of gay companionship, of exploring the lake and the waterways, fishing up green, willow-fringed, ice-cold mountain streams, of lunch, tea, supper picnics in all sorts of lovely, hidden spots. Neither of them could imagine how they had ever endured being alone.

Dr. Agnes, who had in her grumpy, abrupt way tried to be scolding and think of things for Phillida to do, found herself left in peace with her bugs and books. But her quick eyes noticed the change that was coming over the girl; how she was blossoming out into real beauty and aliveness. Her pale skin began to glow with soft brown and rose tints; her eyes lost their shadowy, tired look; her hair curled and shone like burnished copper and all her movements were swift, graceful and lithe.

Glamor!

Phillida sat and studied herself in the small spotted mirror on her make-shit dressing table.

Please turn to Page 49

How I ended my stomach trouble



"I can eat what I please
and digest it with ease."

If you suffer from indigestion, if you cannot enjoy a meal without pain, wind, distension, and a feeling of weakness and low spirits, let nothing deter you from trying 'Bisurated' Magnesia. It is the supreme remedy for stomach trouble, with over 20 years' proof of its unfailing efficacy. Perhaps you are even now dreading your next meal. Then why not make it the occasion for putting 'Bisurated' Magnesia to the test? Get a bottle of 'Bisurated' Magnesia, powder or tablets, from your chemist and take a little after your meal. Eat whatever you fancy. The result will be a revelation to you. The contents of your stomach will be made as bland and soothing as milk, instead of turning acid as before. The customary pain and wind will not occur and digestion will be completed with ease and comfort.

'BISURATED' MAGNESIA
Banishes Stomach Ills
A concentrated preparation,
very economical. The package
bears the 'Bismar' Trade Mark

YOUR GREY HAIR
It tells the tale of advancing years, but always desirable in social or commercial life. Allen's Mexican Walnut Stain will restore the natural color and lustre. The treatment is simple, private, rapid, and enduring. You get the happiest results every time. Bring back youthful freshness and allure by using Dr. Allen's Mexican Walnut Stain. In Brown or Black at all chemists, 4/- per bottle. Made by Pelton, Oxenbridge & Duerdin, Ltd., Melbourne & S.S.

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Wright's Instant Relief cannot be equaled for Constipation, Permeant in the Stomach, Bloating, Heartburn, &c.
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Men say so!

Admired by men wherever she went for her natural beautiful lips. No painted look! Of course not—with Tangee. It isn't paint! Tangee changes color on your lips to a soft shade of rose, perfect for your natural complexion. Its cream base keeps lips soft, smooth.

Also Tangee Theatrical, a deeper shade. Tangee Face Powder contains the magic color-change principle.

UNTOUCHED—Lips left untouched are apt to have a faded look, make the face seem older.
PAINTED—Don't risk that painted look. It's coarsening and men don't like it.
TANGEE—Instantly natural color, restores youthful appeal, and adds that painted look.

TANGEE
ENDS THAT PAINTED LOOK

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THE BODY BEAUTIFUL

BY EVELYN

Fresh and Fragrant as a Rose!



There is no feminine attraction as permanent as that of personal daintiness, and no woman as attractive as the fragrant one . . .

How to radiate that cool, fresh, lettuce-look throughout hot, sweltering days of summer is no easy matter. The art lies in perfect grooming, in meticulous personal daintiness, in fragrance.

To appear immaculate, to be immaculate, to radiate freshness and charm demands one's constant attention.

Bodily cleanliness, plenty of soap and water, is the first step, of course. Enter also all those little accessories of beauty—talc, deodorant powders or lotions, fragrant perfumes; the need, too, for meticulous attention to wearing apparel.

One of the main hot weather problems is perspiration—excessive in some cases. Nature intended that we should perspire. The myriads of sweat glands that cover the skin are in reality the safety-valves of the body.

Remember your skin is one of the largest and busiest organs of your body. It expels wastes, just as importantly as the bowels and kidneys and lungs do.

These wastes are excreted in the form of salty liquid—perspiration.

Our duty is to wash this perspiration off several times a day if necessary. Offensive perspiration should not be combated by suppression—overcome it by scrupulous external cleansing, by purifying the body internally.

Armpits should in all cases have assiduous attention; frequent bathing.



JUNE KNIGHT, the smiling M.G.M. star, pictured here, considers it the finest compliment that can be paid any woman is to say, "She looks immaculate."



To aid you in achieving that lettuce-look and to radiate fragrance, change your underwear daily, hang out clothes to sun and air. And note—a delicate, clinging fragrance can be achieved by having soap, talc, face-powder, bath-salts, and perfume all to harmonise.

clusted with a good tale. Some find that following the bath a good dusting with boracic acid powder removes any suggestion of remaining odor and keeps the underarms fresh and sweet for quite a time.

Others find rinsing the armpits with a solution made from cloudy ammonia and water, after the bath, effective. One teaspoonful of cloudy ammonia to half a pint of water are the requisite quantities.

Still others find it necessary to invest in a good deodorant. But use one recommended by a good chemist. Rashes and irritating skin troubles are often caused by smothering the armpit glands with inferior powders, so it is as well to be careful.

Summer-time Freshness

THOSE who suffer unduly from excessive perspiration beneath the arms should wipe the armpits with a soft cloth soaked in witch-hazel extract or eau-de-cologne. Either of these makes an excellent powder base.

If you are among the unlucky ones whose hands and feet perspire excessively, try these suggestions:

Feet—Bathe your feet several times a day in cold water and rub with methylated spirit. At night, wash in warm water and soap, and then soak in warm water to which has been added a handful of common salt. Soak them for ten minutes, and do it just before going to bed.

For hands that get hot and sticky: Bathe them in cold water several times a day, dry, and rub them well over with witch-hazel.

WHAT MY PATIENTS ASK ME

PATIENT: My brother and uncles suffered from epilepsy, and I have a fear that one of my daughters is threatened with the same tragic fate. I have never seen an epileptic attack, for my parents always guarded us from witnessing my brother in one of his seizures. Can epilepsy be detected in its early stages, and is it hereditary?

THERE can be no question that more cases of epilepsy exist than really are recognised as such. Repeated fainting attacks, which really amount to transient losses of consciousness, may be the forerunners of typical and more severe attacks, with convulsions, justifiably termed epileptic.

Most cases of epilepsy start that way; that is, with occasional attacks that are believed to be caused by indigestion or some other minor ailment. However, in

all such cases, possible causes for the attacks should be found. If this fails, then epilepsy in its initial stages should be suspected.

The reason for stressing the importance of such early diagnosis before convulsive seizures have developed is that much can be done nowadays in prevention and cure.

Such repeated fainting attacks may not even be the warning signs of serious convulsive seizures, but merely a form of hysteria that simulates epilepsy and which is spoken of as "hystero-epilepsy."

THE typical attack of epilepsy—that is, fully-developed epilepsy—is usually preceded by a warning of some sort, which may be a feeling of apprehension, a pain, or some other symptom.



BY A DOCTOR

The patient usually utters a sharp cry and falls to the ground unconscious.

Almost immediately there follows a general rigidity of the arms and legs, which is known as a "tonic spasm" and after this comes the typical convulsion of epilepsy, the "clonic spasm," during which the muscles convulse violently.

The actual convulsive seizure may last from a few seconds to a few minutes. The victim may even injure himself if the seizure and the consequent thrashing about of the limbs be severe. After a while, however, the convulsion gradually ceases, and the patient, usually without regaining consciousness, falls into a deep sleep.

The exact cause of epilepsy remains unknown. It is generally assumed, however, that several causes may exist, and that these may not be the same for each patient. It is possible that the "glands of internal secretion" play a role here, especially the "pituitary" gland situated in the brain. At any rate, the glandular system is considered in all epileptic cases.

THAT a neurotic state—that is, a functional nerve upset—may sometimes bear a causative relationship to the disorder, is also likely. Therefore a mental analysis should be given in the early stages of the disease.

And then, of course, there are hereditary factors that seem to be important. At any rate, epileptics should never bear children.

In untreated cases, mental deterioration with loss of memory and a gradual lowering of sensibility is sure to follow. In cases that are properly treated, however, even if they cannot be improved or cured, such mental decline is often deferred for years.

no fault! / That Sums Up CESARINE THE WONDER CLOTH



Because the even weave ensures the perfect "hang" of pleats or flares, and Cesarine launders perfectly, for every one of the 64 selected shades is guaranteed colour fast to sun and boiling water. The ideal fabric for sports wear, beach wear, and all Summer tub frocks. Cesarine, the cotton with the appearance of linen.

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"Fadeless and Fast it Wears to the Last"

"POWDERFEE" . . . A service in underthings that definitely fit. Beautiful garments made in five sizes—Small Women's, Medium Women's, Full Women's, Out Size. Hand-cut Lingerie by Prestige



BRICK BRADFORD IN THE LAND OF THE LOST

THE STORY SO FAR

THE yacht on which Brick Bradford is cruising is wrecked, and Brick, after many privations, is thrown up on an island on which stand strange giant buildings. A lovely girl, the Lady Vasta, rescues him from a giant crab, and is taking him to her home, when Brick gets into trouble with a procession of priests. He is seized, and



Connie's Letter



MY DEAR PALE—
The warmer days are certainly coming—days when the sun shines brightly and makes everything look sunny and gay. On such days people smile and look pleasant and go about in a happy sort of way. That is the correct thing to do, Pale, but it isn't only necessary to smile when the weather is kind. The Pale who is always welcome is the one who can smile when the sun is hidden behind the clouds, and when the outlook is anything but bright. A delightful letter came this week from TIGRA HEDENRACK 12 Cuninghame St., Sale, Victoria, and Thora wins the prize of 5/-.

Good-bye until next week.
Cheerio,
From your Pal,
CONNIE.

Address all letters and contributions to "Pal Connie," Box 1517, G.P.O., Sydney.

My Ambitions

By NORMAN TAYLOR

I'd like to be a sailor,
And sail the salty sea,
To climb the dizzy yard-arms
Of the good ship, Nanny Lee.
I'd like to be a soldier,
And win my country fame,
For everyone would listen
At the mention of my name.
I'd like to be an almanac,
And read the sky so blue,
And scatter clouds like whirlwinds
As I fly through misty air and dew.
Prize of 5/- to NORMAN TAYLOR (13), 24 Wilson St., Cammeray, North Sydney, N.S.W.

WHERE I LIVE

(By HELEN FARMER)

I LIVE in the River Murray settlement near a fresh water lake, and the town on the lake is called Barmera. The lake is called Lake Bonney and gets its name from a Mr. Bonney, who was one of the discoverers of it. Barmera is the original name for "mush water". The main street is a very wide one, with lawns, gardens and rockeries down the centre of it. At the foot of this street there is a showground, and an oval. Continuing on there is a bowling green and tennis courts on the lake front. The lake is surrounded by old, stately, gum trees. There is also a small ferry and bathing sheds, besides many big high sheller sheds for the people to sit under, as it gets very hot here.

In addition to this Barmera has a large hotel, surrounded by a well-kept garden, three grocers' shops, four drapers' shops, a chemist, and many other shops. A post office, a State bank, three churches, three halls, and a hospital are also included in the township of Barmera.

There is a large school on a hill overlooking the lake which has an attendance of about three hundred scholars.
Prize of 5/- to HELEN FARMER (11), Bag 101, Morgan, S.A.



Introducing MOLLY WINCHLE, of Manly.

JUST CHATTER

VIOLA DOWNING, of West Ryde (N.S.W.), does clever sketches; JEAN STONHAM, of Penrith (N.S.W.), is interested in sports; all kinds; ALICE FOWLER, of Bygonia, writes an interesting letter.
WILLIAM HARRIS, of Cammeray, attends the District High School; COLA CORNISH, of Dandenong (Vic.), will shortly start on a nursing career; KILEEN TOOMEY, of Chateau (N.S.W.), is one of our interested readers.
EFFIE MORRIS, of Morriston (Vic.), writes clever verse; MARGARET O'CONNELL, of Rosfield, Adelaide, attends Adelaide High School; BETTY JONES, of Nepean Dam, via Bargo, does nice sketches.
KEN BAWSON, of Timbarumba, greatly admired the Sydney Harbor Bridge; HILKEY RIES, of Penrith, via Wandsworth, writes a delightful letter; ELIZABETH GARDNER, of Fynde (N.S.W.), is fond of jokes and riddles.
DORRIS LINDROE, of Bendigo (Vic.), writes an interesting letter; BRUCE COOK, of Sutherland (N.S.W.), recently had a very enjoyable time at Kalamunda; MARGARET GREENWAY, of Nudge 20, Charters Towers (Qld.), would like to correspond with Pale in any State.

FUN FOR ALL

HERE is a copy of a college lad's letter home:—
No more, no fun.
Your Son,
Here is his father's reply:—
Too bad, my lad.
Your Dad.
Prize Card to MARGARET DUNK, Sturry, 165 Jessie St., Armidale, N.S.W.
Careless (meeting friend at fancy dress ball): But why Napoleon, my dear fellow?
Careful! That way you can keep your hand on your wallet all the time.
Prize Card to MAVIS CARTHEW, Hendelham, S.A.
Tom: How are you getting on with your new job, Bob?
Bob: Splendid. I've got two men working under me now.
Tom: Then you're a foreman?
Bob: No. I work on the roof.
Prize Card to LESLEY KIRKUP, Nepean Dam, via Bargo, N.S.W.
Two bullies quarrelled and one made as if to hit the other, who said, "Looking for a fight, are you?" and on being told that he was, said, "Come on, then, and we'll talk together."
Prize Card to DELEY LINDSAY, Kingston, S.C. Line, Qld.
Joe: Are you coming to the pictures to-night?
John: No! I have to help Dad with my homework.
Prize Card to ALLEN NEWHAM, c/o Mrs. G. Green, Brisbane St., Cuesra, N.S.W.
Megan: Yes, wrinkles will soon take the place of newspaper.
Megan: Golly, won't I look funny taking my fish and chips home in a three-valve set?
Prize Card to JAMES CONNELLAN, 29 Clairvaux Rd., Vaucluse, N.S.W.
Barber: Will you have anything on your face, sir, when I've finished shaving you?
Customer: I don't know. But I hope you'll leave my nose at any rate.
Prize Card to EDDIE TREMAIRO, Kapunda, S.A.
Master (after a lesson on winter in the country): And if we take a walk on a winter's day, Bob Graves, what is it we are about to do?
Bob (promptly): Goggles, sir.
Prize Card to MARIE RICHARDSON, 101 Dargay St., Armidale, N.S.W.

FRED IN THE LAND OF MAGIC

By C. Marshall.

FRED SOLVES A MYSTERY

IN a little white-roofed cottage in Mushroom Grove lived Mr. and Mrs. Kindliness. They were a very quiet, elderly couple, and only a few short weeks ago Mr. Kindliness had been left a considerable fortune by his favorite aunt.

Fred was a constant visitor to their home, and twice a week he ran messages for old Mrs. Kindliness.

"It's rather a mystery," said Mrs. Kindliness one day, looking at Fred over her spectacles. "Do you know 'Inky' disappears every morning after breakfast for two hours, and I've tried to follow him time and again, but as soon as he thinks I'm following him he turns back and won't go."

"Inky?" said Fred, "who is Inky?"

"Our dog," she smiled. "I know you call him Blacky, but I like Inky better. He'll come to either. He's not particular. She smiled again.

"Oh," said Fred, "but that peculiar. Does he go every day?"

"Yes," said Mrs. Kindliness, "every day without exception. And you know, I've even gone to the trouble of paying a man to follow him, but it's no good. As soon as Inky suspects anyone he won't go."

"That is really amusing," said Fred, wondering how he could find out Inky's secret.

"I do," said Mrs. Kindliness, "giving up at the door. The man is just a quarter of ten. I expect him back at ten or thereabouts. You see, I give him his breakfast at eight, and then he disappears completely for two hours, so it's just time he was back."

Mrs. Kindliness had hardly finished talking when a gentle knock was heard on the kitchen door. Instantly she arose and opened the door to let a lovely big Alsatian dog inside, in other words—"Inky."

"Where have you been you naughty dog," she said.

Inky was not a bit upset by this remark, but he wagged his tail from side to side.

"Ah, well," sighed Mrs. Kindliness, "one of these days we'll find out where you go."

"We will," said Fred, "to-morrow I shall follow him."

"I hardly think you will," said Mrs. Kindliness, "he's a cunning old fellow, you know, he knows when he is being followed."

After hearing this Fred went off home. That night he told Wunderlust all about the mysterious place that Inky went to.

ABOUT COMPETITIONS
Each week Cash Prizes and Prize Cards are awarded for good entries. All work with the exception of jokes, tricks, riddles, and games must be original. Pale must be under the age of 18. For 12 Prize Cards a 1/- prize is awarded. Each fortnight a painting competition is held. Pale may select any picture at all in the Australian Women's Weekly. A prize of 5/- will be given for the best effort. Entries must reach our office within 21 days after the paper is dated. Mark envelopes "Painting Competition," etc.

derical was very interested and said that he would go with Fred next day to see if they could solve the mystery.

NEXT morning came round and Wunderlust and Fred rose early. They breakfasted and then went to the home of Mrs. Kindliness. When they reached there it was just eight, and Inky was eating his breakfast.

"I know what to do," said Fred, "he that Inky won't think we're following him, we'll start off now and walk down the street ahead of him. He can't think we're following him then."

They had not gone many steps before Inky came on the way. He passed them after a few hundred yards, little suspecting that he was being followed.

Out of the main street he walked, along the river bank, over the bridge, and then up a very dirty narrow street. Wunderlust and Fred kept close behind all the time.

"Ha," laughed Fred, "I don't like the places he picks to walk in. I think this alley is called 'Gum Alley,' or something almost as bad."

"Oh, ah," said Wunderlust, "I think he is stopping. He's going into that old weather-board house. Do you see him?"

"Yes," said Fred, "and there's a little boy going to meet him, and there's a little girl also."

Wunderlust and Fred hurried along and halted just as they came to the fence. A wide crack in the palings provided an excellent view of all that was going on inside.

There was Inky being pampered and petted by three two-year-old children. His tail was wagging, and he had loved it all.

"We have solved the mystery," said Fred. "Now we must hurry back and tell Mrs. Kindliness." And so the two went back to the white-roofed cottage.

Fred was almost out of breath when he reached her. "We've solved the mystery," he cried, and then he told her all about the little children.

She was very pleased to learn where her precious dog really went to, but she was very sad to hear that the children who treated her dog so well were poor.

"I must do something for those children," she said, "I know my husband has always wanted to adopt a boy and a girl, but he always wanted a brother and sister, so here is his chance. That is, of course, if their parents are willing."

And so Mr. Kindliness made inquiries, and he found that the two poor children were orphans and that they lived with an uncle who didn't care much about them, and was only too pleased for someone to adopt them.

And so they were adopted. They are ever so happy and, of course, Inky is too, and no more does he go off for his two hours. He is content to stay at home now with the children.

Prize of 5/- to R. MACKENZIE, 8 Hagley St., Moama, N.S.W.

WAS it possible that by just pretending one had it, taking on oneself an imaginary personality, one could really change one's whole self and become another person? Phillida Petrie, the secretary—she hadn't thought of her for days. She was Phillida, the mystery dancer, the glamorous footlight personality, whose body was light and graceful as a feather. Two hundred and fifty pounds and a little courage had created her... and there was no use in thinking of the future now.

She went from hour to hour, each hour full of blissful happiness—and Christy Maradick. If she had met him a few weeks ago, he wouldn't have noticed her existence; she would have been just a quiet, dowdy, ordinary business girl, but Phillida, the dancer, had the power to attract and hold a man's attention.

So when, a week later, Christy brought a copy of an English weekly along on one of their picnic teas, and casually read out a certain paragraph to her, she sat silent, smiling mysteriously.

The paragraph, out of the gossip page, said:

"Went to a small farewell party given to speed Petrovna on her

SUMMER CAN'T Last for EVER

Continued from Page 46

voyage out East. We shall miss her exquisite dancing from the ballet this season, but she is badly in need of rest and change, and is setting out for an unknown destination somewhere in India to find it."

Christy lowered the paper and looked across it at Phillida, who bent forward with elaborate concern to look at one of her pink toe-nails.

"Isn't it time for tea, Christy? Are we going to bathe first?"

She looked up and met his eyes, with a twinkle of mischief in her own, and then quick as an arrow she was on her feet, laughing and flourishing a towel round her head in a mock dance.

"Come on—and don't be so inquisitive. I am Phillida—that's enough for anyone to know—just now. Hurry up."

So she wasn't getting any more sensible, though time was flying—and so was her bank balance. Summer couldn't last for ever, nor could two hundred and fifty pounds and a fairy tale. But she wouldn't take a peep at the end of it yet.

Next morning she found a note lying on her breakfast plate, addressed in a

strange hand, which she opened with a puzzled frown. It wasn't Christy's writing, and she didn't know another soul in the place.

"Dear Phillida" (she read).

"Will you forgive my writing to you like this to ask a very great favor of you? I am getting up a big charity entertainment in aid of the recent earthquake victims in India, and Captain Maradick is helping me. He has whispered into my ear that if you could be persuaded to help us—do one little dance for us—it would be the sensation of the evening and make the show a magnificent success. Would it be asking too much of you? I promise you won't be worried again by anything else, as you wish. We needn't even give your name on the programme, only please—please say you will—Yours very sincerely, RACHEL BANNISTER."

Lady Bannister, the Resident's wife! And Christy was helping her organise this affair—had hinted to her that "Phillida" might be persuaded to make the evening a sensation! Well, it served her right—being found out had to come sooner or later... or had it?

Suddenly she sat stiff and tense; her teacup poised half-way to her lips. Could she risk it?

She had gone so far, got herself so involved in pretence that she might as well go on now. She had so little time left anyway, why not make the most of it?

She sat down and wrote a short note to Lady Bannister, saying she would be delighted to do anything she could to help in making the charity entertainment a success, but would prefer to appear on the programme only as "Phillida."

Lady Bannister's reply was enthusiastically grateful, and close on its heels came Christy, very businesslike with a sheaf of notes for arrangements.

"I hope you didn't mind," he said. "I'm afraid I let slip something that started Lady Bannister on the idea of asking you to dance for her show. And then I felt you wouldn't refuse. It won't make any difference to your privacy up here. I promise that, and so has she."

"Of course I don't mind," Phillida said, nervously lighting a cigarette. "Anything I can do to help."

"It's grand of you. Now what about arranging it."

The big club ballroom was packed tight on the night of the charity entertainment. Everyone came in their best, full of anticipation and generosity. There had been hints flying that this show was going to be rather different from the ordinary local amateur effort—that its organisers had something very special up their sleeves.

People fluttered over their programmes excitedly, trying to spot the something special. Most of the names on it were familiar—but here was one that wasn't.

"Dance Macabre... Phillida," whoever was she?

Questions began to fly about that were unanswered, until somebody remembered having seen something about somebody... was it some famous ballet dancer—who was travelling about India incognito.

Lady Bannister, who was entertaining a large dinner party, appeared from behind the scenes and took her seat in the middle of her guests. On her right sat a large, handsome man with grey flecked hair, who wore a monocle on a thick black ribbon round his neck.

"I hope you won't be too bored, Mr. Servat. This sort of show isn't very entertaining for a person like you. But I think there'll be one item that will come up to your standards!" And Lady Bannister leant closer and whispered something.

Mr. Servat looked interested and screwed in his monocle tighter.

"Indeed! That will be a treat—even for me!"

And the show began. The curtain swept down over the players in a bright little sketch, there was a moment of applause, and then a sort of hush of expectancy settled over the crowded room.

The footlights changed from white to dim blue, the curtain went up, a soft note of music was struck on a piano—and a slight white figure stood poised with its back to the audience, head thrown back, arms stretched out wide, tense and graceful.

The curtain fell to a thunder of applause, cheers of excitement, stamping feet. Behind it, Phillida stood with her hand pressed to her thudding heart, feeling slightly sick and giddy and very limp suddenly.

She had carried it off! She had achieved the dream of her life, of dancing before an audience and holding them spellbound.

A warm hand grasped her cold shoulder suddenly, and Christy's voice said:

"That was lovely! Come and rest now. You look tired and it must have been terribly hot dancing."

Behind the makeshift stage the little card-room had been turned

into a waiting-room for the performers and there were sandwiches and cold drinks there, but Phillida couldn't eat anything, her mouth felt so dry. All she wanted was a long drink with ice in it, and Christy went in search of some.

HE hadn't been gone two seconds when the door opened and Lady Bannister swept in, accompanied by a man, tall and very distinguished in perfectly-cut dress clothes.

"My dear," she said, "do forgive me for rushing in on you, but here is someone who is very anxious to meet you, and I'm sure you'll be equally delighted to meet him. Mr. Guy Servat."

Miss Pet-er-Phillida. And I must rush back to my show. If you'll forgive me."

She was gone, leaving Phillida and the tall man looking at each other. Guy Servat with a little amused smile, Phillida wide eyed and white lipped.

"Miss-er-Phillida," he said slowly. "But not—I think—Petrovna, the ballet dancer, in spite of what Lady Bannister whispered into my ear."

"No—of course not."

"Phillida's lips were drier than ever. To have Guy Servat of all people, the great London producer of ballet, of every kind of stage and film dancing, in the audience to-night! It was the limit of cruel luck."

"I never said... I mean..." Then she turned round bravely and faced him. "Well, I let them think it. I pretended I was a great dancer incognito. I've always dreamt of being one, you see, and up here—suddenly it seemed quite easy to pretend I was one. Really, I'm a secretary."

Guy Servat let his eyelids drop out of his eye and without it he looked much less formidable and grand, much more human.

"I see... but you have the stuff of a great dancer in you. Your dance to-night... of course anyone who knew anything about it would know in one minute that you had had no training—but you have grace and the dancing spirit and beauty. Would you like to begin to learn now to be a dancer? I am out here on a holiday studying Indian dancing for a new show I am to produce, also I keep my eyes open for new possibilities and talent. If you will come back to London and work hard for two or three years—perhaps you will not have to pretend that you are Petrovna to be admired as a dancer."

Please turn to Page 50

"Old Giant Decay WON'T GET MY IVORY CASTLES"



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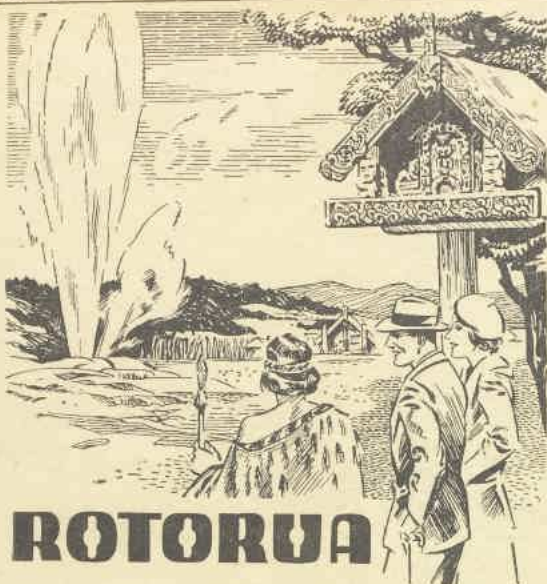
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A.T. 58



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WOMEN ARE QUEER

Continued from Page 36

"I KNOW I'm risking my berth. But the fact remains, I suspected something was wrong, but everything looked right. I've just finished a more careful examination. Whoever cut the fall that broke also cut the fall of the boat opposite. You see, he couldn't know which side of the ship would be against the dock when we got here, so he had to make sure of both boats, since we could only use the one on the clear side of the ship. It was a clever piece of work."

Captain Stewart went ashen and looked around.

"Supposing what he says is true there's nothing to connect me with such a thing. Why should I wreck gear on my own ship?"

"I saw you on the poop at three in the morning," said Mr. Tremont calmly. "And," added Mr. Madrone, "you don't like the boat. I notice you're using the incident to break him."

"You believe I'd go to such a length, the master of a ship doing a thing like that to discredit a damned boat?"

Mr. Madrone stood up and carefully lit a cigar.

"It's a messy business," he observed. "Probably we could never prove who did it. And any sort of trouble would be bad publicity for the Line. I think," he looked absently at Captain Stewart, "I think maybe you'd better write the office and ask for a vacation." Captain Stewart stood rigid for a moment and madness blazed in his eyes. He cracked then.

"I get it," he shouted. "You want to get rid of me! Damn you! Well, you can have my resignation whenever you wish it. And go to hell!"

He went into his inner cabin and slammed the door with a vicious bang, laughing hysterically. Mrs. Madrone looked at his daughter and then at an open-mouthed Jerry. "You'd better carry on, Owens," he said. "And let all this go no further. Come and see me when you're ready for a third mate's berth." He took Mr. Tremont

by the arm and guided him out on deck.

"Jerry, dear!" cried Esther. "Oh, Jerry!"

"It's all beyond me," grumbled Jerry. "The old man must be crazy. Can you imagine? Do you love me still?"

"Silly. We're going to be married when we get home."

"But your father—"

"Father has nothing whatever to say about it. I told him so. And I don't care. Aren't you going to kiss me?"

"I don't like this business of you and your father settling things," he said stormily. "I can stand on my own feet and when I want to get married—"

"Hush! You've got nothing to say about that, either. Now kiss me!"

"I don't like," started Jerry obstinately, but his mouth was stopped then and he forgot what it was he didn't like.

Mr. Madrone looked very unhappy out on deck, and he sighed as fragments of conversation and other strange sounds drifted from the open cabin ports. Well, he'd have to put up with it, he supposed.

"Unless I miss a guess," he told the mate, "Captain Stewart will leave the ship at this port. He's not only a little unbalanced, I think, but he's badly scared. Knows now he went too far. Men might have been killed when that boat fell. I'm a bit sorry for him, though. Good man in many ways. But when he's in love—you understand—a man does a lot of queer things. Never mind. You'll take the Cardiff City."

"And Owens for third mate if he passes, sir," suggested Mr. Tremont. "I've put a lot of time in over that boy."

"Yes, you'd better keep an eye on him," Mr. Madrone agreed resignedly. "I fancy I'll be seeing a lot of him on and off. At least, so my daughter tells me. Women are the devil!"

(Copyright.)

SUMMER CAN'T Last for EVER

Continued from Page 49

SLOWLY Phillida sat down on the sofa, staring at him, scarcely breathing, her lips parted.

"You . . . you think I could learn? That I'm worth bothering about? I would . . ." And then she stopped abruptly. Christy had come back, a glass clinking with ice in his hand.

"Oh, I'm sorry! I didn't know . . ."

"It's quite all right. I am just going back to my seat. I hope we shall meet again soon—Miss Phillida."

The door shut behind him and Christy put the glass down on the little table beside Phillida.

"There," he said, and then, in a regular voice, "Drink it. You look tired out . . . you little silly . . . darling! Don't!"

For suddenly she was crying, sobbing her heart out and clinging to him. His arms tightened round her, his lips pressed against her hair, until she lifted her face and their lips met and she stopped crying.

"Christy . . ."

"Now," he said quietly. "Have your drink and tell me the news. Is Serval going to give you a chance? He's a wonderful man, you know . . ."

"A chance?" Phillida drew herself away and stared at Christy with held breath. "You mean . . . a chance to train as a dancer? But then everyone thought that I was Petrovna. You didn't?"

"No, I'm afraid I didn't," Christy said with a little smile. "You see—when you were travelling in the Calcutta mail train, I was on it, too. I had dinner at a table near to yours!"

"You knew all the time that I was—pretending?" Phillida straightened her slight shoulders. "I'm not going to make all sorts of excuses—I was doty. I suppose Kashmir just went to my head—I felt I had to do some-

thing mad and crazy. It was sweet of you to—pretend to believe me."

For a moment tears stung her eyes, and then she suddenly turned round, color rising in her face.

"But—did you know Guy Serval was going to be here to-night, Christy? Was that why you asked Lady Bannister to ask me to dance?"

"All you want," Christy said firmly. "Is a chance. Anyone can see that you've got the makings of a lovely dancer in you—Serval would see it in half a second, if he had the chance of watching you. The moment I heard he was coming up here on a quick visit—well, it was all very easy. 'Now you'll be famous in no time!'"

"Christy!" Phillida came up to him and stood in front of him, looking up into his face with wide, grave eyes. "Just now you—you called me 'darling' and you kissed me. Did it—did it mean anything?"

She saw his face tighten and turn quite pale.

"Phillida . . . of course it meant that—I love you. But—that doesn't matter now—now that Serval wants to take you up. I'll come and see you dance in London."

He was interrupted by her arms flung suddenly round his neck and her cool face pressed against his.

"Christy! Darling, has any one asked me which I'd rather do? Go and slave to be a stupid dancer on the idiotic London stage—or marry someone that I love and be just an ordinary wife? Because if you simply won't ask me—I'll have to tell you myself."

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OUR SPORTSWOMEN Say They Are Not Superstitious

But Some Have "Lucky" Charms!

By RUTH PREDDEY

Are sportswomen superstitious?

It was during a game of bridge that this question was raised after two prominent sportswomen amused the other players by running round a chair three times, putting handkerchiefs on their heads, insisting on dealing with the cards that had been cut, and indulging in other fads and fancies that evidently carried with them some good-luck significance.

How far did these players carry their superstitions on the court and golf course? One could hardly imagine them running round a tee-up ball three times, or commencing a tennis service with handkerchiefs placed upon their heads.

STRANGELY enough, they had no superstitions when it came to outdoor games. They did not carry charms; did not mind wearing green, and did not object to being the thirteenth player sent off in a competition.

Inquiries among sportswomen generally indicate that golfers appear to have no superstitions as regards the color green. In fact, it appears to be the most favored shade for the players belonging to the upper ten. Mrs. Robinson, who captained the Australian team against the British women golfers when they were here recently, wore green. She favored the same color when she later captained the New South Wales team. Miss McKay also wore a light green golf shirt.

Wore Green Suit

MISS JANET GARDINER, Queensland's State champion golfer, vows she has no superstitions, and says to prove it "Why, the day I won the State championship I wore an all-green suit, with green socks and hat."



MISS JANET GARDINER, golf champion of Queensland, is not superstitious, but she thinks luck is a big factor in her games.

Janet considers luck plays an important part in all matches, and whether her stockings are on inside or out, or whether she is in green or blue, it is luck she requires to give her confidence. She admits to having carried various mascots round with her, but denies that they had anything to do with superstition.

On the other hand her mother, Mrs. W. F. Gardiner, Royal Queensland's club champion this year, is full of superstitions. On one occasion she was noticed playing in an important match with one of her stockings on inside out. When she was informed of it she merely said: "I know; I will leave it."

When the British women golfers left England on their Australasian tour they were each presented with a swastika bangle to wear for luck. The day Mrs. Greenlees played her match at Yeerongpilly in Brisbane she appeared on the

links without her bangle. Much dismayed, Mrs. Hodson, the captain, offered Mrs. Greenlees hers. This was refused because "it might bring me bad luck if I borrow." However, she won her match without her mascot.

They Admit It

MRS. GATEHOUSE, the Victorian golfer, is very superstitious, and when the championship was being played in Melbourne this year was on the links bright and early, distributing four-leaf clovers to all the players.

Mrs. F. J. Davy, the secretary of the Australian Women's Hockey Association, who will manage the Australian team during the tour of America next year, confesses to being superstitious as regards the color green.

"I wouldn't wear it for anything," she said. "Hockey girls are really not superstitious, although I have noticed girls leave a room or railway car if thirteen were gathered together."

Mrs. Ronald Peden, who captained the Australian women's cricket team, could recall only one instance of a superstition or lucky charm incident, and that was in the match between Victoria and New South Wales, when Percy Antonio asked permission of the captain to leave the field to collect a mascot she had left in the dressing-room. The English women's cricket team appeared to be void of superstitions, and used a green band around their luggage as a distinguishing mark.

Likes No. 13

"IT was in Los Angeles that an incident occurred in which Clare Dennis showed signs of what may be termed a superstition," said Mrs. Chambers, who acted as champion to the last Olympic Games team. "Every day an airship flew across the baths: the girls were practicing, and Clare Dennis declared that if it came over the morning she was competing in her race she would be sure she would lose. Strange to say, the day of the Olympic championship, the airship did not take its customary cruise, and Clare won."

Mrs. Roland Conway, senior woman councillor of the N.S.W. Lawn Tennis Association, says that as a sporting group the tennis players are particularly free from superstitions. At the same time, both here and abroad, she has known a player to wash out a frock to wear the next day because she fancied it lucky.

Now having found by deduction that the majority of sportswomen are not superstitious in the sports arena, the question arises as to whether they consider outdoor recreations games of skill, and those played indoors games of chance?

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Here is Taken K1 in The Australian Women's Weekly "Treasury of Knowledge" Book offer.

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Here is Taken B19 in The Australian Women's Weekly "Children's Treasure House" Book offer.

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CUT OUT NOW AND PASTE IT AT ONCE ON YOUR VOUCHER.

See Special Book Offer story on Page 31.

How Many Happy Months?

It behoves you to make and eat enormous quantities of Mince Pies this Christmas. A simple task, we think, but the point is that every Mince Pie you eat means another happy month, or so tradition says. Of course, anyone would be gloriously happy eating Copha Mince Pies. And that's not just prejudice on our part, we've seen people with faces wreathed in beatific smiles after just one of our Mince Pies. However, you needn't take our word for it—here's the very recipe we use—

CHRISTMAS MINCE PIES
PASTRY:
1 lb. Copha 1 level teaspoonful salt
1 lb. castor sugar Few drops lemon juice
1 egg
3 (a despoonful) 1 lb. plain flour
milk 1 lb. S.F. flour
If necessary, soften the Copha in a basin. Add the sugar, egg, milk, salt and lemon and half the plain flour. Stir or beat till quite smooth. Make to a firm dough with remainder of flour.

MINCEMEAT:
1 lb. apples (peeled and cored) Grated rind and juice of two oranges
1 lb. seeded raisins 2 teaspoonfuls
1 lb. currants 2 (a despoonful) mixed spice
1 lb. sultanas 1 lb. Copha shredded finely
6 oz. brown sugar 1 (a despoonful) grated rind and 1 (a despoonful) lemon juice
Method:—Line small or large tins with pastry. Fill pie pans 2/3 full with mincemeat. Moisten edge of pastry. Cover with a top crust, trim and press edges together.

Pierce top crust with skewer or fork to permit steam to escape. Bake in hot oven about 400 deg. F. When cooked dredge with icing sugar. Christmas Cakes, Christmas Puddings, and the rest of the festive trappings, they're all in the Copha Recipe Book. You must have a copy. Copha makes all your cakes and pastry so much lighter and more digestible and you can even cook vegetables with it. It's a really marvelous method that retains in the vegetables all the health-giving mineral salts which are lost in ordinary water-boiling. Write for the Copha Vegetable Cookery Folder, it gives you all sorts of information. This folder and the Copha Recipe Book are free and post free from—

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BOOM in CRICKET

Players are Keen on Trip to England

There is not the slightest doubt that women's cricket is booming this season, and that a greater interest has been taken in the game since the visit of the English women's cricket team.

This season all the associations in the various States are concentrating on making the game popular, and interesting numerous non-players in the activity and organisation of the associations.

SOUTH AUSTRALIA, which is the latest State to affiliate with the Australian Women's Cricket Council, took part in their first interstate series of matches in January of this year. Although they came last in the competition, they were enthusiastic, and with the experience gained they should be quite formidable opponents in the next interstate series, which is expected to take place in Brisbane towards the beginning of March.

South Australia hopes to have ten teams in the Association this year, instead of six, as last season.

In Victoria over four hundred girls are playing cricket in the A, B, and C Grade matches this season. A record number of 30 teams are competing in premier-ship cricket, and the Victorian Women's Cricket Association has many more members than ever before.

Interstate Games

AS the interstate matches are to be held in Brisbane this season, it is only natural that there is a great deal of activity in the Cricket Association in that State.

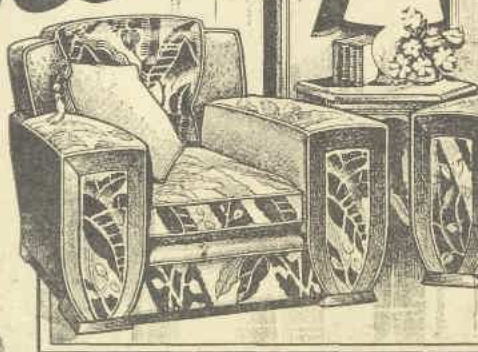
For the purpose of selecting the Australian team, it has been decided that the representatives from Queensland

shall play in Sydney, that the New South Wales team shall play in Melbourne, and the Victorian and West Australian representatives will play in Adelaide. These arrangements were made to lessen expense, and it will only be the three selectors who will travel to each State.

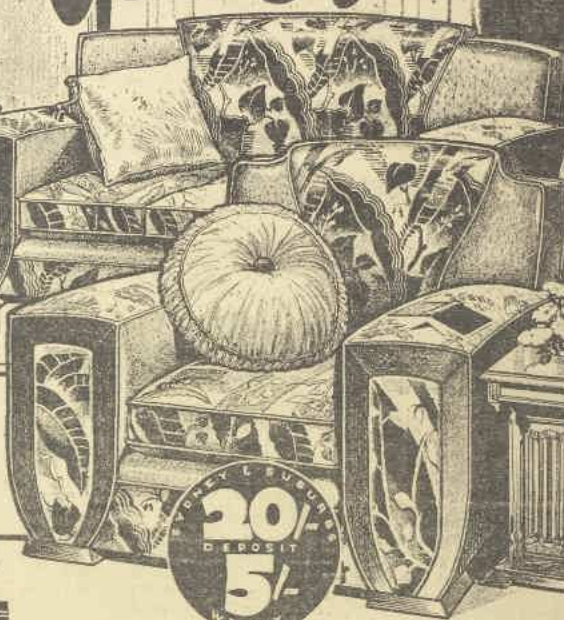
Progress in N.S.W.

THE New South Wales Association is concentrating on widening the scope of interest, firstly by supplying the school children who wish to play the game with grounds, equipment, and coaches. Secondly, many of last year's vice-presidents have resigned to make way for newcomers. The vice-presidents elected for this season are very representative, and include Mrs. Dettmann, wife of the headmaster of Sydney Grammar School; Mrs. Lawson, country representative from Deniliquin and sister-in-law of the Premier of N.S.W.; Mrs. Featherfield, secretary of the sports department of the Y.W.C.A.; Miss Lenson, librarian of the Mitchell Library; Miss Deane, who scored a double-century on the Sydney Cricket Ground in the nineties; and Miss Peden. Mrs. Thomas is the new president, and Mrs. Peden and Miss Commis continue in their same positions as secretary and treasurer.

Home Comfort!



Luxurious comfort is built into this sumptuous Lounge Suite, with its five fully-sprung loose cushions and magnificent Genoa Velvet upholstery. The design and finish are examples of the finest craftsmanship and in all respects this lovely Lounge Suite will please the most fastidious. For this week only the Cash Price is £19/19/- (or on Easy Terms).



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20/4/6

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BIG REDUCTIONS

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Usual	£4/19/6	£5/19/6	£4/19/6	£7/19/6
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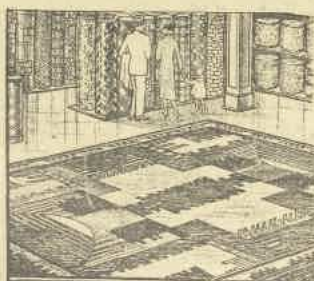
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15/- and 3/9
DEPOSIT WEEKLY



A COMPLETE BOOK-LENGTH NOVEL

Free Supplement to The Australian Women's Weekly

THE MYSTERY of the PEARLS

By JOHN LAURENCE

Author of "The Riddle of Wraye," "Mystery Money," "The Double Cross Inn," etc.

THIS SUPPLEMENT MUST NOT BE SOLD SEPARATELY

CHAPTER I



STUART REEVES jerked out the clutch, and rammed his foot hard on the brake. The racing sports car—the makers guaranteed a hundred miles an hour—pulled up with a protesting scream of locked brakes. There had been a spluttering of the engine, and then its sudden stoppage, spelling magneto trouble, and immediately afterwards the lights failed. It was the blackest night Reeves had ever known, and even if he could have driven he did not fancy doing so along a strange road without lights.

Exactly one second before he had acted so swiftly, his head lamps had been cutting a brilliant pathway a hundred yards ahead of him, and he had been thoroughly enjoying the drive. Then, with no warning, his lights had gone out.

"And that's that," he said philosophically, lighting a cigarette. "I wonder exactly where I am?"

With the aid of his pocket flash lamp he saw that the car was close to the side of the road. Reeves pushed it as far off the tarmac as possible. A little distance away he saw a faint gleam and he walked slowly in its direction. The light came through a gap between partly-drawn curtains of a low, long white house, vaguely outlined in the darkness. He made his way up the winding brick-paved path. There was a whiff of clean-smelling lavender. Little bunches of white roses caught a gleam of light as he approached the door. The path led past small windows through which he could hear voices, which ceased with a curious suddenness as Reeves' foot caught against a watering-can and sent it clattering over.

Reeves knocked at the door. He observed that the knocker was fashioned out of an old horse shoe, just before the door was sharply opened. He had not heard the sound of any footsteps. The electric light in the hall shone directly in his blue eyes, and he blinked momentarily.

"I'm sorry to trouble you," he apologised. "My car has broken down. The lights have gone. I wonder if you could tell me exactly where I am?"

He could not see the other's face clearly. Reeves had an impression that he was hesitating as though undecided whether to close the door, or to invite him to come in. A voice came from an inner room, a voice which sounded like some clear-toned bell,

a voice which Stuart Reeves then heard for the first time in his life, and which he never heard again without a quickening of his pulses.

"Who is it, Billy?"

"My name is Reeves. Perhaps I could telephone from here?"

"Come in," said the other quickly. "You've chosen a dark night and a lonely road to break down, Mr. Reeves. John!"

A manservant came down the broad staircase leading out of the hall.

"This gentleman's car has broken down," continued his master. "His lights have gone out. Find out what is the matter."

"Oh, no, I don't want—" began Reeves.

"That is all right. What John doesn't know about cars is not knowledge—is it, John?"

"What make is your car, sir?" asked the manservant. "How far down the road is it?"

"About a couple of hundred yards," Reeves pointed out. "It's a Speedway Sports."

"The fastest car on the road. They don't often go wrong, sir."

There was a new note in the manservant's tones. Anyone who owned a Speedway Sports was a man to be respected.

"Take off your coat and have a cocktail," invited the other pleasantly. "My name's Reynolds."

"That's very kind of you. I don't want to disturb—"

"We're always glad to see someone in the evening. This way."

He led the way into a long, low room furnished in dark old oak and comfortable chairs, from one of which, near the blazing fire, a girl sprang like some little animal.

"This is Mr. Reeves, Mary. My sister."

Reeves bowed, and murmured something as her lips parted in a smile of welcome and her dark eyes looked for a moment into his.

"I heard you talking, Mr. Reeves. I hope it's nothing very serious. You couldn't have broken down at a more awkward spot. You're about six miles from Reigate by—"

She stopped suddenly. Reeves had an uneasy feeling that the man behind him had signalled a warning to her. He turned slowly round as though he had not noticed the clipping of her sentence.

"Manhattan, gin and French, or a Broadway?" asked Reynolds politely.

"Manhattan, thanks. So I'm six miles from Reigate? What do they call this part of the town?"

"You're close to the village of Woodgate," replied Reynolds. "Get me the cocktail glasses, will you, Mary?"

He moved to the sideboard and poured the ingredients of the cocktail into a shaker.

"One of the amenities of civilisation. What has brought you into this out-of-the-way place, Mr. Reeves?"

"It's a bit of country I've not been in very often, and I like exploring. One meets the unexpected wandering round. Wonderful old house you've got here."

"I wish we had got it. As a matter of fact we are only renting it. They say it's over three hundred years old. I can well believe it. Here's luck in your wanderings, Mr. Reeves."

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last week to come and mend it, but you know what the telephone people are."

"You don't know where the nearest telephone is?"

"I wish I did. We do not know the district very well. We have only been here a short time."

"Oh, Billy, can't John drive—"

"It's most unfortunate, miss, but we've run out of petrol," interrupted the manservant.

Reeves bowed politely to the girl. "I have troubled you more than enough already," he said politely. "I am sorry I have worried you at all, Miss Reynolds."

He picked up his overcoat and hat and moved towards the door. He had hardly reached it before the telephone bell rang. The girl flushed, while Reynolds looked at the instrument a little angrily. Only the manservant appeared completely unperturbed.

"I think they must have put it right for you, sir," he said suavely.

Reynolds hesitated for a moment and then lifted the receiver.

"Reynolds speaking. Is that you, Tommy? I thought the line was out of order. . . . I wanted to telephone about a car that's broken down here. What? It's a Speedway Sports. Magneto gone wrong. . . . Yes, come out straight away then. And Tommy, bring some petrol, will you? A couple of tins."

He rang off. The expression on his face had changed.

"I'm so sorry, Mr. Reeves. You must have thought me terribly rude. I shall be only too happy for you to use the telephone, of course, but frankly the chances of a garage being open at this time of night with a mechanic on tap are pretty hopeless. They all shut at ten round here. I've been caught that way. Here's a list of the local garages."

He seemed eager to help. Reeves felt that the accident of the unknown Tommy ringing up had changed the atmosphere, and it puzzled him why. He tried four numbers and only got a reply from one, and that was to say the mechanic had gone home and it was impossible to do anything before the morning.

"Nothing doing, I'm afraid. I'm sorry to have bothered you so much at this time of night, too."

"It's no trouble at all," assured Reynolds. "And the time of night is nothing. We're late birds here, all of us. We can't let you get out this time of night. You'd find all the hotels closed and no trains. I'll have a bed fixed up and dig you out a suit of pyjamas."

His sister had left the room while Reeves was still protesting.

"There is Tommy," said Reynolds a little while later, as there came the sound of a horn outside. "Would you excuse me for a moment?"

TOMMY MERTON proved to be a considerably older man than Reynolds. In the late forties, Reeves judged, though he had the same square, athletic figure, and looked, indeed, as hard as nails. He had the clear blue eyes of the man who had relied upon them all his life for his life; the eyes of the hunter. He was a man extremely difficult to place, pleasant, interesting, talkative, and yet, as far as saying anything that mattered went, completely reserved. Yet few would have called Tommy Merton reserved until they had known him for a very long time.

There was no doubt about the charm of the man, nor any doubt that he and Mary Reynolds were on exceedingly good terms. "Speedway Sports don't often go wrong," he said, as they were discussing the breakdown. "But they don't make the magneto. I envy you its possession."

"You've driven one?" asked Reeves.

"Drove one round Brooklands once for my sins," admitted Merton. "Whacked her up to a hundred and thirty, skidded, and thought I was going over the top. It's a bit hair-raising skidding at that speed."

Reeves looked at the man's fine hands, long thin hands, capable hands. He was sitting by the fire, cracking a walnut between his first finger and thumb as he was speaking. Not fingers to feel round the back of your neck, reflected Reeves.

"Not a pleasant thing," he agreed, thinking of his neck.

"You drive much too fast, Tommy," declared Mary Reynolds.

"It's sometimes necessary," replied Merton with a dry smile. "And I remember at least one occasion in which you averaged forty from the West Country to London, when I'd broken a wrist."

"That meant doing sixty pretty regularly," commented Reeves. "That's pretty good going for a woman."

"I don't like people passing me on the road," confessed Mary. "What's the time, Tommy? My watch has stopped."

"Twenty past eleven."

"I think I shall go to bed, then," she answered. "I've got a tennis match on tomorrow afternoon and I'm playing a round with Billy in the morning."

"A spot of bed won't be a bad idea," agreed Reynolds. "You needn't go till you feel like it, Reeves. Tommy will keep you company. He's usually a late bird. John's pushed your car into the drive, so it will be off the road. I've told him to ring up in the morning and get a man to come out with a spare 'mag.' Will that be all right?"

"Thanks very much. I feel I'm trespassing horribly. I don't think I'll sit up, if you don't mind. I've had a day in the open, touring round, and feel a bit sleepy."

He certainly did feel sleepy, heavy almost. It was Reynolds who showed him to his room.

DESPITE their announced intention of going to bed, Reeves' last hazy recollection of anything as he fell asleep was the murmur of voices from downstairs.

He awoke suddenly. A faint flush of dawn was showing through the windows, and there was a crisp feeling of a chilled earth in the air. Reeves lay there listening, wondering what had awakened him. His lips were parched, his throat dry, and he slipped out of bed and poured himself out a glass of water. He stood by the windows and gazed idly out as he drank thirstily. The windows looked on to a broad, neatly-kept lawn. He could see the glistening, heavy dew on the rose bushes. Their fresh perfume came to him and brought back that summer evening when he had walked through such a garden as this to tell a grudge-faced, white-haired old lady that her son had been acquitted on a charge of murder, largely—though Reeves had not told her that—through his own belief in the boy's innocence.

He shivered slightly as he began to feel the chill of the early morning air, and turned back to bed.

"Hallo!"

Reeves stood quite still and looked at the door. He had the most distinct recollection that it had no key in the lock when he went to bed, for he had tried to fasten the door as an elementary precaution, sleeping in a strange house, among people whom he did not know. And now he could see the end of the key, and knew before he softly tried the handle that the door was locked on the outside.

"Locked in?"

He grinned cheerfully. Well, if he hadn't felt quite certain about Reynolds and Merton they had only acted in the same way towards him. After all, he could not blame them. They didn't know him, and the breakdown of his car might be only a clever ruse to get into the house for the night. It would not be the first time the

ruse had been tried and the occupants found themselves in the morning minus their most valued possessions.

"Well, I may as well be warm, even if I am a prisoner!" he reflected.

Back in bed, he lay looking up to the ceiling, thinking of the oddness of the situation, and the more he considered it the more odd some aspects of it appeared.

Suddenly he heard the sound of a car on the other side of the house, a sound which died away almost immediately, but made him sit up quickly. He put on his jacket and stood by the window listening. There had been something vaguely familiar in the sound of the exhaust. He heard quiet footsteps coming round the brick path, but the sloping roof hid whoever it was. There was a sharp whisper, so close to him it seemed, that Reeves involuntarily turned round to see if there was anyone in the room. He chuckled to himself at his quickened pulses as he realised the sound had come through the open window of the bedroom next to his. The tone was so low that if he had not been listening he would not have caught the words or the reply.

"Got them?"

He thought he recognised Reynolds' voice. There was no doubt about the owner of the voice which replied from somewhere below. The tones were those of Mary Reynolds, clear and quiet.

"Yes, Billy. Tommy and I will be up in a moment. Don't talk, Billy. He's left the windows open. I'm coming up to get some beauty sleep."

A door opened and shut softly, and Reeves got into bed. Five minutes later he heard the key turn in the lock of his door so quietly that if he had not been waiting for it he would have missed it. They had locked him in so that he would not find out by chance Mary and Tommy had been out together most of the night!

"Now what are those two doing out at this time in the morning, and Reynolds sitting up for them?" he asked. "And what have they got? I wonder if they wanted me to go to bed so that they could lock me in?"

IN spite of his thoughts Reeves must have dozed again, for his next recollection was hearing someone tapping at his door and announcing it was eight o'clock. He got up and dressed. Old as the house was, it had been fitted with the modern convenience of a hot and cold water basin in the bedroom. From somewhere downstairs came the chimes of a quarter to nine. He wandered out on to the lawn. There was every promise of a wonderful day. The house faced south and that corner was a veritable sun-trap. A moss-grown brick pathway led round the house to the drive, where Reeves saw his car.

He lifted the bonnet and his hand rested for a moment on the radiator. It was still warm. The engine had been running within the last few hours, certainly since it had failed last night. Reeves switched on the headlights, but without any effect. He pressed the self-starter and obtained no response. The faint sound of a small stone jumping from underfoot made him turn quickly round. It was the manservant who had appeared so silently that only the accident of a kicked stone made his presence known.

"The garage is sending a man out in about half an hour, sir, with a spare magneto."

It was on the tip of Reeves' tongue to mention the radiator, but he checked himself.

"Mr. Reynolds is not up yet, I suppose?"

"He's not an early riser, sir. He asked me to say that if you came down first there was no need to wait breakfast. Anything I can do for you, sir?"

"I think you did enough last night, thank you, for bringing the car along."

Reeves moved away. He had an odd feel-

ing that the manservant was watching him, but he refrained from turning round. In the dining-room he found the breakfast-table laid, and a dark-eyed, prim-looking maid waiting.

CHAPTER 2

MERTON appeared as Reeves was half-way through his breakfast.

"Morning, Reeves. Morning, Bridget. Almost overslept myself."

He lifted the cover of the entire dish before him.

"Kedgeree. Good girl, Bridget. You know my weakness. Did you have a good night?"

"Yes. I always sleep well in the country. There's the man from the garage, I fancy."

Reeves nodded towards the window.

"Sanders will tell him what is wrong."

said Merton. "You motor a lot?"

"Yes. It's a hobby of mine."

"It's a business of mine, unfortunately," said Merton. "I've got a wandering commission from a big firm to boost their cars. Mine's a Collins Racer."

"I thought agents had a fixed district, as it were?"

"So they have. But my job's purely advertising in a way. I tour round and stay at hotels and boost my own car. Of course it is kept in perfect condition and attracts attention."

Reeves rather liked Tommy Merton. There was an air of refreshing youth about him, despite his grey hair. The man was very much alive, keen. To Reeves, too, he seemed to be wasted as a motor agent.

Reeves pictured him more as the head of an old family, the benevolent ruler over acres of farm land and hunting country.

They had both finished their breakfasts before Mary Reynolds and her brother appeared. The morning light confirmed Reeves' overnight impression—more than confirmed it—and he looked at her almost fascinated by the graceful curves of her slim figure.

"I really meant to be down first this morning," she cried. "But I overslept myself. You slept well, Mr. Reeves?"

"Excellently, thank you."

They all seemed very anxious to know how he slept, he noticed.

"What are you going to do to-day, Tommy?"

"I'm going to take it easy, my dear, and rest my weary old bones."

"Old fiddlesticks," she scoffed. "Anybody would think you were old enough to be my father, the way you talk, Tommy."

Sanders came in and announced that the Speedway had been put right, and Reeves promptly rose.

"I am most eternally grateful to you all," he said, his eyes looking into Mary's.

"And I hope if ever the opportunity comes my way I shall be able to repay you for your kindness. May I leave you my card?"

It was Billy Reynolds who took it and dropped it into his pocket, Billy who walked with him to his car.

"We've all been very pleased to see you, your acquaintance, Mr. Reeves, and my sister and I will always be happy to see you when you're passing this way."

"I may take advantage of your offer sooner than you expect," laughed Reeves.

"I like this district from what I have seen of it."

He drove off with a feeling of regret at leaving very pleasant people, with a feeling that he had wished they had asked him to stay, though he could see no reason at all why they should. It was partly because he was puzzled by the happenings of the night, but more because of Mary Reynolds. He could still feel the touch of her cool, slim fingers in his as he bade her good-bye, hear the bell tones of her voice as she smilingly replied, "Say au revoir but not good-bye, Mr. Reeves." He wished she had meant it. He drove slowly along until he was about a mile away and pulled the car up beside the road and lighted a pipe.

"It couldn't have been mine I heard," he reflected. "Though I thought I knew the sound of the exhaust. Funny the radiator was warm though. Wonder how the juice is going?"

He looked at the petrol gauge. Four and three-quarter gallons. Reeves was methodical where petrol consumption was concerned. Mechanically he noted the speedometer reading. Since the last one he had put in the tank seven gallons, so that he had used two and a quarter.

He stared at his figures with a puzzled air. For the last five thousand miles he had averaged eighteen miles to the gallon. But if these figures were right, he must have been doing more like 25, an inexplicable jump.

THE unexpected surplus of petrol was still worrying him when he resumed his journey, was still in the back of his mind a mile farther along the road where he came to a narrow bridge crossing the River Moie, and saw a sergeant and a policeman standing there, signalling him to stop.

"What's my crime this time?" he asked pleasantly.

"No crime at all, I hope, sir," said the sergeant. "May I look at your driving licence?"

Reeves produced it. The policeman stood by with an open pocket-book in which he busily made notes.

"What's the idea?" asked Reeves. "Holding up everybody?"

"We have to hold you up occasionally, sir," replied the sergeant with a grin.

"Otherwise we shouldn't know whether you'd got a licence. You've got a fine day for your drive back to London."

"How do you know I'm going back to London?"

"Well, if you came from London this morning you must have got up pretty early, sir, and as your address is Hampstead I assumed you've been in the country for the night and were going back again."

"That is why I haven't got a suitcase with me," laughed Reeves. "But you're partly right. I have been in the country, but I am not going back to town. I had a breakdown last night—my 'motor' went wrong—and stayed at a house about a couple of miles back. Some people called Reynolds. I'm stopping in this district, wandering round. Thinking of taking a house round here."

"You're going to Reigate, sir?" asked the sergeant. "Would you mind giving me a lift?"

"I should be delighted," answered Reeves. "You can show me where the Southwood Garage is."

The sergeant whispered something to his companion before he took his seat.

"I suppose there's a big round up?" Reeves asked as they moved off. "Lucky my licence was in order."

"Something like that, sir," admitted the sergeant. "You don't often have trouble with these cars."

"First I've ever had with her, and she's done over fifteen thousand. Not even any tyre trouble."

They drove up the narrow Reigate High Street and turned through the picturesque tunnel which makes such an unforgettable approach to the old Surrey town. A policeman raised his hand to stop them, and then waved them on.

"He spotted me in the car," said the sergeant, in reply to Reeves' comment.

"Otherwise I daresay you would have been held up. Southwood Garage is on the right there. I'm going in for a minute myself. Thank you very much for the lift, sir."

"Always delighted to help the police," answered Reeves with a sly grin. "Wish I could have had a straighter road. I'd

have loved to have let her all out with a sergeant in the car."

He watched the policeman go into an office in the garage as a mechanic came up. Reeves was explaining who he was when a big-faced, capable-looking man came out of the office. He seemed to know who Reeves was.

"We've got your magneto upstairs in the electrical room, Mr. Reeves, testing it," he said. "Perhaps you would care to come up and see what is the matter? It's quite interesting for those who've not seen any testing."

Reeves followed, and did not see the sergeant watching him, nor see him step into the car immediately he was safely in the testing-room with the works manager. And so interesting did the testing appear to Reeves that he was astonished when he came back to his car again to find he had been away three-quarters of an hour.

"If you spent as much time with each customer as you have with me," he said, "you wouldn't have time to work."

"It isn't every customer who shows the interest you have, sir," replied the works manager suavely.

"Can you recommend a good hotel in the town where I can get lunch?"

"The Red Cow, sir. Just through the tunnel. There's a big yard at the back where you can garage the car."

"I'll call for the 'mag,'" said Reeves. "Send me a postcard to my London address when it's ready, will you?"

The Red Cow was a picturesque old inn with an ancient stable yard now given over to motor-cars. Reeves turned into a space between two others.

"Bit crowded," said a man who had just hung an old coat over the radiator of his car. "Been held up this morning?"

He looked enviously at the Speedway as he spoke.

"Yes, but luckily my licence was O.K. Did they get you?"

"They're only holding up Speedways. Let's sit together, shall we? What will you have? The sherry's pretty good here."

"I'll take your judgment on it," agreed Reeves, as they chose a table in the corner.

"Why do you say they're only holding up Speedways?" I thought it was a general round-up to collect a few fines for the police orphanage."

"Haven't you seen the evening papers?" Reeves laughed.

"Evening papers at mid-day never did attract me. Why, what's the news?"

"I'll get the waiter to bring us one. Old Jasper Whitesakes has been knocked out."

"What, murdered?" asked Reeves.

"Knocked on the head with a poker," said his companion. "I won't spoil the account for you. Tell me about the hold-up."

THERE could have been few people in England who had not heard of Jasper Whitesakes. He had dominated the money market the last year, and but three months previously had astounded even the Stock Exchange by his colossal coal merger, which had brought about a working agreement between half the coal-fields in England, and had incidentally given Whitesakes a profit which was said to be well over seven figures. Yet two years previously he had been unknown. His rise had been meteoric, and most people had predicted his fall would be as sensational. The great, stirring black headlines of the newspapers were eloquent of the sensation which had been caused.

Two facts immediately stood out from the account. One that the financier had been found in a dying condition in the dining-room of his house at Grinstead in the hour before dawn. And the other was that a local policeman had seen a Speedway Sports car driving away from the house a few minutes before that discovery. No wonder, reflected Reeves, he had been stopped! He whistled softly to himself.

It was a wonder he had not been arrested. "I'm not surprised they held me up," he cried. "Good job I hadn't seen this. I should have panicked and kept the car off the road. I feel now that everybody will be watching me go and wondering if I did him in. I stayed the night only six miles from here. It would have been nothing to have popped over to Grinstead and back only my 'mag' washed itself out and I got stuck up. Had to telephone a garage and get another sent out. Bit of luck for me."

"I see Whitecoaks' stocks have tumbled down. Extraordinary no one seems to have known how he began."

Reeves nodded in a preoccupied way. He felt suddenly he wanted to get away, to get back to Woodgate, to the White House, to Mary Reynolds and her brother and Merton. The puzzle of the warm radiator and the surplus petrol and the locked room and the return of Mary and Merton at dawn had suddenly resolved itself. It was his Speedway which had been used that night. It had not occurred to him till then that that was why they had wanted him to stop, because they wanted a fast car, something which could go faster, if necessary, than anything else on the road. Nor had it occurred to him until that moment that it was perfectly possible for Merton to have transferred the magneto from his own car for the hour or so he wanted it.

Reeves looked uneasily at the policeman on point duty as he drove away from the Red Cow, and had a distinct sensation of relief that he was not stopped. He felt instantly conspicuous driving down the High Street after doing some necessary shopping, so that he could stay the night in the district.

And then, as he passed an auctioneer and estate agent's, an idea flashed into his mind. It had been quite true what he had said the sergeant—that he was thinking of taking a house in the district. That would not only give him something very definite to do, but would give a perfectly feasible excuse why he should still be wandering round Woodgate and its district.

And when he came out of the estate agent's he carried in his pocket an order to view the White House at Woodgate, the house in which Mary Reynolds was at present living.

The Seven Sisters at Marlow Green, two miles from Woodgate, is famous for two things. One is that it is reputedly the oldest inn within thirty miles of London, and the other that for three hundred years it has passed in succession from one Brackenbury to another.

THE present William Brackenbury, red-faced, big-paunched, hearty-voiced, as his father was before him and his grandfather before him, gave Stuart Reeves a generous welcome.

Reeves liked Mrs. Brackenbury as much as he did her jolly and fat husband. Mrs. Brackenbury took an outside in hearts as well as in dresses.

"I think we shall be able to make you comfortable, sir," she said. "You can't beat these parts for scenery."

"I've got a permit to see the White House at Woodgate," said Reeves, who had explained that he was looking for a house to buy in the neighborhood.

"Do you know the people who are in it?"

"Jim Teller, who's bin down the 'edgin' and ditchin' says that Mr. Reynolds is a gentleman, and his sister a lady. But I ain't 'eard much about 'em. He can tell you more nor I can, sir. Jim, this gentleman's going up to the White House this afternoon."

Jim Teller eyed Reeves slowly, and as slowly removed his clay pipe from his mouth.

"Ay."

"He wants to know what Mr. Reynolds is like."

"Ay. Old Joe's bin up this mornin'. Jim," he says, 'you're an early bird. You see a moty-car this mornin'?' 'Ay,' says I, 'about 'alf-past seven I see 'er go by from Leigh way.' 'Oh,' says 'e, 'then you see summat important, Jim Teller. An' maybe you saw who was in it?' 'Maybe it were Missy Reynolds and Mr. Merton,' says I. 'I'll 'ave a screw of baccy, Bill."

HE stuffed a fresh supply of shag in his clay pipe and pressed it down with irritating slowness. The landlord explained that "Old Joe" was the village policeman.

"And what did he say next?" asked Reeves.

"E says to me, 'Jim,' e says, 'you know that moty-car when you see it again?' 'That's where you was mistook Joe,' says I. An' e says, 'Jim,' e says, 'don't you go talkin'."

With that Jim Teller shuffled into a seat and lapsed into silence.

"I don't suppose I shall be back to tea," said Reeves.

"You come in when you 'as a mind to, sir. If you come through the gate by the side you'll find the back door on the latch, an' then it's straight through to your room."

Reeves was worried over the news that Teller had laboriously imparted. The police were already spreading their net. Mary had been seen. The nearer he got to the White House the more difficult he found it to know what to say. On the face of it he could come to but one conclusion that Jasper Whitecoaks had been murdered by Merton, and Mary Reynolds knew it. His plain duty was to go to the police and tell them all he knew, but he recoiled at the prospect of placing either Mary or the others in jeopardy. After all, even if they had used his car—and he had no real proof of that—it did not follow they had used it so they could go off to Grinstead to murder Whitecoaks. His was not the only Speedway Sports in the world, and Reeves had every reason to believe that it had been out of action.

Reeves could not get Mary Reynolds out of his mind. If it had only been Merton and her brother he would have told the police quickly enough what he suspected. But somehow Mary was different. For him to be the cause of her being arrested, being accused at the very best of being an accomplice in a murder, made him hesitate, and his hesitation led him into the realms of imagination which finally decided him to say nothing for a few hours at any rate, until he had had some explanation from Mary herself.

In a quarter of an hour of meditation Reeves had worked himself up to such a pitch that he was prepared, at the end of it, to swear he had never lost sight of his car all night, that he had slept in it, that it had been incapable of being driven a single yard, however much he had wanted to drive it.

It was four o'clock when he pulled up again outside the White House. The door was opened by Bridget. She appeared a little excited, and her prim uniform had the appearance of having been hurriedly put on. She replied a little breathlessly when Reeves asked her if Reynolds was in.

"I'll tell him, sir, if you'll wait a moment."

Reynolds appeared almost on the moment.

"Hallo, Reeves, another breakdown?"

Reeves was relieved to note there was no hesitancy in his manner. He spoke, indeed, as though he was almost glad to see the other.

"No, it's a deliberate visit this time," he replied. "I hope I'm not disturbing you. I've got an order to view."

He held out the agent's order.

"I hope it's convenient?" he asked, as Reynolds looked hesitatingly at the piece

of paper. "I'm thinking of buying a house in the neighborhood, and by a coincidence this was the very first one offered me. I couldn't resist taking the order."

"My dear fellow, my sister and Merton are at tennis. They'll be delighted to know an old acquaintance as it were is after the house," declared Reynolds. "If you saw some of the people we've thrown over the place you'd throw a fit. Half of them kick up a row because the gas is not laid on, and the other half seem astonished to learn there are no trams and buses passing the door every few minutes. Mary generally hints with that kind of dampness and beetles."

Reeves laughed.

"I shan't be put off that way. Frankly, I like the little bit of what I have seen of the house. I wonder you haven't taken it for keeps yourself."

"We've got a place of our own," replied Reynolds, though he did not say where. "We thought we'd like a change for a few months."

"I think I've had all the change I want," commented Reeves. "I've been out of England the last ten years and only got back a month ago. I've been looking round wondering where to settle."

"Here's Bridget with the tea. We won't wait."

Mary Reynolds and Merton came in a few minutes later.

"Well, did you win?" asked her brother. "Six-four, six-love," cried Mary, her eyes sparkling.

"I'm getting old, Billy," said Merton. "That's the second time this week she's beaten me."

He turned to Reeves.

"What have you been doing? We had the local policeman here this morning asking about your car. Wanted your car, but we couldn't give it, of course. He seemed quite surprised we hadn't known you since your school days."

Reeves put down his cup. Behind Merton's bantering tones he detected a serious note. It seemed to him that both Mary and her brother had leaned forward and were watching him.

CHAPTER 3

"I WAS stopped on the way to Reigate," Reeves acknowledged. "Obviously they wanted to look at my licence. Actually when I was having lunch in Reigate, I learnt that they were searching for a Speedway Sports."

"What's it been doing?"

Merton's voice was completely controlled. He lighted a cigarette with a steady hand as he looked at Reeves. The latter did not beat about the bush.

"A man named Whitecoaks has been murdered at Grinstead," he said bluntly. "Murdered!"

It was Mary who spoke. She was staring at Reeves in horror, her eyes wide open, her lips parted. Merton's cool tones relieved the tension.

"He's that big financier, isn't he? There was nothing about it in the morning's papers. And we don't get the wireless news until six. Have you any details?"

"Nothing much," confessed Reeves. "He was found dead just before dawn. He had apparently been killed with a poker. A policeman saw a Speedway Sports driving away from Grinstead just about that time, so they suppose the murderer was in it. I can tell you I wished I'd got any car but that when I heard the news."

"I suppose you told the police you stayed here last night?" asked Merton. "And that's why they called?"

"Yes, I hope you don't mind. Naturally, I didn't know about this then. It makes one feel uncomfortable."

"Of course, you couldn't do anything but tell them. Lucky your 'bus' was out of action. I told the local policeman that. He asked me for the name of the garage that came out to put it right."

"The sergeant on the road came back to

the garage with me," explained Reeves. "I wasn't allowed out of his sight until my story had been checked."

"Oh, it's dreadful to feel you're being watched all the time," cried Mary. "I shan't sleep to-night."

"Sanders said at lunch that he'd noticed a number of strangers in the district," observed Reynolds. "We didn't think much about it then, but after what you have told us, Mr. Reeves, I'm wondering—"

"Don't you begin wondering as well, Billy," interrupted Merton.

It was Merton, Reeves noticed, who took the lead, who spoke most. It was Merton, too, who tactfully found out where Reeves was staying. Whenever Reeves looked across at her he saw Mary's eyes fixed on him, as though she were trying to read his thoughts. There was something in her expression which made him feel uneasy, made him feel, indeed, that she resented his presence there, that she would be relieved when he went. The only time she spoke, her words expressed a suspicion.

"So you are thinking of buying a house in the neighborhood, Mr. Reeves, perhaps this house. It's a pity you didn't mention it last night—this morning and it would have saved you coming back again."

"Frankly, I didn't think about it," admitted Reeves. "Even if I did buy it you could stop here as long as you liked, of course. I am in no hurry."

"Perhaps you would show Mr. Reeves over, Tommy?"

REEVES rose. Although Reynolds had advised him to wait until his sister had returned, Mary had shown very clearly that she did not want to be alone with him. And she showed it more clearly still when Merton and Reeves had begun their tour.

"Come into the garden, Billy; I want to talk to you."

"What bee have you in your bonnet now?" asked her brother, when they were out of hearing of the house.

"I've got no bee at all. That man is a detective and he's come to spy on us. Tommy never saw Whiteoakes, let alone murdered him."

"I say, Mary, that's a bit thick. Reeves couldn't have foreseen the murder last night," protested her brother. "He couldn't have foreseen that his car would be a god-send and we'd change his 'mag,' and mend the fuse temporarily. The police aren't prophets."

His sister shifted her ground.

"Then why is he here? Why has he come back? Didn't you see him watching us when he told us Whiteoakes had been murdered? I could almost have screamed at him when he said it. And he never had any idea last night of buying a house."

"It's not usual to talk over one's private affairs on first acquaintance," pointed out her brother. "Be reasonable, Mary."

"I am reasonable, and you'll find out when he's gone that Tommy will agree with me. We'll be watched every minute, Sanders."

"Sanders will find out if there is anything in the wind," interrupted her brother. "Lucky his sister lives here. If we're watched, we're watched, that's all. But they can't accuse us of something we've never done."

"Oh yes, they can and will. Supposing they searched the house and found them. What chance do we stand?"

"Good Lord, I never thought of that."

Her brother whistled softly to himself.

"Well, we'll talk to Tommy when Reeves has gone," he continued. "You'll scare me stiff if you go on like that."

"If we were seen by anybody returning it will be serious, Billy. If Mr. Reeves' story is really true that he was stopped, then sooner or later they'll put two and two together. We're not the only people who would have thought of changing the 'mag.'"

Her brother shrugged his shoulders. The

murder of Jasper Whiteoakes had come as a shock to him, but he did not believe for a moment that Merton or his sister would be accused of it any more than he believed Reeves was a detective. Even the cleverest detectives could not foresee a murder. Why, they had not known themselves until yesterday morning that Whiteoakes would be without his usual bodyguard in his house at Grinstead. The jewels, of course, were a difficulty, but as long as the police did not suspect them—and Reynolds did not see how they could do that despite his sister's fears—there was no need to worry away until the hue and cry had died down. There was nothing to point to Tommy being the original owner of the jewels, as far as he knew. Even Jasper Whiteoakes wouldn't leave a written record of that transaction. No man commits himself on paper that he is a thief.

"Well, even if Reeves is a detective," he said as they turned back towards the house, "you may as well be polite to him. It's no use letting him see we suspect anything or we're upset in the least by the murder of someone we're not supposed to know anything about. I thought when you shrieked out that word 'murdered' you were going to give the whole game away."

"I very nearly did," admitted Mary. "I wasn't prepared for it. I don't know how Tommy kept on talking so casually."

"We strong men—" began her brother flippantly, and stopped as they turned a corner of the garden and saw Reeves and Merton coming down the crazy-paved path.

"I like it immensely, Miss Reynolds," declared Reeves enthusiastically as the four came within speaking distance. "I don't think I shall look much farther."

"The only pity is—Mr. Reeves is not married," said Merton.

Reeves smiled. He was looking at Mary's left hand as he spoke, noticing that it had no rings on it.

"I haven't had time to think of getting married," he declared, "but with a house like this, perhaps somebody would take pity on me."

"I can't imagine any woman not liking the house," said Mary. "It's just the kind I would choose if—"

SHE stopped suddenly as she realised the significance of her words, as she saw the look in Reeves' eyes. A faint flush tinged her cheeks.

"Mr. Reeves is staying at the Seven Sisters," said Merton. "So we shall have him as a neighbor."

"I can assure you I shan't worry you any more," began Reeves.

Mary glanced significantly at her brother. Again it was Merton who interposed.

"I hope we'll see a lot of you," declared Merton. "We can have a foursome at golf or tennis, eh? You play?"

"Both games," replied Reeves.

"Then come along to-morrow morning and we'll make up a four at tennis," said Reynolds. "We can lend you a racket."

"I shall be delighted," answered Reeves.

Mary Reynolds was the only one of the four who showed no enthusiasm for the arrangement. And her attitude only made Reeves all the more determined to keep the appointments in the morning.

"Well, sir, an' what do you think of the 'White House'?" asked the landlord of the Seven Sisters as he brought in the Stilton cheese and placed it on the table of Reeves' private sitting-room.

"I'm going to buy it," announced Reeves. "I'm glad we're going to have you as a neighbor, sir. Pity you ain't got somebody to look after you."

"Heard anything more about the murder at Grinstead?" Reeves asked, after a lull in the conversation. He had already told Brackenbury of the way he had been stopped, and the news of the search for Speedway Sports cars was already in the papers.

"I can't say I've, Mr. Reeves. But old

Joe will be in just about closing to-night. He and I are old friends. He 'as a drink in the parlor with the missus and myself. Perhaps you would care to join us, sir?"

"I should be delighted," agreed Reeves. "That was a pretty foul murder, and I hope they lay hands on the murderer quickly."

He spoke forcibly. After all murder was murder. He could not believe Mary Reynolds had anything to do with it. The wild astonishment in her tones when he announced Whiteoakes had been killed was almost proof enough of that. But Reeves was uncertain about Merton. Although he could not help liking the man, could not help feeling he was not the type to kill anyone in cold blood, everything pointed to Merton being the murderer.

Reeves frankly looked forward eagerly to what the village policeman had to say and he was already in the parlor talking to the landlady when Joe Stevens arrived, helmet in hand.

"Good evening, sir," said the latter civilly. The landlady joined them in a few minutes, after shutting up the bar. He bore a tray and glasses.

"You know Mr. Reeves, Joe?" he asked. "He's buying the 'White House.' He's been to most of the places we've been to together."

The policeman nodded. Reeves saw that he was watching him carefully and he deliberately turned and talked to the landlady again about some of his experiences, and stressed the fact that he had only returned to England a short time ago and was a complete stranger to the district. The policeman's manner slowly thawed.

"Have you seen the sergeant?" asked Reeves suddenly, turning round. "He stopped me this morning because I'd got the kind of car they were looking for. I think I convinced him I was all right. I can tell you I felt pretty conspicuous after I read the news in the paper."

"It's not a nice feeling, sir," admitted the policeman. "So you're buying the 'White House, sir? Perhaps you know the people in it?"

Reeves explained how he had come to stay at the house the previous night, and carefully emphasised the fact that he had never met Reynolds or Merton before. He adopted an indifferent tone, as though he did not care whether he ever met them again.

"They've got an agreement for six months," he added. "But if I want to go in they are prepared to go."

The policeman did not seem in a hurry to talk, and Reeves deliberately tried to give him a lead.

"I had the feeling this afternoon when I was being shown over the place," he added, "that they would be quite glad to break the agreement. I believe they'd go to-morrow if I wanted to get in straight away."

STEVENS looked up and then slowly drained his glass.

"You think they're in a hurry to move, sir?" he asked. "Away from this neighborhood like?"

"Well, I gathered that impression," lied Reeves.

"I'm not surprised," nodded the policeman. "I think if I was in their shoes I'd skip it."

"You've got some news maybe, Joe," said the landlady. "You can take it, Mr. Reeves is one of the family like."

"Well, if you says so, that's all right, Bill. Ay, I've got some news which aren't to go outside these 'ere four walls until you reads it in the papers."

"We ain't let you down yet, Joe," said Brackenbury, pouring out a fresh tot of rum.

Mrs. Brackenbury settled herself down comfortably to listen. Her husband shifted

his chair a little nearer the fire, while Reeves carefully filled his pipe and prepared to keep his features impassive. He had drawn the policeman and he expected during the next few minutes to know exactly where the occupants of the White House stood, as far as the police were concerned. But expectant as he was, Reeves had the shock of his life before Stevens finished his story. It was evident that he was quite accustomed to revealing his secrets to the landlord and his wife. Indeed, afterwards, Reeves learnt that all three had no secrets from one another; that Joe Stevens and Bill Brackenbury had once been friendly rivals for Elizabeth Watts and the friendship had not been broken when she chose Brackenbury.

"They got the O.K. about you at Reigate, sir," began the policeman, turning to Reeves. "Got it from London late this afternoon, or else I shouldn't be saying nothing, despite Bill saying you were O.K."

"Mr. Reeves is O.K.," said the landlord. "You and I have knocked about enough to know when we seek."

"There's a couple of Reigate men up at the White House now," continued Stevens. "Keeping an eye on it till the morning, just to see they don't skip it in their cars. They've both got motor-bikes. Maybe you know them, Bill? George Warren and Jimmy Rawlins. They've got them in the barn there at the corner of the road."

The landlord nodded.

"Why do you expect the people at the White House to go in the night?" asked Reeves.

"Shouldn't be surprised," replied Stevens. "If they knew half what I'm telling you they'd say it before you could say knife. Fitty they let on about your car, sir."

"What do you mean? It wasn't my car."

"That's where you're mistaken, sir, if I may say so. It was your car. When you were in the garage the sergeant had a look over it. He found a small silver vanity box down the back of the driver's seat with the initials M.R. on it. An' the stube of two cigarettes, Solariums, in the ash tray. You don't smoke 'em, sir. Remember you gave the sergeant one? It was a Gold Flag. Mr. Merton at the White House smokes Solariums. And I daresay Miss Mary Reynolds is M.R. At least the chief thinks so."

"THE sergeant's pretty smart," commented Reeves.

"And what's more, Mr. Merton and Miss Reynolds were seen driving the car home at daylight," continued the policeman, in a tone of finality. "What was they doing at that time?"

"But my 'mag' and lighting had gone wrong."

"It isn't difficult to change a 'mag,' and a fuse could be mended in a few minutes. You've got a spare 'mag' on now, Mr. Reeves. What they wanted was something fast in case they were chased. Mr. Merton had been making inquiries for a fast car, but he hadn't got what he wanted. I reckon your breakdown was a godsend to him. And, what's more, a girl was driving the car when it left Grinstead."

"They wanted something fast in case they were chased. In a flash Reeves understood the change in Reynolds' attitude that night. His coming with the Speedway Sports, reflected Reeves, must have been a godsend, as Stevens suggested. The policeman's words made everything simple.

"Why haven't you had them arrested?" he asked.

"That ain't up to me," replied Stevens. "I daresay they will be by this time to-morrow. I don't give much for their chances. The sergeant did say it depended on the result of the search in the morning."

"What do you mean?"

"That's why they're having the house

watched to-night. There's a search warrant out, or going to be, an' they're going to have a look round in the morning. Old Whiteoakes wasn't done in for nothing. They found his safe broken open and his man says there's a string of pearls missing. He'd often seen old Whiteoakes looking at 'em."

CHAPTER 4

SO that was what "them" were reflecting Reeves. That was the meaning of Billy Reynolds' whispered question in the dawn, his sister's whispered reply. If the police found the pearls to-morrow there could be no explanation, nothing could save Mary Reynolds from standing beside her brother and Merton in the dock as an accessory. All the time Stevens was elaborating the case against the three at the White House, Reeves was racking his brains to find some other explanation than the obvious, that Merton and Mary had gone to Grinstead to get the pearls and had got them at the cost of a life. But no other explanation would come.

"I suppose that his man never heard the murderer?" asked the landlord.

"He weren't there to hear, Bill. They must have known he wouldn't be about. Bates his name was, 'Podgy' Bates."

"What, the old middleweight champion?" demanded the landlord. "I thought he was down and out, lifting his elbow too much."

"So he was," agreed Stevens. "And then old Whiteoakes advertised for a brouser to act as his servant, and Podgy got the job. He was up at the Ring last night. We checked it up. Afterwards I have gone on the booze again."

"Bates acted as a bodyguard?" asked Reeves. "Was Whiteoakes afraid of anybody?"

"According to what Podgy told 'em at Grinstead he was scared stiff how he'd make his money. It was something to do with them pearls too. He would pull them out of the safe and cuss them as though they were alive. Bates said he'd asked why Whiteoakes didn't sell them or keep them in a bank, and he said they'd brought him luck though he hated them, and if he didn't keep them his luck would change. He was a bit superstitious, I reckon. He told Bates, so he says, that they'd be the end of him, and, sure enough, they have."

"Lawks, to think we're harboring a murderer," cried Mrs. Brackenbury. "It makes me feel all giddy. An' that girl, too. I don't know what she's coming to nowadays with their short skirts and making themselves into chimneys. I opes as how the newspapers will say they don't really belong to Woodgate. It would bring the village a bad name."

"Well, it won't prevent me from buying the White House," declared Reeves. "I think if you good folk don't mind I'll be getting along to bed."

"Ay, it's gettin' on for eleven. Us won't be long, neither," declared the landlord. "Good-night, sir."

Reeves stared out of his bedroom into the blackness. There was a full moon, hidden, however, by heavy clouds, so that the night hadn't quite the intensity which holds in the country on moonless nights, making the roads and fields an impossible wilderness to a stranger. Reeves had the traveller's instinct for direction and the ability to move silently, which was to prove invaluable to him now. He had already travelled a number of times along the two miles or narrow, winding road between the inn and the White House and was confident he could find his way on the darkest night. That, in fact, didn't trouble him. There were the two policemen with their motor cycles on watch outside the White House, and the possibility of police on cycles on the road. He knew the usual methods of patrol in lonely country districts. More often than not the police rode their cycles without lights and approached so silently that he would have to keep the

keenest eye open the whole way. And there was the possibility of one standing immobile in the hedge waiting to report to the sergeant on his rounds.

But whatever the risks, Reeves was determined to warn Mary Reynolds of the danger which was confronting her. Despite the overwhelming evidence that Tommy Merton was the murderer, Reeves still had a feeling that there was a break somewhere in the chain. Neither Merton nor Reynolds struck him as criminals, and he flattered himself that he was a judge of men.

It seemed to him an hour while he stood there in the darkness looking out of the window across the tiny garden and up the road before he heard the landlord cry out, "Good night, Joe," heard the bolts shot home, and made out the dim figure of the policeman riding away on his bicycle. Actually, as the luminous hands of his watch showed him, it was only a quarter of an hour. Reeves was thankful to see that the policeman took the direction opposite to that in which the White House lay. It was one less difficulty to deal with.

HE heard the landlord lumbering up to bed, and Reeves, slipping his electric torch into his pocket, immediately began to make his way cautiously down the stairs. He trod on the ends to avoid creaking, and, letting himself out through the back door—the bolts took him nearly five agonising minutes to withdraw silently—stood listening. There was always the possibility of a dog which might give the alarm, though he had not heard one during the day.

It was not until he was a mile along the road, treading noiselessly on the grass and keeping in the deeper shadow of the hedges, that he began to breathe a little easier. His ears had become attuned to the noises of the night, his eyes to the mysteries of the dark places. Once a red dog, like some half-bred fox, skunk suddenly by on the other side of the road, and once Reeves flattened himself behind some bushes as he heard the sound of a motor car approaching.

Two hundred yards from the White House Reeves went through a gateway into a field and crept along the hedge. The further one he remembered, bordered on the large kitchen garden of the White House. At the end, away from this road, he found a gap through which he crawled. Lying there, flat, he could see the black shadow of the house outlined against the lightning sky. No lights of any kind were showing, and that in itself made Reeves feel a little uneasy as he wormed himself along the edge of the kitchen garden.

Without thinking, instinctively, he wriggled down nearer the hedge as there came a slight sound from the direction of the house. His peering eyes caught sight of the quietly-opened back door beside which three figures were standing.

"Heavens, they're not such fools as to try to make a bolt for it, surely?" he asked himself. "Their only chance is to—"

He pressed himself down and hid his face in case it might show up, as he saw all three were coming slowly up the path. One, he fancied it was Tommy Merton, appeared to be carrying some long instrument. He must think, and think rapidly. If they were trying to make their escape he must stop them at all costs. That would be an unpardonable error. Nothing was greater evidence of guilt than hiding from the police. It would create a prejudice against them, even if they were innocent, which would be extraordinarily difficult to overcome.

Reeves was taking himself on his elbows when he heard a whisper only a few feet away. It was Merton speaking, and Reeves almost laughed at the incongruity of his words. They seemed to him, keyed to the

highest pitch, to be a phrase by the Mad Hatter.

"We'll dig up these three cabbages and have them for lunch to-morrow. They look to me green enough."

"We'd look pretty green if those policemen saw us digging cabbages after midnight," whispered Reynolds.

"But they won't," said Merton. "Sanders is standing by the gate smoking one of my best cigars. As long as they see the glow of that they'll be watching him. Pull up those two, Billy, and let's see what the ground looks like. We've got to leave all the cabbage holes looking much the same. Lucky they're small ones, or the police would think we'd had cabbages for breakfast as well. Heave ho!"

"Sh! They'll hear you, Tommy."

REEVES looked up cautiously as Mary Reynolds spoke. He found himself looking down between rows of cabbage. A bare 15 feet away the three were bending down, oblivious to everything, as Merton held his torchlight close to the ground. In silent amazement Reeves saw Merton pull up the third cabbage and then pick up the spade he had been carrying.

"Hold the light right down, Billy."

"How deep are you going to bury them?"

Reeves held his breath. They were burying the pearls! Fools! As though the police wouldn't dig up every inch of the ground in their search, if they had the slightest inkling they were buried. And certainly they would look with suspicion on any freshly-turned earth, no matter how innocent it looked. To Reeves the folly of the whole proceedings seemed almost beyond belief.

"About a foot is enough. The depth of the spade," replied Merton. "If they do decide to dig anywhere it's no use giving them too much trouble. It will only make them angry."

Came a pause, and then, "Drop them in, Mary."

"They buried them darkly at dead of night, the sods with their bayonets turning," misquoted Billy.

"Well, Moore at Corunna is nothing to pearls in a cabbage bed," whispered Merton with a chuckle. "How's that look?"

"Fine. Let's have a cabbage each and get back. Sanders will be getting restive, unless your 'cabbage' has made him sick, Tommy. Perhaps the police are rendering first aid."

In sheer, silent amazement at their light-heartedness Reeves watched the three return to the house.

"Whew! And I thought once he was the stuff murderers were made of!" he muttered. "I he killed Whitecoats I'll kill my grandmother."

As both Reeves' grandmothers had been dead twenty years, it was a very safe proposition.

It was the astonishing childishness of the whole proceeding which struck him so terribly. And then there came back to him that story of Edgar Allan Poe's, "The Purloined Letter." Put something in the obvious place and no one will see it! Perhaps Merton was not such a fool after all. Perhaps the very obviousness of the dig-up ground, where everyone could see at a glance it had been dug up, would blind the police. Perhaps they, too, would not believe anyone would be so incredibly foolish as to bury stolen jewels right where they could almost be seen. And for that reason they might not search there.

Reeves lay there for a few minutes turning the idea over in his mind. He came to the conclusion that after all the risk was not so great as it appeared to be. But there was a risk. A policeman might turn the ground over, more out of

methodical habit than from deliberate intention, and then discovery would be certain. There was only one way—

His ruminations came to a sudden and nerve-racking end as he automatically dropped flat again. Someone was coming diagonally across the garden, bending down as though looking at the ground. And he was walking straight to the spot where the uprooted cabbages had been.

There was only one thought in Reeves' mind as he watched the other approaching. It was just as he had feared. The house had been watched back and front. He drew himself forward inch by inch. The newcomer had his back towards him, and appeared to be turning over the soil with his fingers. He was so engrossed with what he was doing, in fact, that Reeves was actually standing directly behind him as he rose from his knees with a small package in his hands.

WITH a swift movement Reeves leant forward and snatched at the package. His torchlight flashed full in the almost terrified face of the other as the latter swung round with an oath. The light blinded him, as Reeves intended it should. Reeves dropped the packet between his feet and drew back his hat. But the blow was never delivered. For a brief second the other seemed poised as though waiting for the blow. And then like some startled animal he ducked, turned, and was running across the garden at full speed, running towards the field which Reeves had first crossed.

"Well, I'm damned!" muttered the latter. "That's the first policeman I've ever known run for it. I'd better make myself scarce while I've got the chance."

The package slipped easily into his coat pocket. He went in the opposite direction to the route the other had taken, and made for the woods which came down to the other edge of the grounds. It meant a long detour, but nothing mattered now. He'd got the only real clue safe in his pocket, he reflected, and there was no reason why the police should suspect him. Stevens had said his story had been checked up in London. And the more they checked it up, the better, for they would find that he had sufficient money of his own to buy all the pearls he wanted to, without resorting to stealing them.

Reeves felt sorely tempted, as he closed and bolted the back door of the inn an hour later, to go to the bar and pour himself out a stiff tot of whisky. Now that he was safely back he was beginning to feel the reaction, beginning to realise, too, that he had now committed himself too far even to go back. The destinies of himself and the three at the White House were now interwoven and beyond disentangling.

"Funny that blighter boating like that!" he thought, as he undressed. "I suppose he was a detective."

He fell asleep wondering, fell asleep with a small cardboard box under his pillow wrapped in brown paper and sealed, a box to which there still clung tiny scraps of mould. And he woke up from a wild dream of chasing Mary Reynolds in a mad race in cars without lights, to the prosaic smell of bacon being cooked.

And Stuart Reeves, being a practical man, wasted no time in dressing, for the adventures of the night had made him decidedly hungry. Nor was he in a speculative mood then. The events of the night before had not left a deep impression on him. At the time they happened he had been keyed up to the highest pitch, had felt so quixotic that he would have run the gauntlet of Scotland Yard without hesitation, if it would have saved Mary Reynolds an hour's anxiety. But with the morning sun had come a certain reaction. Midnight is ever more romantic than midday, and Reeves wondered just a little, as he placed the sealed package in one of the drawers of his dressing-table, if he were not making a first-class fool of himself.

Later, in Reigate, Reeves made no com-

ment to the agent that he intended to pay a visit to the White House that morning.

"They told me yesterday that if I wanted the house I could have it, but, of course, that depends on what the present owner says about the agreement, I suppose. If he wishes, I'll take over the liability. I want it put through as quickly as you can."

It was not until he was driving back that he began seriously to think about his encounter of the night before; began to realise there was something queer about it. He had been so thankful to get away himself, had been so full of the idea that the unknown man was one of the official watchers, that he had not sought any other explanation, had not even considered whether that midnight encounter might have some repercussion on the occupants of the White House.

"He didn't look to me like a policeman," he reflected. "And now I come to think about it he certainly didn't behave like one. If he'd been one he had a perfect right to be there. I thought at first he had bolted from sheer fright, not knowing what had jumped on him."

BUT if the stranger wasn't a policeman, who was he? What was he doing watching the White House at that time of night? Was he, too, after the pearls?

"Well, he won't get them now," he reflected grimly, as his car swung round the corner and pulled up outside the White House. Standing by the gate Reeves recognised the sergeant who had stopped him the day before.

"Thought I'd stop this time before I was stopped," he said facetiously. "You might have told me what you were after, sergeant. I suppose you are satisfied it wasn't my car?"

"We're satisfied you weren't in it," replied the sergeant cautiously, and added, as Reeves made to go through the gate. "Anything special you want, sir?"

"I've just bought this place," replied Reeves airily. "And I've come to tell them." The sergeant took off his helmet and scratched his head.

"You haven't heard the news then, sir?" he asked.

Reeves steeled himself to appear unconcerned. He wondered if everyone in the White House had already been arrested.

"What news?" he asked, lighting a cigarette.

"The Inspector and a couple of men are inside," continued the sergeant lowering his voice. "They have reason to suspect—"

He broke off as a voice called out, "Hallo, Reeves, come to see the bailiffs?"

It was Billy Reynolds, who grinned cheerfully at the sergeant.

"What's this I hear?" asked Reeves. "The sergeant was just beginning to tell me—"

"Oh, somebody's got it into their heads that we borrowed your car while you were asleep, raced to Grinstead, wiped out Whitecoats with a convenient poker, and dashed back looking innocent. So they're searching our belongings for clues and finger-prints and bloodstains," said Reynolds flippantly.

"What do they expect to find?" asked Reeves.

"Goodness knows," retorted Reynolds. "You've come at a bit of an awkward time."

"I hope I'm not responsible in any way," began Reeves. "I seem to have brought you trouble—"

"Rot. You've added a bit of spice to life. Come along and see the fun. Did you come to any decision about the house?"

"Yes. I've paid the deposit this morning and everything will be fixed up in the next few days. But, of course, you and your sister can stop here just as long as you like."

"She's out in the garden. Come round this way. I believe one of them is going to dig up the ground for us. It's time it was weeded."

The sergeant grinned cheerfully as the two moved off.

Reeves grinned back, and the sergeant would probably have given him stripes to know that that answering smile was due to the thought of the little package now safely resting in a drawer at the inn. Reeves wondered at the supreme confidence of his companion and, indeed, a moment later that of Mary and Merton who were standing watching one of the police slowly walking up and down the garden. Not one of the three showed the slightest trace of anxiety.

"Your car seems to have brought us trouble," said Merton with a smile. "The police are not only certain that a Speedway was seen outside Whitlock's place, but that it was your Speedway. Haven't they searched you and your place yet?"

"God forbid," ejaculated Reeves unthinkingly, and added quickly as he saw the sudden change in Mary Reynolds' eyes. "I don't want the police suspecting me of anything. I can't make out why they suspect you, either."

"They searched your car, all the same, yesterday," said Merton quietly. "And found Mary's vanity-case behind the driving seat, and a couple of cigarette stubs of the kind I usually smoke. I had a cut at putting the car right, as you know, and Mary, of course, would sit in the driver's seat and test the controls. She's mad to try every new car, aren't you, Mary?"

Mary nodded. Her face was half turned away and Reeves could not see her eyes as Merton made his explanation.

"But they're not suspecting you on flimsy grounds like that, surely?"

"Somebody said a girl had been seen driving the car away from Crinstead," continued Merton, "and somebody else recognised Mary and myself in a car early yesterday morning driving here."

"In a Speedway?"

"He didn't recognise the car. As a matter of fact we were out driving just after dawn, and we were doing a bit of honest thieving, as I told the inspector. We were picking mushrooms, and if you don't get up pretty early for them, somebody else has them. The inspector sniffed audibly when he was shown the remains on the dust-heap. It's lucky we've all got a sense of humor, but it's going to make the village unbearable to live in. The very fact the police have decided to search here will be enough for the unthinking mob. We shall be pointed at as the murderers, until they get the right man and hang him. But if they bark up this tree for long he'll be well away and rim to earth."

CHAPTER 5

FOR the first time a note of real seriousness had crept into Merton's voice.

"As far as I am concerned, you needn't stick to the agreement if you want to clear out before," said Reeves.

"Oh, no, we mustn't do that. We must stay and face it out. We couldn't run away, could we, Tommy?"

Mary Reynolds spoke quickly, almost breathlessly, as though she were afraid that Merton or her brother would accept Reeves' offer.

"It's dreadful to be suspected of murder," she continued. "But everybody would think we were guilty if we ran away."

"We're not running away," said Merton emphatically. "I'm not leaving this district until they've got him, whoever he is."

The inspector came out of the door as he spoke. He shrugged his shoulders slightly as Merton looked at him with a quizzical smile.

"I'm sorry, sir, but I'm only acting on orders. Well, Burrows, what is it?"

The policeman who had been looking round the kitchen garden had come up unnoticed.

"One of you gentlemen lost a pocket knife?" he asked, holding out his hand.

"It's mine," said Reeves. "I must have

dropped it yesterday. Where did you find it?"

"At the end of that row of cabbages." The policeman pointed to the row where three cabbages had been pulled up, where, Reeves reflected, he had seen Merton burying the package.

"Where those cabbages have been pulled up," added Burrows.

Reeves said "Thank you," mechanically as he pocketed the knife. He felt the sudden tension in the air as he saw a look of suspicion in Mary's eyes. She moved away a little with Merton as the inspector and the policeman walked up the garden together and he was left with Billy.

"This is a pretty rotten affair," said the latter. "They'll be after you next, Reeves, because you slept at the house. I'm surprised they believed you. But if Mary wants to stick it, Tommy and I will be on the spot."

"I expect they'll look a bit more closely at me before they finish," said Reeves. "It seems to me in any case I'm in it, and four heads are better than three."

Reynolds nodded. He was looking at his sister and Merton. She signalled to him.

"Excuse me a minute, will you?"

Reeves shrugged his shoulders. He had the feeling that he was the subject of Mary's and Merton's whispered discussion. They had not accepted him, he reflected, were watching him as though he were one of the police. Perhaps they had come to the conclusion that he had been awake that night. He began to feel suddenly resentful. If he told the police what he had heard! If he gave them the package he had in his drawer at the inn! They would be more than suspicious. Nothing would save all three from immediate arrest. If he were not a quixotic fool that was exactly what he ought to do.

And then she was speaking, and all his anger died away. He had deliberately turned away from them so as not to give the appearance even of eavesdropping, and he had not heard her approach. He swung round and saw a friendly smile on her face.

"Oh, Mr. Reeves, Billy was telling us that you felt you ought to help us."

"Of course I do, Miss Reynolds," he stammered. "I feel that it all started somehow when you took pity on me the other night, and I'd like to do what I can. Good heavens, look at that policeman!"

MARY turned round.

"He's digging for hidden treasure," she declared calmly.

"But look where he's digging," Reeves insisted.

"Where we pulled up the cabbages, Mr. Reeves. Cabbages are not very thrilling things, are they? That's where you lost your knife, wasn't it?"

She was laughing at him.

"Yes," he answered dully. "They—"

"When you looked over the house yesterday, Mr. Reeves," she continued, and now her tones were icy. "You did not go near the cabbage bed. You kept along the pathway all the time. I hope if the police find anything you'll be gratified at the success of your spying."

"So you believe I'm connected with the police?" he cried. "Just because I saw you burying those pearls—"

He broke off as he saw the startled look on Mary's face, saw the color drain away from it. For a moment he thought she was going to faint, and he put out his hand. She waved him away.

"What do you know?" she whispered.

"I know a lot more than the police do, Miss Reynolds. And despite that I believe you to be innocent, or I should have told them that it was my car you used, that you must have changed the magneto, that I heard you and Merton return at dawn, that I saw you burying that box last night, that I have got it now, and the police can dig

until they are black in the face without finding it. Now will you believe I want to help you?"

He spoke rapidly, insistently, oblivious of the construction which might be placed upon his words that he had been spying upon them, though unwittingly.

"I was coming up last night to warn you," he continued, as she did not speak. "The police were watching the house from the road. I had to come across the fields and through the garden. It was then I saw you. I—"

Suddenly she spoke. Her words were unexpected.

"You will stop and have lunch. Mr. Reeves? You will find the cabbages at any rate are home grown."

Reeves nodded. He was staring at the policeman digging, staring with the knowledge that though he would find nothing, Mary Reynolds had found out all she wanted, that she knew he had been there the night before.

There came the sound of the telephone bell. Merton came striding up with a smile on his face.

"Expect that's the message about the finger-prints," he said easily, lighting a cigarette. Turning to Reeves, he explained. "They're trying out the poker to see whether the murderer left any marks. I say! That policeman's given up digging. Somebody must have been there before him."

Reeves returned the other's scrutiny. If this was some gigantic bluff he meant to find out. To his relief the inspector came out. He was almost apologetic when he spoke.

"I'm sorry we've troubled you," he said politely. "It is as unpleasant for me sometimes to carry out orders as it must be for those who are inflicted with our visits."

The inspector had, as a matter of fact, protested against the search on the grounds that the evidence was not strong enough to justify it, and by its very carrying out would, if Merton were the murderer, put him and the others definitely on their guard, even enable them to destroy, if they wished, any incriminating evidence.

"We're not blaming you, Inspector," said Merton. "All I would like to know is if we are free to drive our car?"

"I have no instructions to the contrary," replied the inspector politely, though there was a little note of doubt in his tones.

Merton turned to Mary. "I want to go down to the Seven Sisters and get some beer. Perhaps, Mary, you will entertain Mr. Reeves till lunch?"

Reeves cut in before Mary could reply.

"I'll drive you down, Merton. If you like. I've got to go in any case to Reigate. There is just time, I fancy, before lunch."

A SUSPICION had crossed his mind that Merton intended to do more than buy beer at the Seven Sisters. He was quite capable of making some specious excuse to enter Reeves' rooms at the inn. And that might lead to complications. If Merton were the murderer he would not hesitate to go to any lengths to regain the one clue which was absolutely damning. And if there was any slip even Merton could not, it seemed to Reeves, account to the police for the possession of pearls, the robbery of which had not yet been announced in the papers.

Reeves thought he detected a momentary look of chagrin cross Merton's face, but the latter's words did not betray what he must have been thinking. Mary had called him a spy, and he did not doubt her accusation had been made in the first place to Merton. Their sudden pleasantness was all the more suspicious therefore. Reeves was rather beginning to enjoy himself.

"If it won't seem discourteous, Reeves, I think I'll take the car out and have a run down."

"I'll introduce you to the landford. He loves to get first-hand information."

Mary bit her lip, while her brother grinned cheerfully.

Reeves, having left his car in the road—

way, was the first away, and he drove fast to the Seven Sisters, so fast that when he pulled up and got out Merton's car was not yet in sight. Reeves went straight up to his own room, and to his relief found the small box still where he had left it. He quickly slipped it into his pocket, and was sitting in the saloon bar chatting to the landlord when Merton came in.

"This is Mr. Merton—Mr. Brackenbury. Join us in a glass, landlord, and then I must get away to Reigate to see if the agents have definitely fixed up things."

"A tyro went that," explained Merton, as he held up his glass of beer and looked through it. "That looks good to me, landlord. I got my hands in a filthy mess changing it."

Reeves put down his empty glass, and turned towards the door. The excuse was ingenious!

"If you want a wash, Merton, you can use my room. The landlord will show you which it is. See you later."

Before Merton could reply Reeves had closed the door behind him and was chuckling softly.

"That will take the wind out of his sails. I'll bet he doesn't leave a sock unturned in his search."

He reflected, on his way to Reigate, that there was something curious about the silence of Merton. Mary must have told him definitely that he had got the pearls, but Merton had made no effort to prevent him from going to Reigate. It could only be because he was confident the pearls were still in Reeves' room; that once they were retrieved the three at the White House would have little to fear. Reeves was beginning to realise that it was now too late to tell the police what he knew, that his story would be looked upon with suspicion, on the grounds that he was telling it to save his own skin because the hunt was getting too hot.

"And what the dickens am I to do with them?" he ruminated. "If I carry them about I might be stopped and searched and then I'm for it. If I just throw them away, they'll be found sooner or later and that might make things worse. I've got to hide them, but where?"

He rejected the idea of them anywhere in the country for he knew how unexpectedly things turned up, however cleverly they were hidden. And in any case, he felt it was impossible in broad daylight. Even if the police were not watching him—and he did not think they were for the present—the curious eyes of some countryman would not fail to see him.

Reeves drove into Reigate with a feeling of exasperation. There was no real reason why he should have gone, except to get rid of the pearls, and he drove slowly up the High St. as far off the solution of the problem as ever. Every policeman he saw made his hand go to his pocket. He pulled up and lit a cigarette, trying to convince himself that his nerves were not running away with him.

His eyes lighted idly on the window of the chemist's shop opposite where he had stopped and caught a display of a well-known shaving-cream.

"Now that is something I do want," he reflected. "Though I certainly do not need the razor they give away with it."

He climbed reluctantly out of the car, feeling the small packet in his pocket to be a ponderous weight, sagging down his pocket and drawing the attention of everyone to what he had got in it.

"Will you have some extra blades?" asked the assistant.

"I don't even want the razor," replied Reeves. "I still stick to the old-fashioned cut-throat variety."

The chemist's assistant visibly shuddered. He had been brought up on safety-razors and couldn't understand anyone preferring such a dangerous type as Reeves admitted using. Reeves smiled grimly at the look on the other's face, and then, as the assistant began to wrap up the cream and dab the inevitable blob of sealing-wax on the small

parcel, Reeves' smile broadened. An ounce of inspiration, he reflected, was worth a ton of hard thinking. There, staring him in the face among the bottles lining the counter, was one which simply asked to be bought.

"How much is this?" he asked casually. He had the sensation that the other would read his mind if he were not careful; would know exactly why he wanted the bottle labelled "Headache and Health Cure—a certain remedy for neuralgia, toothache, nervous exhaustion, lassitude, and all nervous disorders."

"One and nine," said the chemist. "I take them myself. They're the finest cure on the market, and we guarantee them."

Reeves slipped the bottle into his pocket. "No need to wrap them up. I'm in a bit of a hurry. Thanks."

He counted out the exact money and hurried out of the shop. He hardly had the patience to wait until he was out of the ten-mile speed limit, and then he trod on the accelerator until he was on the loneliest part of the road halfway between Reigate and Newdigate, and pulled out the bottle and package from his pocket.

"Pearls and pills!" he chuckled. "The police can swallow them if they find them. The luck's with me."

He had ripped open the small sealed package as he spoke and was holding up the string of pearls.

"Every one the same size! What luck!" Reeves spread his handkerchief on the seat and, cutting the string, let the pearls fall free. The bottle of pills he emptied into his hat, and then dropped the pearls into the bottle carefully, one by one. They about half-filled the bottle, and he covered them with the "Certain Remedy."

"Sliver luck!" he repeated, as he eyed the full bottle. "Same size and color. Pearls for policemen! Health pills for hunters! Merton's Marvellous Mixture! Reeves' Royal Remedy!"

He flung the remainder of the pills and the box which had contained the pearls over the small bridge over the River Mole, and watched them float down the stream, slowly sinking.

"And that's that!" he cried cheerfully, as he engaged the clutch. "And now for a spot of lunch."

REEVES stopped for a minute at the inn.

"Mr. Merton stayed here quite a while. Mr. Reeves," said the landlord. "I don't fancy if he done it they'll catch him in a hurry. He struck me as fair cute."

"Did he ask anything about the new landlord?" asked Reeves with a smile.

"That he did, Mr. Reeves, and I told him you was a proper gentleman. He told me all about the search the police made. Fair laughing up his sleeve, he was."

"Would you mind putting these on my dressing-table, Mrs. Brackenbury?" asked Reeves. "I got pretty bad neuralgia sometimes, and I always find these pills cure it. I must run off to lunch now."

"Somebody was telling me about them the other night," said Mrs. Brackenbury complacently. "I was toothache something cruel."

"Well, try them next time," said Reeves, who was determined to be as casual as possible, despite a certain sinking sensation as the landlady placed the bottle conspicuously on the shelf behind her. "If they do you good I'll get you a bottle all to yourself."

"Thank you, sir."

What Reeves did not know was that Mrs. Brackenbury not only liked taking pills, but revelled in taking them and inducing all her acquaintances to try them as well. He arrived at the White House satisfied in his own mind that in the very carelessness of his method of dealing with the pearls lay safety.

None of the three at the White House made any allusion to the pearls until lunch was over and they were sitting in the

garden drinking their coffee. It was Merton who broached the subject.

"Mary tells me you saw us the other night and have now got the pearls, Reeves. She said you knew more than the police knew."

Reeves nodded. "I knew there was going to be a search here this morning," he explained. "I was told it in confidence by a policeman friend of the landlord of the inn. I came up here to warn you."

"Why?" asked Merton quickly. "You must have learnt the pearls had been stolen from Whitecoakes' safe, and if you believed Mary and I took your car to get them you couldn't help thinking I killed him. Why warn us then? Why did you not go straight to the police and denounce us?"

Reeves pulled stolidly at his pipe. "Does the reason matter?" he asked. "I just felt somehow I'd like to warn you. It was easy to go to the police. The fact I didn't ought to be sufficient to show I would like to help."

"I think Mr. Reeves is quite right," interposed Mary quietly. "Perhaps we might hear all his story."

Reeves threw her a grateful glance. There was an unexpectedly friendly look in her eyes, and she smiled a little as he told them how he had been awakened at dawn by the sound of his car returning, how he had overheard the brief whispered conversation about "them," how he had learnt of the suspicions of the police from Joe Stevens.

"Whew!—no wonder they suspect us!" cried Billy Reynolds. "I'm beginning to go hot all over. My hat, if they had dug up the pearls, we should have been hanged by the neck until we were dead."

"Don't, Billy!" protested his sister.

"I think we owe Mr. Reeves a great debt," said Merton. "But I do not think he ought to run any further risks."

"I'm not running any risks," said Reeves, cheerfully.

"But you've got the pearls, and sooner or later, probably sooner now they've failed here, the police may take it into their heads to search your rooms," declared Merton.

"They won't find much," chuckled Reeves.

"We should very much like to have them," said Mary. "If we took the risk of getting them we are not afraid of keeping them. We must have them quickly. It's a matter of life and death."

There was an appeal in her tones which Reeves found difficult to resist, but he shook his head obstinately.

"I can't let you have them like that, Miss Reynolds. You haven't told me why you wanted them, why you stole—I mean why you took them. I know nothing. Besides, there was another man watching you bury them; in fact, he actually dug them up, and I took them away from him. He was—"

"Another man watching?" Merton leant forward as he spoke. For the first time there was a look of real anxiety in his eyes.

CHAPTER 6

YES. He struck me as the queerest policeman I've ever met." Briefly, Reeves described his encounter with the unknown watcher.

"That was no policeman," declared Merton decisively. "If he had been, he would have roused the neighborhood. Nor would he have bolted like that. I wish you had seen him."

"I saw his face," said Reeves. "And I'd recognise him again if I saw him. I had only one quick glance at him in the flash of the torch, so to describe him that you might recognise him is not easy. He'd got thick ears and a bit of a funny nose, as though it had been knocked sideways—broken, perhaps. He was wearing a cap pulled over his eyes, so I didn't notice them. I didn't wait to make Ber-

million measurements. I admit I was as scared as he appeared to be."

"But you got the pearls," said Mary softly. "Yes, I got them all right, and it was lucky I did. It seemed to me a wild scheme to place them where you did."

"It was a risk and it wouldn't have come off as it so happened," admitted Merton. "I went on the principle that the best place to hide anything was very much where everybody would look. Of course, we knew the police were watching the house. In fact, Sanders was watching them while we were in the garden. If it hadn't been for you, Mr. Reeves—"

"I think we shall have to tell Mr. Reeves everything," Mary interrupted. "If I were in his place I do not think I should give the pearls up without knowing why."

"What exactly do you want to know?" asked Merton quickly.

"I'd like to know why you took the pearls and what you intend doing with them. And what you know about the murder of Whiteoakes."

"We didn't kill him," asserted Merton. "I'd better begin at the beginning, I suppose. The pearls are a Reynolds family heirloom. I am Mary's and Billy's uncle by marriage, and that's how I come in, as the only member of the family alive beside Mary and Billy and—my wife."

There was a slight hesitation in his tone, but he resumed speaking almost immediately.

"Mary's father was comparatively well-to-do. He had a streak of superstition in him—I think all the Reynolds have—and he believed that the pearls brought him luck and wealth. There is actually an old saying to the effect that the loss of the pearls would bring death in the family, and, ultimately, poverty. I think it nonsense, but—"

"It isn't nonsense, Mr. Reeves," interrupted Mary. "Everything went right as long as father had the pearls, and everything went wrong as soon as Mr. Whiteoakes had them. Father died shortly afterwards, and so did mother, and now Aunt Hetty is very ill—and—"

She stopped with a strained look on her face and Reeves spoke quickly to Merton.

"Did Mr. Reynolds sell the pearls to Whiteoakes?" he asked. "Who is Whiteoakes, anyway?"

"How exactly Whiteoakes got the pearls is not certain. It is certain they could not be sold. He and Mr. Reynolds were very friendly at one time. That was when Whiteoakes was in a very small way. Just before Mr. Reynolds died, he said definitely that he had lent the pearls to Whiteoakes to bring him luck, and they were to be returned. I saw Whiteoakes, and he stuck to it that he had bought the pearls. When I pointed out to him that he could not do that, and in any case at the time he could not have raised the five thousand pounds they were worth, he changed his tune and asserted that they had been given to him. He could not produce any paper to prove his story, nor could we find any note to show what had taken place. Mr. Reynolds was rather careless when he was friendly."

W

HY didn't you see him?"

"What good would that have done? It would only draw the attention of everybody to them. I'm afraid I let myself go, for I told him that as he had stolen them from us we'd steal them back again. He only laughed, and said if I was clever enough to do that we could keep them."

"That seems to show he had no real right to them."

"That's what we thought. He was beginning to make money fast then, and went to London. I kept in touch, but I never had any opportunity. Then a few months ago he took a big house at Grinstead and began entertaining there. A sister of Sanders got a place as a parlour-maid. We learnt he kept the pearls in a safe in the dining-room, and ever since he had had them had employed a man, an expert, to keep guard. It was when we heard that this man was going to see some boxing

exhibition in London that I decided to take a chance and burgle the place."

"Why borrow my car?" asked Reeves, who was beginning to be interested. Merton had a trick of telling his story which made it sound very dramatic.

"That was just the sheerest luck in the world," admitted Merton, "though I owe you an apology for inadvertently getting you mixed up with our trouble. I can assure you if I had known I would have risked it with my own bus. But mine is not a fast one, and I had gone into Har- chum to try to find one. We wanted as fast a car as we could get in case anything went wrong and we had to run for it. We couldn't afford to risk being overtaken. And when I rang up Billy and he told me about your Speedway and the 'mag' and lights going wrong, it flashed across my mind at once that I had got the same 'mag'. I knew there wouldn't be any difficulty in changing over temporarily, and that the repairing of the lights would only take a few minutes. I told him to keep you at any cost and persuade you to stop the night."

"So that was why you changed your attitude so suddenly?" exclaimed Reeves.

BILLY REYNOLDS

laughed.

"I thought you would see the reason," he declared. "We pushed the bus half a mile down the road before we started it, in case it would wake you up. I thought you'd be sleeping too soundly when they came back. I was up all the time talking to Sanders. I was feeling pretty scared till they did turn up."

"If I hadn't wakened up just then, things might have turned out altogether different. I certainly shouldn't have guessed anything about the pearls. How did you get them?" "Sanders' sister let me in by the back door when I got there," continued Merton. "Mary waited in the car in the driveway near the gate, ready to make a dash for it. Sanders' sister went straight to the dining-room and switched on the lights. She told me Whiteoakes had gone to bed a couple of hours ago, and was a sound sleeper. That's partly why he employed a man to keep an eye on things for him. Then a most astonishing thing happened. I found the key in the safe. For a moment I suspected a trap, but I had to risk it. I used my handkerchief to open the door and turn the key. In five minutes I had the pearls and was out of the house again."

"You didn't see Whiteoakes?"

"Not a sign of him. He certainly wasn't in the dining-room, dead or alive, if that's what you mean," replied Merton.

"I don't remember anything about where he was found," agreed Reeves thoughtfully. "It might have been in bed, of course. Funny the key should be in the safe. If he carried it, it looks to me then that it had already been taken from him."

"I puzzled me, I admit. The more I thought about it the more it seemed to me that someone else was after the pearls, and I must have come in just at the very wrong moment for him."

Reeves ruminated over the idea for a few minutes.

"Did you make any noise as you came along to the dining-room door?" he asked. "Sufficient to warn anybody who might have been in the room?"

"We certainly weren't on tip-toe. The maid was talking. She said there was no chance of anyone hearing. The servants' quarters were the other side of the house, and Whiteoakes slept heavily. Oh, yes, now I come to think of it anyone in the dining-room would have heard us coming. The door was open."

"But you must have seen—"

"Not necessarily. There was another door on the far side of the room and anyone could have slipped through that. I wasn't looking for another burglar. Very likely"—he laughed at the recollection—"he was watching me collecting his booty."

"It might have been the same man who came round the other night," suggested Reeves.

"I never thought of that! That's an idea, certainly."

"We're in the cart," said Billy gloomily.

"He must have been the murderer!" exclaimed Mary. "Oh, Tommy, he might have killed you!"

"Whoever it was, evidently he can't go to the police and tell his story," said Merton. "Because if he did that he would have to admit he was after the pearls. If it was one of the servants, why didn't he give the alarm? Mind you, I'm only surmising. I disturbed him at the safe."

"It's a pretty sound surmise," said Reeves. "And I think you can go further. He must have killed Whiteoakes to get the key. And that's another reason why he can't go to the police. He'd find himself worse off. But if he killed Whiteoakes to get the pearls, then he must be feeling pretty sick doing a murder for nothing."

"That may make him dangerous. If he were the man you saw in the garden, I wonder he didn't try to kill you. It was the second time the pearls had slipped through his fingers as it were."

"He probably knew the police were watching the house and thought I was a policeman," said Reeves. "With a murder on his conscience naturally he bolted like a startled rabbit."

"What I can't understand," said Mary, "is, if he was watching you, Tommy, and he is the same man who came last night, how he found out who you were and where you lived? I'm sure no car followed us. We went too fast for that."

"That's a fairer I admit," replied Merton, "and I think cuts out any possibility. I think the man last night must be an accident, and he was so scared by Reeves' onslaught that he's probably never stopped running since."

"I hope so," said Reeves fervently, though he felt by no means sure. There was something too sure about the way the unknown had dug up the pearls, as though he had known what had been hidden. Reeves was certain in his own mind that he had not seen the last of the man who had run away.

S

ANDERS came walking across the lawn, his expression inscrutable.

"The sergeant has called and would like to see you for a moment, sir," he said to Merton.

"Ask him here, Sanders. One moment. Is your sister still at Grinstead?"

"Yes, sir. She thought she'd better stop till the funeral was over."

"I don't suppose she'll want to stop much longer. I suppose she will stay with your brother for a while then?"

"Yes, sir."

"We'll find her something to do, Sanders. The sergeant didn't say what he wanted?"

"No, sir."

Reeves half rose.

"Don't move," said Merton. "There's nothing he can say you shouldn't hear."

The sergeant came directly to the point.

"The inquest on Mr. Whiteoakes has been fixed for to-morrow at eleven o'clock at Grinstead," he announced.

"And you want us to be there, I suppose?" asked Merton, his face hardening a little.

"Yes, sir, and Mr. Reeves."

"What have I got to do with it?" demanded Reeves.

The sergeant shrugged his shoulders.

"I'm sorry, sir, I'm only carrying out instructions. It's unlikely any evidence will be taken except that of identification, but the coroner likes to have all possible witnesses present. I understood from the inspector it would probably be formal and would be adjourned for 14 days while we pursued our inquiries."

"I hope they'll be successful, Sergeant," said Merton drily. "They certainly won't

as long as you continue to bark up the wrong tree. Found what you were searching for?"

The sergeant reddened a little. "You'll be there, sir?" he asked stiffly. "Oh, we'll be there all right," replied Merton. "I've never been to an inquest on a murdered man before."

"I think I'll be getting along, too," said Reeves, when the sergeant had gone.

"Aren't you going to let us have the pearls, Mr. Reeves?" asked Mary. There was almost dismay in her tones as he rose. "We have told you everything."

"I think I'd better keep them for a while," fenced Reeves. "They are quite safe where they are, safer, in fact, than they would be here. Don't you think so?"

"But we must have them. Don't you understand? Aunt Hetty is dying."

Reeves looked puzzled. He couldn't see what the unknown Aunt Hetty's illness had got to do with the pearls, but Mary went into a rush of explanation.

"She believes in the superstition about the pearls, Mr. Reeves. Ever since Father and Mother died and the pearls were not returned she has been getting worse. Of course, we know it's all nonsense, but she doesn't. She says she is the next in the family to go and nothing will save her life. Tommy has promised to bring them to her and she is only living for that. Oh, don't you understand? Don't you know faith will move mountains? We said we would be back in a few days. The doctor has warned us a crisis is approaching. She hasn't got the will to live. We must give it to her."

"And if I give up the pearls, what then?" he asked.

"You will save my wife's life," replied Merton steadily. "After that I don't care what happens to them. You can have them back if you like."

"We'll give you a written receipt!" exclaimed Billy. "And you can always show it to the police if—"

Reeves came to a sudden decision. These people were telling the truth. They believed, at any rate, that Merton's wife would die if the pearls weren't back in the family, and believed, too, that her life would be saved if she saw them. There was something almost like the tenderness of children in their attitude while they waited for him to speak.

"I will let you have them," he said, and sat down.

MARY put her hands to her face and ran into the house. Reeves thought he heard her sob as she passed him, and felt a sudden brute. Merton muttered, "Thank God!" while Billy Reynolds danced cheerfully on the lawn.

"That's splendid, Mr. Reeves. Mary will be back in a minute. I knew she was going to be upset. I saw it in her eyes. I always said—"

"Shut up, Billy!" growled Merton. "And go and see if we can have some tea."

He turned to Reeves.

"We'll all have to put our heads together," he continued. "The police can't be following all of us all the time. The best they can do is to arrest us suddenly in the hope one of us is carrying them, and we must run some risk. And when my wife is getting better I really don't care what happens to them. You can have them as a wedding present if you like."

A vision of a string of pearls round Mary's throat came to Reeves' mind as she herself came slowly out of the house towards them.

"You will stop for tea, Mr. Reeves? It won't be many minutes."

"I shall be delighted. Merton and I were just discussing how we should take the pearls to Shrewsbury without the police knowing."

"Will that be difficult, Tommy?"

"It won't be easy," he admitted.

"Count me in if I can help," said Reeves.

"I can take them, of course, and one of

you come along afterwards. The police won't be running after me all the time."

"I should think you are the best person," agreed Merton. "Tell me, where did you put the pearls? I had a look round."

Reeves laughed and explained what he had done with them as Billy returned.

"My hat, that beats the cabbage idea hollow," declared the latter. "I hope the landlady doesn't swallow too many. We don't want to open her up, even for Aunt Hetty's sake."

"Mrs. Brackenbury's not much of an oyster," retorted Reeves with a smile. "And in any case there must be fifty genuine pills in the bottle before she comes to the pearls."

"They may as well stay where they are until to-morrow," suggested Merton. "We can't do anything until we've been to the inquest."

"You'd better all come along in my car," said Reeves. "It will hold five comfortably."

DURING tea the four speculated on the possible turn of events at the inquest. Now that they had all laid their cards on the table as it were, Reeves found Mary had completely lost that slight air of restraint which she had always assumed to possess even when she was not angry or suspicious with him. He had travelled extensively and Mary proved an excellent listener as he recounted some of his amusing experiences.

"Oh, I should love to travel!" she exclaimed. "To Egypt or India or Japan."

"Funny how nearly all women want to go to one of those countries," said Reeves. "While most men want to see the skyscrapers of New York."

"I suppose the mystery of the East appeals to women and the pioneering of the West to men," said Merton.

"How would you like to come down to the inn after tea?" asked Reeves later. "You could always be getting more beer, you know."

"I have a bit of a headache," laughed Merton. "I don't think a pill would do me any harm."

It was not until six o'clock that Reeves left, however. Mary's spirits had risen and he had found in her an unexpected and attractive vitality which made him very reluctant to make a move.

"I'll be up at nine in the morning," he said. "And drive you all over. Unless you would care to drive?" he added with a smile.

"Oh, no, Mr. Reeves. I don't think I want to drive a car again for a long time."

A faint glow came to her cheeks as Reeves took her hand and held it for a moment. He turned away for ever certain that he had taken the right course.

This time he did not race away from Merton.

"I shan't stay more than a few minutes," remarked the latter, as he stepped out of his car at the inn. "They'll be wanting to talk things over. We'd have asked you along to dinner only I don't think it's wise to be seen too much together at the moment. We can tell you what conclusions we come to in the car to-morrow morning."

"Better come straight to my room first," suggested Reeves. "And we'll go down and have a glass with the landlady afterwards."

Upstairs Merton immediately walked to the dressing-table and picked up the bottle of "health pills."

"This is an absolute inspiration, Reeves," he chuckled. "I certainly don't know where the pills and pearls begin and end. I see you have even recalled the cork. You didn't mention—"

Reeves took one hurried step forward and took the bottle. There was an expression of bewilderment on his face, which slowly changed to one of fear.

"That's not the bottle I gave Mrs. Brackenbury," he said with slow emphasis. "That bottle's got no pearls in it. Somebody's found out, Merton."

CHAPTER 7

MERTON was the first to recover himself.

"Were they in this kind of bottle?" he asked.

Reeves nodded. He was feeling that the world was collapsing round him. All his clever schemes to save Mary Reynolds had suddenly come to naught. While he had been up at the White House the police had taken the opportunity to make a thorough search.

"I don't think this is the police," broke in Merton on his thoughts. "They wouldn't have substituted a new bottle. It looks to me like someone who knew you had put the pearls there, who had deliberately placed a fresh bottle on the table hoping you would not notice. He wanted to gain as much time as possible. We'd better go and ask the landlady who has been here. We've got to catch up time."

Reeves pulled himself together. Anything was better than that the police should have found the pearls. Merton's explanation seemed perfectly reasonable.

"But no one saw me make the exchange!" he exclaimed. "I am sure of that."

Merton replaced the bottle and moved towards the door.

"Come, we've got to find out. And stop wailing."

Reeves did not want any hint to do that. He was now all keyed up. It was Mrs. Brackenbury who served them with beer, and he seized upon that as an opportunity to introduce the subject of the pills.

"No headache, I hope, Mrs. Brackenbury? You tried the pills?"

"They're magic, Mr. Reeves," she declared.

"Why didn't you keep the new bottle? I don't take them so often that I would have missed a few pills."

Mrs. Brackenbury began nervously to wipe down the counter. She appeared disinclined to offer any explanation when her husband appeared.

"Evening, Mr. Reeves. Evening, Mr. Merton. Lulu tell you about them pills, Mr. Reeves?"

"I was just asking why she had given me a full bottle for the one I'd opened," said Reeves.

"Why, she lost it," declared the landlady.

"Lost it!" exclaimed Reeves.

The excitement in his voice, which he could not suppress, despite the warning look Merton gave him, was overlooked when Mrs. Brackenbury began an indignant protest.

"I never lost them, Mr. Reeves, after all your kindness. They were stolen from me, and as Bill was going into Reigate I says to him you get another bottle of them pills for Mr. Reeves."

"They were stolen from you?" asked Reeves. "Why should anybody want to steal a bottle of pills?"

"I don't think he meant to steal them," put in the landlady. "I think he just slipped them into his pocket casual like, thinking they might do him a bit of good."

The landlady of the Seven Sisters was always inclined to minimise other people's failings. To both Reeves and Merton it was maddening the way the story was being dragged out, wasting precious minutes. But neither dared hurry the leisurely tale, for that would have drawn too much attention to the pills, would have caused too much talk later. The episode would undoubtedly be discussed at length that evening with Joe Stevens, and the village policeman might wonder why all that fuss was being made about a bottle of pills.

Reeves seized on the opening.

"What was he like? I quite agree he'd no right to take them like that. If he took one thing he might take another."

"Just what I told Bill, Mr. Reeves, only he sticks to his fancy he just slipped 'em in his pocket. Stealing I calls it. If he'd asked, I'd have given him half a dozen as

soon as look at him. I said to Bill afterwards I never did trust men with a cast in their eye. His left eye it was. But, of course, what can you expect of one of these circus men?"

"Not much," agreed Reeves. "Had he got a headache?"

"It was toothache. I felt fair sorry for him," said the landlady inconsistently. "His jaw was swollen something terrible. That's why I gave him a pill. I was called away to a customer and forgot him for the moment. And when I found they'd gone he had driven off."

"What a circus man in a car?" said Merton.

"I never seed such an underfed pony in all my life," continued the landlady, now thoroughly wound up. "All skin and bones. I'd have had the Society after him if I'd had time. 'That won't travel far,' I says to him. 'He was always on the thin side,' he replies. 'He's bin like that for years.' He's going to Hatcham tomorrow."

"There's a fair on at Hatcham to-morrow," said Merton. "I remember reading about it in the paper this morning."

"An' a fine one it is," said the landlady. "I darsay it's one of the best. I remember—"

REEVES broke in hastily. Once the landlord of the Seven Sisters began remembering there was no saying when he would stop.

"Was he wearing a cap and a dirty black overcoat?" he asked at random. "I thought I saw a man in a pony and trap—"

"It weren't him, Mr. Reeves," said the landlady. "He'd got an old bowler on. Green with age it was. It ought to have been rusty to suit his ginger moustache. I always thought red-haired people were honest."

"I agree, Mrs. Brackenbury. But there, don't let it worry you. After all, I've got a new bottle of pills and you're welcome to them all if you want them. I'm going along to Relgate this evening. I must be getting along."

"Well, what are we going to do about it?" he asked Merton, when the two had driven a quarter of a mile along the road towards Relgate and had pulled up their cars by mutual consent.

"Lord knows," answered Merton gloomily. "I'm sorry," began Reeves.

"Oh, I'm not blaming you. I'd have done the same myself. And if I hadn't been for you we shouldn't know where they are. Not that we know now, but there's just a chance we might find him. We've got a description. Red-haired, red moustache, a cast in his left eye, and a bowler hat green with age. We ought to get him."

"We'll get him all right," said Reeves confidently. "He'll be at Hatcham fair. I remember going to it when I was a boy."

"How long's it last?" asked Merton.

"Two days."

"We've got to waste to-morrow at that inquest, at least the morning."

"Then we can all drive over in the afternoon," suggested Reeves. "It's not going to be so easy when we do find him. If we ask him outright for the pills—"

"Leave that part to me," said Merton. "He'll be glad to hand them over when I've finished with him. Pity we can't do anything to-night."

Reeves shrugged his shoulders. He had thought of driving in the direction of Hatcham, but the chances of finding the man they were after were too small to make it worth while wasting time searching. He parted from Merton with the feeling that he was going to have an uneasy night. Nor, indeed, did he sleep much.

He awoke and went down to breakfast, feeling thoroughly washed out. Nor did he find the occupants of the White House in much better shape.

It seems as though we are fated not to get them," said Mary, who sat beside him as he drove them to Grinstead. "Poor

Tommy was terribly upset when he came back."

"I blame myself entirely," said Reeves bitterly. "I ought to have taken them up to my room myself, and then Mrs. Brackenbury would have known nothing about them."

Mary's hand rested for a moment on his arm and thrilled him.

"We know it's not your fault, Mr. Reeves. You did what you thought best. We might all of us have done exactly the same. Let's not talk about it until we go to the fair this afternoon. If we find them we'll celebrate by going on the roundabouts, shall we?"

THE house which Whiteoakes had occupied was a rambling, late Victorian structure standing in three or four acres of rather formal-looking garden. A number of cars were already drawn up outside, and the sergeant who had warned them to attend was standing by the door and immediately came forward.

"The inquest's in the dining-room, the first door on the right," he announced.

Reeves sat between Mary and Merton. He felt uneasy, partly because of the very fact he had been summoned to attend the inquest on Whiteoakes, about whom he had certainly known nothing save what he had been told by his companions; and partly because Mary was sitting there so tense that to Reeves she seemed hardly to be breathing.

Merton, on the other hand, looked round with frank interest.

"The inspector who brought the search-warrant," he whispered to Reeves, with a slight nod in the direction of the coroner's table. "See that girl among the servants, the second from the left? That's Sanders' sister, the girl who let me in. She hasn't dared to look at us since we've arrived. Five to eleven. Wonder who will identify the body? The coroner's evidently going to sit without a jury."

As the clock pointed to eleven the inspector stood up.

"Silence, ladies and gentlemen."

The coroner looked round the room for a moment before he began to speak. Reeves fancied that his gaze lingered longer in their direction than in any other.

"We are here to inquire into the death of Mr. Jasper Whiteoakes," he began in precise, dry tones. "This is a preliminary meeting only. I am calling evidence only of identification, and the inquiry will then be adjourned until this day fortnight. All witnesses will be bound over to attend on that day when I understand, the police expect to offer important evidence."

There was an uneasy shuffling of feet as the coroner looked down at the papers on his table.

"Mr. William Benson," he called. "That's Whiteoakes' butler," whispered Merton.

An elderly man, with iron-grey hair and a slight stoop, rose from a chair where the servants were sitting and came forward and stood near the table. He nervously took the bible the sergeant handed to him, and in a jerky, high staccato voice repeated the oath.

"Mr. Whiteoakes was your master?"

"Yes, sir."

"How long have you been in his employment?"

"Four months, sir."

"When did you last see him alive?"

"About half-past ten, the night before his death, sir. Last Wednesday night, sir."

"You have seen his body?"

The butler gripped the edge of the table.

"I found him, sir," he answered, his voice dropping. "Lying on the bed—"

"Never mind that," interrupted the coroner. "You have identified the body as that of your late employer?"

"Yes, sir."

"That will do for the present. You will be recalled," said the coroner. "Call Dr. Rawlins."

DR. RAWLINS had note of the nervousness of the butler. A rather distinguished-looking man, he adjusted his monocle carefully, looked round the room with an inquiring air, and then turned and faced the coroner. He took the oath without hesitation and did not wait for the coroner.

"My name is George Ernest Rawlins," he began. "I am an M.D. of Glasgow, and I was called at 8.15 a.m. by the previous witness. He spoke to me over the telephone and asked me urgently to come round as he feared his master had been killed. Mr. Whiteoakes was lying half across the bed. He had been dead approximately two and a half hours when I saw him. I would not be certain to half an hour one way or the other."

"When did you see him?"

"Just before half-past six. I think he must have died between half-past three and four. The base of his skull had been—"

"That will do for the present, doctor," interrupted the coroner hastily. "We shall be investigating the cause of death at greater length at the next sitting to-day fortnight. The inquiry stands adjourned until 11 a.m. the 22nd instant."

"Pompous old devil!" whispered Merton.

Reeves did not answer. He had half-turned round and was looking at the partly-open door through which they had come. Standing there was a man whose nose was twisted on one side—a man whose ears were larger than normal, a man whose deep-set blue eyes were looking straight into his. Reeves stared transfixed. It was the face of the man he had seen in the light of his torch in the cabbage patch at the White House!

He felt the conscious effort of turning away, though there was no recognition in the other's look. He spoke to Merton as they all rose.

"I've just seen the man in the cabbage patch, by the door," he whispered. "That man with the twisted nose."

Merton did not look immediately. When he did, the man was laughing at some remark of a policeman.

"Join you later," he said quietly to Reeves. "You go along with Mary and Billy."

"What time are we going to Hatcham Fair this afternoon?" suddenly asked Billy.

They were passing through the door at the moment. Reeves murmured an unintelligible reply. Why on earth had Billy asked that question at that moment of all times? The policeman at the door must have heard him, although he appeared not to have done so, as he directed the witnesses through. Reeves hoped devoutly he had not heard. He did not want the police to know where they were all going that afternoon. The less attention drawn to their movements the better.

"I didn't hear what you said," continued Billy, all unconscious of the sudden tension.

"Shut up, Billy."

Mary, on edge, spoke sharply, and turned on him when they were in the car.

"We don't want the whole world to know what we're doing, Billy. What on earth made you ask a question like that then?"

"I don't think anybody heard me."

"You've got a voice like a feghorn," retorted his sister. "What is Tommy doing, Mr. Reeves?"

"I saw the man I tackled in the cabbage patch," explained Reeves. "I think Merton is going to try to find out who he is."

"I'm saying nothing," said Billy, who nevertheless looked his astonishment.

MARY made no attempt to disguise what she felt.

"But that's wonderful, Mr. Reeves. You're sure it was the same man? Was he a detective, do you think?"

"It was the same man all right," declared Reeves.

"Very likely he is a detective, thought I can't understand why—here's Merton."

"The Black Horse is the best hotel round here," said Merton loudly as he stepped into the car. "It's a bit early yet. Shall we drive round or feed in Reigate?"

"We'll have something in Reigate," said Reeves, slipping in the clutch. "What's your news?" he added, as the car turned out of the driveway.

"The Black Horse is the last place where we're going to feed," declared Merton quickly. "I propose we go straight to Hatcham and get those pills just about as quickly as we can before we're followed. I've found out who that man was. It's that boxer Whitecakes engaged to protect him, a man named Bates."

The car gave sudden leap forward as Reeves trod on the accelerator.

"Sorry. Your news rather took the wind out of me. What do you make of it?"

"He must have known we were after the pearls," replied Merton. "Whitecakes must have warned him. I don't doubt now he told the police. It seemed to me rather than they should come and search over the place because we'd been seen in a car similar to the one seen coming from here. But if the police knew that I'm not surprised at all."

"But why should he be outside at that time of night?" asked Mary breathlessly. "If he was watching why didn't he raise the alarm when Mr. Reeves took the pearls? Why should he run away like that? He had nothing to fear."

"You'll ask me who murdered Whitecakes next, Mary."

"I shouldn't be surprised if that boxer chap did," said Billy.

"He was in London at a boxing match," pointed out Reeves. "The police checked his story."

Merton was more puzzled than he cared to admit. He had taken the opportunity carefully to observe the boxer, and he had not been impressed. It seemed to him that Bates had studiously avoided looking in his direction, and this in itself struck Merton as being significant. He had no doubt the ex-boxer had seen him before, probably when he had called upon Whitecakes. After all, it was the man's duty to protect his master. He had been engaged for that specific purpose, indeed, and it would be only a natural thing that he should keep an eye on Whitecakes' visitors. Probably Whitecakes had drawn special attention to him, Merton reflected. Bates was going to be a serious factor, but exactly what part he was going to play Merton had no means of knowing.

CHAPTER 8

MERTON did not neglect Billy's suggestion that Bates might have murdered his master. But he was inclined to reject it for the reason that the police must have thoroughly investigated the boxer's story. The village policeman, indeed, had as much as said so to Reeves. There wasn't the slightest doubt in Merton's mind that all the servants, as well as Bates, had been pretty shrewdly cross-questioned. They would naturally be the first people the police would examine.

But it was distinctly a puzzle why Bates should have been hiding in the garden; why, when he was discovered, he should have fled. If he was an ally of the police then the last thing he would have done would be to flee as though for his life when he had got that packet in his hands. If he had nothing to do with the police, then it seemed to Merton pretty certain the boxer knew definitely who had taken the pearls and was after them. And he might have known that in two ways. One because he had learned of Merton's previous attempts to get the pearls, and the other because he had seen him take them from the safe. In the latter case Billy was probably right, but that would mean the boxer's ally wasn't so watertight as it appeared to the police.

Merton had come to no very definite conclusion when the car pulled up outside the Goat and Compasses at Hatcham.

"As you have hardly spoken for the last thirty miles, Tommy, I suppose you have been solving the mystery of Mr. Bates?" asked Mary.

"That I haven't," declared Merton. "I see the fair's duly advertised."

He pointed to a number of posters on the wall. Hatcham was clearly proud of its annual fair and circus. The first thing the waiter said, in fact, after taking their order, was, "Are you going to the fair, sir?"

"We'd better garage the car here and walk along," suggested Reeves, as the waiter hurried away. "And fix where we are going to start."

"I've thought about that," said Merton.

"I think the best thing is to wander round first and keep our eyes and ears open, and if necessary go into the various side-shows. He may be an attendant or an exhibit or what not. All we know is he's red-haired and has a cast in one eye, the left, wears a bowler hat green with age, and has a ginger moustache. And there you are, mes enfants, and good luck. Let us feed well."

It was just after two o'clock that the four entered the fair grounds. Reeves was all on his toes, and it seemed to him that his three companions appeared much calmer than he certainly felt.

They made slow progress. The fair attendants round the hobby-horses, the flying airships, the coconut shies and the like were all so much on the move that each place involved considerable waiting before they decided that the man they wanted was not there. The search involved entering many side-shows, during which Merton showed an unexpected zest.

"I like them," he admitted. "Always have done. My greatest thrill was when I went to America and spent a couple of days at Coney Island. I went on every thrill I could find and most of the best twice."

NEITHER Mary nor Reeves cared very much for the side-shows and they waited outside several while Merton and Billy continued the search inside. And it was just after the two had gone into the Haunted House that Reeves saw a man walk by carrying a paraffin high-pressure flare.

"That's the man," he whispered.

"Keep an eye on the direction he's going. I'll keep in touch with him. Tell Merton and Billy where I've gone. I'll come back when I've fixed him and Merton can talk to him."

He hurried after his man with a feeling of excitement. There was no doubt about him. The cast in his eye, the ginger moustache, even the ancient bowler hat. They were all there.

The red-headed man was quickly working his way towards the edge of the fair. Reeves saw that there was a dump of paraffin flares. Several men were cleaning them ready for the evening. The red-headed man dropped his flare beside the others and stood talking while Reeves cast around in his mind for some excuse to open a conversation.

"It would be easier if I knew his name," he reflected.

As the red-headed man turned to come back Reeves determined that the bold policy was the best.

"Isn't your name Merton?" he asked.

"No, it ain't," replied the other looking at Reeves suspiciously. "Wot yer want to know for, eh?"

"There's a pound note for the man I want," said Reeves easily. "I thought it was a name like Merton, a red-headed man working in the fair. My name's Reeves, by the way."

"I'm the only ginger one in this fair guv'nor," replied the other, his eyes lighting up at the mention of money. "An' my moniker ain't Merton. It's Perry. Jim Perry. What's the game? Wot d'ye want to give 'im a quid for?"

"You've got a pony and trap?" asked Reeves.

"Here what's the game?" repeated Perry.

"You were in Leigh yesterday and called at a public house called the Seven Sisters?"

Perry's eyes narrowed. Any stranger who knew too much about his movements made him uneasy. There were some movements of his which he was not particularly anxious should become known.

"Well, an' supposin I was," he said. "It ain't a crime to have a drink, eh?"

"I'm not accusin' you of any crime," continued Reeves easily. "You had a bad attack of toothache while you were there and the landlady gave you some pills to cure it."

Perry edged towards one of the amusement booths.

"Well, what about it? Can't I 'ave toothache without bein' bothered about? 'Ow did you know where I was, eh? What's the real game? I ain't done nothin'."

"Nobody's accusin' you of doing anything. I thought perhaps you had slipped the bottle of pills in your pocket. All I want—"

Perry made a sudden dive between two of the amusement booths. He had too uneasy a conscience to believe for one moment that all Reeves wanted was a bottle of pills, when he could have bought another bottle anywhere. He was a tee, that's what he was, and the sooner he got out of Hatcham the better. He wished he'd never called in at that pub. Somebody must have spotted him. It was too near Dorking. He ought to have kept on and had a drink at Reigate, where there'd have been a bigger crowd and less chance of spotting him.

"Where you off to, Jim, in such a blinkin' hurry?"

"Tee. You know nothin' and don't you forget it, Bill. Keep him off."

Reeves was making a dash after Perry when he found his way stopped by two booth attendants.

"Ere, where're you off to, mister? No one's allowed behind."

"I want to speak to that man who's just come through. Perry, Jim Perry."

"There ain't no man come through, mister, an' you can't come through, neither."

Reeves retired baffled. The more he stayed there and argued, the less chance of finding Perry again and explaining. Why on earth had the man bolted like that? He must get in touch with him quickly or the pearls might be forever lost.

BUT long before Reeves and Merton had begun to fresh inquiries, Perry was outside the fair. And then he received his second shock of the day. A voice hailed him as his pony and trap came out of the fair grounds.

"Perry, by all that's 'oly. Ain't seen you for five year. Don't you know an old pal when you see one?"

"Well, if it ain't Podgy Bates. Can't wait this time, Podgy, I've got an important appointment in London."

"Wot you been doin', Jim?" asked Bates shrewdly. "The tees after you? I'll come along a little way with you."

He climbed in beside the other. Perry was silent until they came to a side turning a hundred yards up the road.

"I'm going down here, Podgy. There's a gateway here."

In a few minutes the pony and trap were in a field, hidden from the road by a thick hedge. Perry intended to run no risks. It seemed to him unlikely that Reeves was alone, and the roads round Hatcham might be patrolled for a while. Perry had a very wholesome fear of the police, and he expressed it in forcible language.

"Robbin' a man of earnin' 'is livin'," he exploded. "It don't give a man a chance, to be 'ounded from place to place."

"And what have you been doing, Jim? Same old game, a bit of breakin' in? You should have stuck to the gloves. You wasn't a bad hand at the game."

"Well, I might 'ave done," admitted his companion, looking at Bates. "You don't

seem to have come off so bad, Podgy. That coat wasn't bought in Petticoat Lane."

"It was bought in Savile Row if you want to know," replied the ex-boxer. "Belonged to my gov'nor—my late gov'nor, at any rate. What's your trouble?"

"Bloomin' tee come up to me and says, 'You was down Leigh way yesterday 'aving a drink.' Pulled it on me 'e did and I slipped me moniker to 'im before I knew what I was thinking about. I tell you I 'ad to look pretty alippy. Chap named Reeves. Ow, what's the game?"

"Reeves, you say?" demanded Bates, gripping his companion's arm. "What do you know about Reeves?"

"I don't know nothin' about 'im, and I don't want to know nothin'. What's the game?"

"The game's this, Jim. My gov'nor was old Whiteoakes."

Perry whistled.

"They're not after you for it?" he asked.

"They're more likely after Reeves," replied Bates.

"I was up at the Ring when they did him in. The 'eck believe it was a man named Merton, and I think Reeves helped him. Now you know who Reeves is. What did he ask you? You ever been in Grinstead?"

"Not since last year," replied Perry. "It ain't my way. I come up from Clchester here, through Dorking and Reigate. What's the game?"

"What did Reeves say to you?"

"'E didn't ave a chance to say much," replied Perry. "Asked me if I knew a ginger-headed man with a name like Merton."

"He's got a nerve. Go on."

"An' I says 'no.' 'Oh,' 'e says, 'you've a pony and trap, you was 'aving a drink in the Seven Sisters at Leigh yesterday.' 'What's the game, I says. 'It ain't a crime to 'ave a drink, eh?' 'No,' says 'e, 'but you slipped a bottle of pills in your pocket, perhaps.' An' then I did a bunk for it, an' 'ere I am."

"That was all he said, eh?" demanded Bates. "That don't seem much to bolt for. What were you afraid of?"

"Ow was I to know what he was after? I 'ad toothache and the landlady gave me some pills for it. Ow was I to know he weren't a 'tee? I did a bit of a job down Newdgate way, and I thought he was after that."

"What's the pills got to do with it? What's Reeves want to find you for?"

"Ain't I been tellin' you what he wants?" demanded Perry. "I didn't see no one with him, neither. I didn't stop to look."

"Where's your misson?" asked Bates suddenly.

"She's with the coconut shies. If you was goin' back you might tell 'er I'm 'opping it back to the old place. She'll know where."

"Well, I am going back, and now," replied Bates. "You needn't worry about Reeves. You haven't got anything to worry about there. I'll be seoin' 'ou again shortly, Jim. Where you goin'?"

"To the old place at Tooting. The misson will tell you where. An' you be careful, Podgy."

PODGY BATES was thoroughly puzzled. What Reeves could possibly want with 'im Perry he could not fathom. There was not the slightest possible connection between Perry and the murder of Whiteoakes. The former hadn't the nerve to kill anybody. Yet there must be some connection if he could only see it. Perhaps Mrs. Perry could throw some light on the connection, though that did not seem likely, as the two had evidently travelled separately to Hatcham. But there did not seem anything to be got out of Perry.

He saw Mrs. Perry standing beside the box of wooden balls at the coconut shies.

"Here y'are, four for sixpence. Roll, bowl, or pitch. 'All way for lydes. Come on now, ludy, try your luck. Every one you 'e you gets a coconut, ripe and milky. Now ludy."

Bates hurriedly stepped back into the crowd. The woman standing beside Mrs. Perry was Mary Reynolds. He looked cautiously round. Where Mary was he expected to see Reeves, and he was not disappointed. The latter was standing at one side of the shy with Merton and Billy Reynolds. All three were watching Mary. Bates pulled his cap further over his forehead. What was the game?

MARY was apparently intrigued entirely with trying to get a coconut. Twice she bought a fresh supply of balls while Bates looked on with contempt at her efforts. And when she at last stopped, all smiles, by Mrs. Perry, she had failed to get a single nut.

But now, Bates noticed, Mrs. Perry had ceased to call out. Another was doing that while she and Mary talked. And at last the two began to walk slowly away, towards one of the caravans on the outskirts of the fair. Bates dodged in and out among the various sideshows, keeping her in sight and, at the same time, keeping a careful eye on the three men who were hovering near. He was thoroughly puzzled, but he meant to get at the bottom of the mystery. There was no doubt in his mind now that either Perry or Mrs. Perry knew something which Reeves and the rest badly wanted to know. And the only thing they could want to know about were the pearls. He saw Mary go into the caravan and come out a minute later and sit down on the steps, followed shortly after by Mrs. Perry. One of the tousled-haired children suddenly began to dance with delight round Mary, holding up a coin which had been given her, and Bates saw another coin pass into the hands of Mrs. Perry before Mary walked slowly away and rejoined Reeves. He waited until they were out of sight and went straight up the caravan steps.

"My, if it ain't Podgy Bates. An' wot are you doin' 'ere, Podgy?"

"Lookin' round. Just lookin' round," replied the ex-boxer cautiously. "Long time since I seen you an' Jim."

"Ain't you seen 'im? He's gone on with the pony, the lacy lout. Goin' to pout beer down his guslin' neck an' left me to do all the dirty work. You wait 'ere long enough and you'll see 'im or right, when they closes. An' wot you been doin' all this time, Podgy?"

Bates explained briefly that he'd got a job and related his recent encounter with Jim Perry.

"He told me 'e was going back to the same old place. You'd know where."

"We've got 'alf an' 'ouse in Tooting," said Mrs. Perry. "Gawd, if 'e's bin mixed up with doin' someone in I know nothin' about it. Blimey if that ain't the limit."

"I tell you 'e ain't 'ad nothing to do with it," reiterated Bates. "I want to find out what Reeves is after. I've got me knife into that feller and 'e may 'ave thought Jim knows somethin'."

"'E ain't said nothin' to me, that's all."

"Who was that lady who came along?"

"'Er? Ask me. She wanted to see wot it was like to live in one of these 'oles. Gave me 'alf a dollar, she did, an' the kid a bob."

"What did she want to look at? She weren't inside more than two minutes. I was watchin' 'er. An' then she comes out and sits on the steps until you comes out. I see Reeves 'argin' about. What did she say? She must 'ave said somethin'."

"She said nothin', except as she thought it was stuffy inside an' 'ad given 'er an' 'eadache. You ain't got no 'eadache pills by any chance, says 'er, an' I says—"

"Pills! Pills! Why, Reeves asked Jim about some pills 'e'd pinched down Leigh way. They must be mad or I am. 'Ad you got any pills? 'Ad Jim got any pills?"

"'E 'ad an' I thought he'd left 'em behind, but 'e must 'ave 'ad them with 'im. Told me 'e'd bought 'em for toothache. So

I tells 'er I was sorry but I ain't got any, but me 'usband might be back any minute like an'—"

BATES was no longer interested in what Mrs. Perry had said to Mary. Somehow or other there was entering his head that the pills Reeves and Mary had been inquiring about held the clue to those inquiries. But how?

"What was the pills in?" he asked.

"A bottle. Wot do you think they was in? A carrytan?"

"Lucky for you they wasn't," retorted Bates. "What was they like to look at?"

"Pills. Wot do you suppose they looked like? Pearls?"

The boxer kept himself in with difficulty. He had not been in the boxing ring for twenty years without learning how to control his face. Pills and pearls! The solution had come to him in a flash! That bottle of health pills contained the pearls stolen from Whiteoakes! No wonder Reeves and the rest were so anxious to get them back again.

"Well, I may be seoin' Jim again shortly if 'e's gone to London," he said casually. "Whereabouts in Tooting did you say 'e was?"

"Number 6, Merton Villas, off the Russell Road," replied Mrs. Perry. "An' if you do see 'im, tell 'im I don't want to see 'im again until 'e's sober."

Podgy Bates moved more swiftly than he had moved for some considerable time when he left Mrs. Perry, and was running up the road in the direction of where he had last seen Jim Perry. He would have been more anxious than he was if he had known that Perry at that moment was driving down the country lane three miles away, intent on putting as great a distance between Hatcham and himself as possible in the shortest interval of time. And if he had known, too, that Mary had casually inquired if Mrs. Perry had always lived in a caravan and had been given as casually the address in Tooting. But Podgy Bates knew neither of those facts, although he guessed at and cursed freely the first when he failed to find the man he wanted in the field where he had left him.

There was a third thing which Podgy Bates was blissfully unaware of, a thing which would have toned down considerably the red of his face. Since he had arrived back at Hatcham Fair he had been very much under the eye of Sergeant Hawkins, of New Scotland Yard. It was to Sergeant Hawkins that the policeman in Grinstead, who had overheard Billy Reynolds ask when they were all going to the fair, had repeated Billy's question. Hawkins, of the Yard, had a rapidly rising reputation. His methods of investigation were his own. He relied as much upon intuition and emotion as he did upon reasoning and hard facts. Often he had blessed the time when his intuition had suggested one thing and cold reasoning another, and had taken the intuitive road.

It was while he was watching Mary from an unobtrusive place in the crowd that he saw the boxer doing precisely the same thing.

"Now, what's the idea?" he ruminated. "Does he think he's going to find out something, or does he not?"

And when the boxer took the train from Hatcham to London after his talk with Mrs. Perry, Hawkins followed. Reason told him to keep in touch with Merton and Reeves and the others, as had been his original intention when he left Grinstead. But intuition said follow Bates, and Hawkins followed intuition, and was led to Merton Villas, Tooting.

Merton Villas proved more villas by name than anything else. A more tumble-down, wretched-looking street the detective had seldom seen, and Number 6, in which Bates entered, was probably the most tumble-down house of all. Half the windows were protected by brown paper instead of glass, and the other half was so thick with dust

that the possibility of daylight getting through into the rooms seemed, to Hawkins, very remote.

Once he had seen Bates into Number 6, Hawkins strolled casually to the end of the street, said a few words to a policeman standing there, who was eyeing with disfavor the whole neighborhood, and then called at the nearest police station.

CHAPTER 9

"MERTON VILLAS?" repeated the inspector in reply to the detective's question. "They give us more trouble than any other half dozen houses in Tooting. Some holy terrors live there, you mark my word. If there's one that's earned an honest living this last ten years I'd like to find him."

"Now that's interesting," said Hawkins. "I've just been keeping a bit of an eye on Paddy Bates, who looked after Whitecoats until he was washed out. Who lives at Number 6?"

"It's sub-let until there's a family in every room," returned the inspector. "Most of them on the dole, and all of them thieves and hares."

"Besides the regulars, who are always there," he continued, "there's a hawker and his wife named Perry. They've got a pony and trap. Miserable thing it is, too. They go round the fairs a lot. I believe."

Hawkins picked up his ears.

"Round the fairs?" he echoed. "I've just come from Hatcham Fair."

"I'll bet you'd find them there all right," said the inspector.

"I'd like to telephone to Hatcham and wait and hear what they say," said the sergeant thoughtfully.

It was half an hour before the answer he wanted came through, and as a result of what he said to the police at Hatcham Mrs. Perry went to bed that night in a state of terror, convinced that her husband was not only mixed up with the Whitecoats murder, but had probably carried it out.

Hawkins was too cunning to make any direct inquiries at Merton Villas, but Number 6 was more closely watched than it had been for a very considerable time, even after Bates had left it, and, as Hawkins learnt later, returned to Grinstead perfectly openly, announcing that he had been to London to see a few friends.

"Who'll give him away as soon as look at him," was the sergeant's comment, when he heard what the boxer had said.

But neither Hawkins nor Bates had any idea that the home-coming of Jim Perry to Tooting was being watched for by Reeves and his companions.

The four were sitting in a small restaurant not half a mile away from Tooting, discussing ways of getting in touch with Perry, while Hawkins was smoking thoughtful pipes in the local police station, after picking up one or two significant facts about Jim Perry's career as a boxer and his previous acquaintanceship with Bates, and the latter was sitting in the train on his way to Grinstead.

"He's pretty well bound to come along one of these three roads," pointed out Merles, putting his finger on a large-scale map of London. "If he does not stop at every public house on the road he'll arrive in Tooting somewhere about ten o'clock to-night. If he's later—well, we'll have to sit up for him, that's all. It's my belief he's got such a fright that he won't hang about on the road at all."

"What I think is, he'll come back for to-night and clear off again in the morning," he continued. "He's got to leave that pony and trap somewhere, with somebody he knows, and it's pretty likely it will be someone not far from here. At any rate, we've got to take the chance, that's all. You'd better drive back in the car, Mary, and we'll telephone you as soon as we get any news."

Mary shook her head firmly.

"I don't mind taking the car, if Mr. Reeves doesn't mind," she said decisively.

"But I'm not going home and leaving all the fun to you three."

"All the same, it's the best plan. We can telephone you there and you can drive out and pick us up," said Merton. "In any other place it might be difficult to get in touch with you at any hour. And you'll have Sanders and Bridget."

It took all his persuasive power to get Mary to see that what he suggested was the best course, and she drove off in the Speedway very reluctantly. The three men had tossed for choice of roads, and Reeves chose the main road leading to Wimbledon. He argued out in his own mind that it was more than likely Perry would leave his pony and trap somewhere between Epsom and Ewell, and then take a bus or tram to Tooting. He walked about half a mile along the Wimbledon road and stopped at one of the main bus and tram stops.

His reasoning held good, though it was not until nearly half-past eleven that he saw his quarry sitting in a tram reading a paper. Reeves deliberately sat down beside him.

"And now, my friend," he said cheerfully, "we'll continue talking where we left off at Hatcham. And this time if you want to hurry away you can try running to the nearest police station."

There came the inevitable question from Perry.

"What's the game?"

Reeves came straight to the point. He was going to make no mistake this time.

"Those headache pills you stole at Leigh. I want them and will them now," he said sharply.

Perry's hand involuntarily went to the pocket of his shabby overcoat. Reeves saw the movement and his fingers closed on the other's wrist like a vice.

"Come on, or you'll spend the night—"

"If I give them to you, I can go?" asked Perry sagely.

"You can go to—wherever you please," answered Reeves. "If you want to know the truth some of those pills contain a deadly poison and it's lucky for you you haven't swallowed any of them or you wouldn't be sitting here now."

He kept his face with difficulty as Perry went a ghastly white.

"Gawd. Ere take 'em, guv'nor."

A bottle was thrust into Reeves's hands and his companion had gone before he realised that he held in his hand the identical bottle of pills which he had given to the landlady of the Seven Sisters.

Perry, in his fear, ran straight into the arms of Sergeant Hawkins, standing at the bottom of Russell Rd., talking to the policeman on point duty. He had swung blindly round the corner, all his natural caution thrown to the winds, intent on one thing and one thing only, to get to his room in Merton Villas and fortify himself in case he was poisoned. He had almost knocked down the detective in his mad rush. Blind chance was for once on the side of the sergeant.

"Here, steady, man. Where are you off to in such a hurry?"

"I'm poisoned," gasped Perry.

He tried to wrench himself free, and then collapsed as Hawkins looked at him in the light of the street lamp, took a firmer grip, and said quietly, "I want you, Perry."

Meanwhile Reeves, all unconscious that Perry had fallen into the hands of the keenest-brained detective-sergeant at New Scotland Yard, walked briskly along the road leading across Tooting Bec Common towards Streatham. It was the road Merton had arranged to patrol in case Perry had chosen to come through Croydon and Streatham. He was feeling particularly cheerful as he walked along. How far Merton had gone along the road Reeves had no means of knowing. It was quite likely, indeed, he reflected, that Merton would miss him, but the walk gave Reeves something definite to do.

The final arrangements for the three to meet again had been simple. If none had got in touch with Perry by two o'clock the three were to meet at a coffee stall in Tooting Broadway. It was within convenient distance of Merton Villas and close by was a telephone kiosk. If one or the other failed to arrive by half-past two the others could get in touch with Mary at the White House. Mary was the pivot for news. To her each would report, so that she could communicate if anything happened. If one or the other obtained the pearls, Mary had arranged to drive to London and pick them all three up on the road.

Reeves was strongly tempted to telephone, and only the absence of a kiosk as he crossed the Common prevented him from doing so. Though little had been actually said, he had the feeling that Mary's first antagonism towards him had not only completely gone, but she had swung over to a state of mind which Reeves frankly exaggerated into something more than friendliness. He felt an enormous satisfaction that it was he who had found the pearls again; that it was he who would receive all Mary's praise. He did not care whether he ran into Merton or not. There was ample time, and two o'clock was a long way off.

It was not until ten minutes past the hour that he arrived at the coffee stall and found Billy there talking cheerfully to a couple of taxi-drivers and a man who looked like an out-of-work clerk.

"Hallo, Reeves, you're late," he said with a grin. "Have a doorstep and a cup of coffee."

Reeves found the doorstep to be nothing worse than a thick slab of bread and butter. Both it and the coffee were good. The air at two o'clock in the morning had a tang in it which made the hot coffee go down easily.

"Goin' to be a fine day to-morrow," said one of the taxi-drivers. "You don't want a lift to London, I suppose? I'm goin' to Covent Garden."

"No, thanks very much," replied Reeves.

"I'm staying round here."

"Know this part well?" asked the man who looked like a clerk.

"Not very," confessed Reeves. "In fact I can't say I know it at all, except in a general way, as it were."

"It's got the advantage of being cheap," volunteered the other. "And the Common's handy if you want the price of a bed."

"Have another cup of coffee with me," suggested Reeves. "Out of a job?"

"Been out for twelve months," replied his companion, thirstily drinking his second cup of coffee. "I'm a bookkeeper, but trade's bad. Get an odd job here and there arranging books ready for the auditors, but they don't amount to much. Beginning to think myself lucky to be alive."

Reeves happened to glance down at the other was speaking. He did not look long. The light of a neighboring lamp had caught on the bookkeeper's boots. They were new boots, good boots, boots which were of a regulation pattern with which Reeves was familiar. They were in contrast to the man's suit, which was shabby. But his bowler hat was comparatively new, certainly bought within the last few months, reflected Reeves.

"We're all rather lucky to be alive," he said casually.

"I fancy some people don't think so," replied the other. "I'll be getting along."

"Ran into him as I was coming here," said Billy, as the other moved out of hearing. "Seems rather a well-educated man to be out of work. Wonder where Tommy is? It is getting on for half-past."

"Where exactly did you meet him?" asked Reeves.

"I was just coming past the end of Russell Road where Perry lives," replied

Billy. "There's the half-hour. We'd better telephone."

"I'll do it. You stay here in case Merton comes along at the last minute. Perhaps he has telephoned himself already from some other place."

It was some minutes before Reeves got through. To his surprise it was Mary herself who answered.

"I thought you would have gone to bed," said Reeves.

"Oh, how could I, Mr. Reeves?" she answered reproachfully. "Have you got them?"

"Yes."

"Oh, but how wonderful. Tell me all about it, please."

REEVES recited an account of his interview with Perry, and heard the music of Mary's laughter, as he told her of the look on Perry's face when he thought he had been swallowing poisoned pills.

"He went up the road quicker than greased lightning. He'll never take another pill as long as he lives."

"I'm awfully glad you have got them," exclaimed Mary. "I'd rather you found them than anyone else."

"Rather than Tommy or Billy?"

"Yes."

"I'm not such an outsider after all?"

"Oh, Mr. Reeves, I never thought you were an outsider. I feel as though I'd known you for years—and so do Tommy and Billy," she added hastily. "We have told you everything. We couldn't give you more confidence than that, could we?"

"I hope you will some day, Miss Reynolds," said Reeves recklessly.

There was silence for a moment from the other end.

"What do you want me to do now, Mr. Reeves? Where shall I pick you up?"

"We'll walk along the road to Kingston from here," said Reeves. "The headlights will pick us up. We'll keep a look out."

Reeves turned quickly as he replaced the receiver. The telephone box was in the shadows. He fancied he had heard a suppressed cough as he was replacing the receiver, but he could not see anyone as he stepped from the box. It was at the corner of two streets, and it would have been impossible to make sure of his suspicions. He walked quickly a few yards and slipped into a doorway.

"Booh, you're all nerves!" he muttered to himself. "Now you've got the pearls you're thinking everybody in the world knows you've got them. The sooner you pull yourself together the better. You must have imagined—"

He stood perfectly still. A man had stepped out of the deeper shadows near the telephone booth and was walking silently towards it. Reeves recognised him instantly. It was the man at the coffee stall, the man who had declared that he was a bookkeeper out of work, the man whose boots were better than they should be.

Reeves instantly made up his mind. He bent down and ran silently to the door of the kiosk, against which he pressed his ear. He was taking a risk, but he would be taking a greater one if he did not get to know something about the other man.

"Hallo, is that Dorking? This is Merry-dew speaking on behalf of Det.-Sergt. Hawkins. Did you have a telephone call through a minute ago?"

"Yes—to Newcastle 028 was it? I thought so. What did they say?"

There was silence for a few minutes.

"So he's got the pearls? Hawkins was pretty certain he had. You'll hear some news to-morrow, my friend. Hawkins arrested a man named Perry who'd pinched the pearls at Leigh without knowing what they were. Reeves followed him up and got them from him to-night. We always did have our suspicions of Reeves, but couldn't fix it on him as long as we couldn't find the pearls. Well, so long, old man. Remember me to the wife. I'm off to the station, pretty nippy."

Reeves was at the back of the kiosk and had flattened himself against it before the detective had come out. He did not dare move, nor even so much as turn his face, as the other walked briskly away. In a few minutes he would be at the police station and in another few the hue and cry would be out, reflected Reeves grimly.

HE slipped swiftly from his hiding-place, keeping as much as possible in the shadows. Across the Broadway he could see Billy Reynolds by the coffee stall talking to one of the taxi-drivers who still lingered there. But of Merton there was no sign, though it was now a quarter to three.

"Well, you're up against it with a vengeance," muttered Reeves. "Five thousand pounds' worth of pearls in a pill bottle, in London at three o'clock in the morning, with the certainty that every policeman has his eyes skinned looking for you. You can't get a mile away before you'll be arrested and charged with murder. Now what do you make of that?"

It was a pretty problem and one to which Reeves did not see an immediate solution. It would be easy to drop the pearls down the nearest sewer, where they would be lost for ever. But that meant breaking faith with Mary; meant, if there was any truth in the story she had told, the death of Mary's superstitious aunt. Even at the risk of his own neck Reeves was determined to save the pearls somehow or other. He fully realised the danger he was in, but he was optimistic enough to believe that even if he were accused of the murder of Whiteoakes it was unlikely that any jury would convict. But he had no intention of letting it come to that, if he could help it.

So they had caught Perry, and Perry had told them all about the pills! And the police had drawn the right conclusion that the pearls were hidden among the pills. Probably they had traced Perry to Hatcham Fair; had even learnt of the inquiries Reeves had made there; the conversation Mary had had with Mrs. Perry. And that would inevitably connect Mary with the pearls.

And then an idea came to Reeves, an idea so fantastic, so mad, that for a moment he gasped at the possibilities of it.

"If I could only do it!" he muttered. "What a joke! It's the last place in the world where they would look for them! And I'm going in the right direction."

The more he thought over his idea the better it seemed. Perry and his wife had the two top-back rooms in Merton Villas. That much Mary had learnt from Mrs. Perry. Perry was arrested on his way to his rooms, and the police were well aware that he had not got the pearls. What better hiding place could there be found than somewhere in Perry's rooms? Now Perry was safely under lock and key the probabilities were that no watch would be kept on Merton Villas. If he could only get inside Number 6!

Russell Road appeared utterly deserted as he turned into it, but he took no chances, keeping carefully in the shadows and moving cautiously. The silence was almost eerie, the silence of three o'clock in the morning.

CHAPTER 10

IT was a ramshackle neighborhood—a place of dirty houses, with gates half off their hinges, and doors which had not been repainted, apparently, since the houses were first built. Windows which were cracked were grimy with the dust of years or repaired with sheets of brown paper. This latter fact Reeves looked on with satisfaction as he came to that part of the road labelled Merton Villas, and found No. 6 even more ramshackle and broken down than its neighbors. The whole road, indeed, had been condemned by the

authorities, and only the shortage of houses had prevented the inhabitants from being forcibly turned out.

He looked up and down the street from the shadows. There was no sign of life in it, no lights in any of the windows, no sound of any kind. He stepped inside the gate of No. 6. What garden there had been once had vanished long ago. Here and there weeds and grass struggled for their existence, but mostly the ground was bare, worn down, he reflected, by the feet of children who used it as a playground.

The villas were semi-detached. The passage at the side of No. 6 was so dark that Reeves was glad he had his torch with him. He had quickly learnt that for those who lived in the country the most valuable thing to carry is a torch. The passage was strewn with bricks fallen from the dividing wall, odd tins and rubbish, over which Reeves stepped with infinite caution.

"I suppose they never use the back way," he reflected. "All the better for me. I wish I knew how many rooms are inhabited. I shouldn't like to tread over somebody sleeping in the kitchen."

The only certain knowledge he had got, via Mary, was that the Perrys had the two top-back rooms. But whether there were more than two rooms, and of the actual geography of the house, he had no knowledge whatever. He could only guess, and hope that not only would he not wake up anyone in the house, but not find anyone sleeping in Perry's rooms. It was as likely as not that they had sublet their rooms while they were away. Reeves was beginning to wonder how far his adventure was going to carry him.

Without exception, the windows at the back of the house were cracked or had holes in them over which had been pasted sheets of brown paper. From one room, a back bedroom downstairs, apparently, came the sound of someone steadily snoring. Reeves fervently hoped that every sleeper in that house snored, and snored decisively. It would save him from the risk of entering a room where people were sleeping.

The kitchen window proved no sounder than any other window in that ramshackle house. The bottom half was broken. Cautionously Reeves felt the brown paper covering it, slit it away little by little with his penknife, and put in his hand and drew back the catch. He stood listening by the open window for a moment, and hearing no sound, flashed his torchlight round. The remains of a meal were on the table. The cloth looked as though it had not been taken off since it was first put on a dozen years ago. Most of the cups were minus handles or saucers.

THROUGH the half-open door, he saw the uncarpeted, dusty passage leading to the front of the house. He tip-toed along it to the foot of the stairs which came down into the small hall.

He passed through a hundred acres of conscience before he arrived on the landing and found himself facing what, if Mrs. Perry had told Mary correctly, was one of the rooms she and her husband rented. With a slowness which was painful in its anticipation of what he might find, he turned the handle and pushed the door open a few inches. His strained ears detected no sound, and with a sudden resolve he switched on his light and turned it boldly round the room. It was empty.

"Thank God for that!" he whispered fervently.

He closed the door and looked round the room. In one corner was an unmade bed, its disarranged brown army blankets and absence of sheets giving it an appearance of grimy horror. On the table, with a newspaper for a cloth, were unwashed cups and saucers. The chipped basin on the washstand near the window was still half-full of dirty stagnant water. Of a possible hiding place for the bottle of pearls there was no sign.

"And the other room will be exactly the same," reflected Reeves. "Looks to me you're up against it, unless you stay here till they give up looking for you."

He half considered that possibility for a moment or two, but decided that there was a limit to human endurance. And apart from the atmosphere of the house, the risk of remaining in it until the following night at the least was too great. He did not doubt that none of the rooms was private. The fact that there was no lock on the door was sufficient evidence of that. Not that locks would have been of much use in a house of that description.

Reeves tried the floor boards, but none of them was loose. There appeared only one thing to do, go back the way he came, and trust to chance or inspiration to provide him with some means of getting rid of the bottle containing the pearls. But as he walked cautiously towards the door, the decision was taken from his hands. Somewhere a baby was crying, and Reeves had an insight into their treatment.

"Can't you make it shut up, Sal? Dyer want me to choke it?"

"You go off to sleep and leave it alone. An' mind you stop snorin' fit to wake the dead. Shut up, yer little brat, before I 'arf kills yer."

"Why don't yer give it the bottle and ave done with it?"

"Cos I left it downstairs, you fool. If you was 'arf a man yer'd fetch it instead of lyin' there an' chokin' yer words about."

"Why the 'ell didn't you bring it up?"

A door opened and through the crack of his door Reeves saw a light. A man went past grumbling to himself, and from somewhere below Reeves heard him talking to another man. The whole place was like a beehive. The routing of one roused all the others. It might be an hour before the place settled down, and Reeves could not afford to risk the time. There was only one way of getting out of the house quickly, and that was through the window. It meant about a ten-foot drop, but the ground was clear underneath.

Stealthily Reeves pushed up the window and looked out. It was a clear night. Running down the wall by the side of the window was the rain pipe. It offered a hold while he stood on the window sill and precariously pushed down the window again. He momentarily shifted his hold to the gutter above his head, and as his fingers rested there there came to him the solution of his difficulty. No one would dream of looking for a bottle of pearls in the gutter!

"Well, that's that, but how I'm going to get them again remains to be seen."

He slid down the rain pipe with a definite feeling of relief. The chances of the pearls being found appeared to him to be negligible. And that meant that the chances of Mary being seriously involved in the murder of Whitesakes were negligible, too.

BUT Reeves' feeling of relief suddenly vanished with the swiftness of his drop to the ground. As he rose to his feet the back door of the house was flung open and a voice called out, "Wot are you doin', eh?"

Reeves did not wait to answer. He turned and stumbled up the brick-strewn passage, stabbing his toes in the process, and ran at top speed through the broken gateway straight into the arms of a waiting policeman.

"Here, what's the hurry, mate? House on fire?"

The tone was "accusatory, but the grip on Reeves' arm was one of steel. A light flashed in his face.

"You don't live here? You don't look as though you had ever lived here. Where have you sprung from?"

"From under a gooseberry bush," replied Reeves.

He was too angry with himself at being so easily caught when he had finished his really difficult task to realise what he was

saying. Nothing makes the average constable so angry as to be japed, and P.C. Abbott was no exception to the rule. He had been given strict instructions to keep an eye on Number 6, particularly with a view to noting anyone entering or leaving the house who was not a member of it. "If in any doubt," had been his final instruction from Det-Sergt. Hawkins—or rather his station inspector acting as Hawkins' mouthpiece—"Arrest him."

P.C. Abbott had no doubt. From a safe retreat he had watched Reeves enter the house and had waited for him to come out again. Did Reeves but know it, every street which appears deserted is not necessarily so.

"You'd better come along with me and try and be funny with the inspector," he said. "He likes a joke at four o'clock in the morning."

"What are you arresting me for?" asked Reeves sharply.

"Loitering with intent," replied the constable briefly. "Coming quietly or shall I get the ambulance?"

Reeves swallowed hard—and decided to come quietly. After all he had not taken anything from the house. There was nothing worth taking he reflected, at least nothing when he had entered it. And he was pretty certain the man who had called out would make no charge—as he had made no appearance. Reeves had little doubt that the inhabitants of No. 6 Merton Villas were content to give the police as wide a berth as possible.

"You're making a great mistake," he said with as much dignity as he could command. "There is no law against being funny at night."

"The least said is the soonest mended," said the constable philosophically. "You may say something that will be used in evidence against you. You take my word for it, you'll open your mouth too wide one of these days and swallow something that will give you indigestion."

The inspector eyed Reeves with interest when he was brought into the station. It was not often prisoners so well dressed were brought into that station between three and four in the morning. He listened with still more interest as the constable recited that he had caught his prisoner running out of Number 6 Merton Villas and behaving in a highly suspicious manner. Merton Villas was the haunt of men and women whose reputation was pretty bad with the police.

"What's your name?" he asked.

Reeves saw no reason why he should hide it. In fact, it would be useless to do so. He gave it, and his address in Hampstead. He followed it with the address of his solicitor.

"What's the idea?" asked the inspector.

"I was just wandering round," replied Reeves. "I fancy the constable thought I was an amateur burglar. As a matter of fact, I could buy up the whole street, and all that's in it. It was just a whim of mine to look round a bit of London at night."

"You chose a part well away from Hampstead," said the inspector.

"Oh, I've been through all the usual places—Covent Garden and Fleet Street and Smithfield Market," continued Reeves easily. "Footings always had a bit of a reputation. I had a drink at a coffee stall about an hour ago, and wandered along and turned up the road where the constable found me. I quite admit I went into the grounds of one of the houses. I wanted to see what it was like at the back. I was standing there looking at the dirty broken window, wondering how any poor devils managed to keep warm in the winter. Then the back door opened without any warning, and without thinking what I was doing, I bolted for it straight into the arms of the constable. He's told you what happened afterwards."

The inspector wrote down all Reeves said before he spoke again.

"Turn out your pockets, please!"

WITH a shrug of his shoulders Reeves obeyed. He didn't expect his story to be believed on the spot, but he did not quite expect, either, the unbending attitude of the inspector. The latter had no suspicions that Reeves was a burglar. But he had had very clear instructions, as had the policeman, to keep an eye on Number 6, and for that reason—and that reason alone—Reeves was not going to be released until Hawkins returned. He would leave the responsibility of releasing Reeves to the detective.

Reeves accepted the situation philosophically, and within half-an-hour of finding himself in a cell, was fast asleep, blissfully unconscious that in the cell next to him was Jim Perry, who had fallen asleep after a much greater time of keeping awake through sheer terror of being poisoned. Nor had he been able to account to Hawkins satisfactorily for his possession of a number of spoons and forks. He had, however, unhesitatingly given the whole of his conversation with Reeves and with Bates, although he could not see the significance of what he was saying.

It was a tired and puzzled detective who sat over an early breakfast with the inspector three hours after Reeves had entered the station.

"What beats me is what he's done with the pearls," he said, lifting his cap. "This coffee's good. It's a certainty Perry had them and gave them to him. And it's a certainty he had them when he put that telephone call through. And it's a certainty he hasn't got them now."

"I'll bet they're in Number 6 somewhere," observed the inspector.

"Well, they won't move out without us seeing them. I'll get a search warrant and go through the place."

"What about the woman he telephoned to?"

"She picked up the other two about half-way to Wimbledon. I could see by the way they talked and argued before going back that they couldn't make out what had happened to Reeves. They're in it, of course, but whether Reeves is the ringleader, or Merton, I don't know. I don't see Reeves' motive. He's got plenty of money, has been out of England for some years, and as far as we can trace has never been in touch with Whitesakes. Merton's different. He's been to see Whitesakes several times, and if what Bates says is true, he's been after pearls. There's been some hanky-panky by Whitesakes over them, of course, but that's no reason for murdering him."

"There must have been something going on in there," said the inspector. "Abbott saw him go in and says he was there the best part of an hour before he came running out as though half the place were after him."

"Well, when I've been through that place I think I'll let him go. It's pretty obvious Bates thinks he knows something, thinks he's got the pearls, and as Bates is after them I want to know the reason why. But what the devil did Reeves want to go there for, after getting them from Perry?"

"If it wasn't that I think Perry hasn't the brains I'd have said he was doing a bit of double-crossing."

"Meaning he knew all about the pearls and gave Reeves a bottle of genuine pills and Reeves found out and went along to raise Cain with Perry?"

"Yes."

"But Perry was terrified out of his life he'd been poisoned," objected Hawkins. "No. I think Reeves got them all right. The puzzling thing is why he should suddenly have gone to Number 6 instead of carrying out his original intention of meeting Miss Reynolds in the car. Something must have happened just after he'd telephoned."

"I don't mind betting you'll find the pearls in that house," declared the inspector.

BEFORE the morning was out, however, Hawkins had made up his mind that the pearls were certainly not in Number 5. A very thorough and complete search of the house had been made without avail. There is no honor among thieves, though fear sometimes keeps them from speaking, and Hawkins learned of Reeves being seen in the yard at the back of the house. And that was all he did learn. Despite the most searching questions no one would admit knowing Reeves, or having spoken to him. One of the men, however, the same one who had called out to Reeves, had admitted seeing Bates. The latter had left word to ask Perry to get in touch with him the moment he returned and this fact Hawkins seized upon. To get Perry to agree to inform the police was not very difficult. It was that or spending a very definite period in prison. It was stretching the law a little, but Hawkins felt justified in that murder was a much more serious thing than burglary. And he managed to persuade his superiors to adopt the same point of view.

Reeves was in a different category.

"You'd never sustain a charge of loitering with intent, Hawkins," pointed out his superior at Scotland Yard.

"And we'd never get him if we charged him with murder," declared Hawkins. "I don't believe, as a matter of fact, that he did it, but I do believe he knows more about it than he cares to tell us."

"You mean Merton and the other two?"

"Exactly. The girl used his car and so did Merton that night. I think that goes without saying, and Merton's got more than a casual interest in the pearls. The way I look at it is that they've told Reeves some yarn and he's a catpaw. If we'd caught him with the pearls he'd have probably told the truth."

"Queer how he got rid of them. What do you suggest we'd better do?"

"Release him," replied Hawkins promptly. "And never lose sight of him. He's bound to give himself away pretty soon. The pearls are in Number 5 somewhere. I'm convinced of that, and one of them will make an attempt to get them. We may have to wait a little while, but they'll give themselves away in the long run."

"They always do," agreed the inspector. Reeves expressed no surprise when he was released. He had been invited to make a further statement as to his movements that night, but he had stuck to his story that he had been looking round the slums of London and had no ulterior motive. He had invited the police to send for his solicitor and proceed with some definite charge.

But he was under no illusion as he left the station. Every movement would be watched, every word of his reported as far as possible.

"The telephone is off," he decided. "I can't even warn them that everything they say is taken down, and will be used in evidence against them. If I write I expect letters are read before they are delivered. And if I send a message the messenger will be stopped. And to crown it all they've got my car."

The situation was maddening. If he kept away, Mary could only draw one conclusion, that he had deliberately gone off with the pearls. If he went to the White House and told his story, Merton would not rest until he had got them back, and the risk of attempting to do so during the next few days was tremendous.

He went to his flat in Hampstead. He had not been in it more than ten minutes before the bell rang. Outside stood a man carrying a small attache case.

"I'm from the Dominion Insurance, sir," he announced briskly, and in a peculiar loud penetrating tone which irritated Reeves. "We have had a claim from the flat below for damage done by an overflow of water, apparently from your flat."

Reeves looked concerned. He had not been over the flat since he had entered it. The woman who looked after it must have left a tap running somewhere.

"You had better come in," he said. "I have been away. Where's the water coming through?"

CHAPTER 11

"I'M glad you didn't recognise me, sir," said the man when the door was closed behind him. "I'm Sanders."

"Good lord, how do you do it?"

Sanders smiled solemnly. The little black moustache he was wearing, and the dark blue of his chin had altered his appearance in a surprising fashion. He was watching Reeves with amusement in his eyes as he saw the frank astonishment on Reeves' face.

"Most people seem to think you've got to put on a beard and wig and pad yourself out to disguise yourself, sir," he said. "You weren't expecting to see me, and therefore you didn't see me, as it were, although I've only darkened my skin to give the impression of a strong growth of beard and put on a moustache."

"You knew I had been arrested?"

"Mr. Merton saw the policeman taking you along, sir. He'd been a little late at the rendezvous. Didn't get there until after three. When Mr. Reynolds told him you had gone to telephone and hadn't returned he was worried. He telephoned me, and I told him Miss Mary had left about a quarter of an hour before, after hearing from you, sir. I didn't know then what you had said, except that you had been in touch with that man Perry."

Reeves nodded. "I was followed, and the detective heard all the conversation I'd had with Miss Reynolds."

He explained how he had overheard the detective talking, had learnt that Perry had been arrested.

"The first thing you'd better do is to warn them the wire is tapped and everything they say is reported," said Reeves. "I expect all the letters are read before they are delivered."

"I will take the first opportunity to warn them, sir," assured Sanders.

"So Mr. Merton saw me being taken to the station?"

"Yes. When he heard that you had got in touch with Perry and had failed to turn up again at the coffee stall, he said he thought you'd found out that Perry hadn't given you the right pills after all, and you must have gone to Merton Villax. He went along to Russell Road, and saw a policeman waiting, and he saw you arrested."

"But I didn't tell Mr. Reynolds that I had seen Perry," said Reeves. "There were too many people round the coffee stall."

"Of course, Mr. Merton didn't know that at the time. He learnt it from Miss Mary afterwards. He just assumed when you did not return from telephoning that something had gone wrong, and, of course, I was able to tell him you had at least seen Perry. I suppose he thought it quite natural you would go along there."

"Why did you think I'd been released?"

"Mr. Merton said they couldn't have any charge against you, sir. But he was puzzled. Of course he didn't know that Perry was arrested as well. I hope they haven't got the pearls, sir? Mr. Merton felt sure you'd not have them on you, but Perry—"

Reeves smiled.

"I don't think they've got them or they wouldn't have released me. Nor do I think they'll find them in a hurry, Sanders. I got them all right from Perry. There is no mistake about that."

"Mr. Merton thought you'd probably come here, and might keep away for a while, although Miss Mary thought you'd come to the White House. She was very anxious,

sir. In fact, that's why I came up here, sir, in case you thought it wise not to go to the White House."

"It's just what I was thinking, Sanders. I don't doubt for one minute the police are keeping a pretty close eye on me—and all my visitors," he added.

"It's not likely they're watching me, sir. In any case now I know I'll give them the slip. Miss Mary will be relieved to hear you're all right, sir. What shall I tell Mr. Merton about the pearls? I can come back to-morrow morning and fix up your insurance."

A flicker of a smile crossed his face. There was something reassuring about Sanders. Reeves told him what he had done with the pearls.

"You had better warn Mr. Merton not on any account to try to get them for the present, Sanders. I expect that road is thick with detectives, even if it does appear empty. I know my way about the house, and I'll get the pearls all right. If any of you can think out a scheme for me to get into the place without being noticed, as it were, you can count on me to do the real. It is obvious that if anyone is to be caught with the pearls it should be me, as I have the least real concern with them."

"I don't quite see, sir," said Sanders doubtfully.

Reeves explained carefully and pressed the point that he was by far the best man to get hold of the jewels. He did not want Merton to run the risk of almost certain failure.

"I'll come back in the morning, sir," said Sanders. "I'm sure Mr. Merton will think out something."

It was difficult for Reeves to put worry completely out of his mind. That night it rained heavily, thunderstorm rain, and he imagined gutters giving way under the strain, and bottles of pearls falling with a crash into stone backyards. The morning made the strain no easier to himself, for Sanders did not appear. It was not until four o'clock, indeed, that there came a knock at the door at all. It was a postman.

"Name of Reeves?"

Reeves nodded. He wondered who was writing to him, and hoped that it was no one at the White House. Surely Sanders must have impressed upon them the folly of writing, the certainty that letters would be tampered with.

While he was waiting, the postman was bending down diving into his bag. He pulled out a large parcel and Reeves took it with a puzzled air. He heard the postman whistling cheerfully as he descended the stairs.

"Who the devil can be sending me parcels?"

It bore only his name and address in printed characters. No stamp, no postmark which might have given a clue to its origin. Reeves cut the string and turned back the brown paper.

"Good lord, what's the joke?"

Inside was a postman's uniform jacket and trousers and hat—and a mail bag. He picked up the hat and a note fell out.

"Dear Reeves," he read. "Sanders, in the guise of a postman, is bringing you a postman's uniform. The man who's watching your movements (Sanders spotted him yesterday), will take no notice of a postman coming out of the building. Slip these on, put your own clothes in the mail bag, and walk along the road towards Hampstead Heath. Sanders will tell you all the arrangements.—Yours, T. Merton."

REEVES chuckled. Here was a perfectly simple way of getting out of the flat without being seen, right under the nose of the waiting detective. Merton was right. The last person in the world he would suspect would be the postman. One indifferent glance, and that would be all. In five minutes he would be out of sight, and it would probably be twenty-

four hours before the police woke up to the fact their bird had flown. And much might be done in twenty-four hours.

Reeves did not even see the detective as he walked out of the mansion, his bag over his shoulder, his cap pulled down over his face. The momentary uneasy feeling soon passed as he walked along, and people went by him without taking the slightest notice. The uniform had felt terribly conspicuous as he stepped out into the street, and once where he passed a policeman Reeves had to make a very definite effort not to cross the road to avoid him.

"I suppose if I didn't recognise Sanders I'm not likely to be recognised," he reflected. "But Sanders must have been pretty well disguised for me not to spot him, and I've nothing."

Five minutes later, on the edge of the Heath, he came face to face with Sanders. Sanders undisturbed, Sanders without a moustache or blue chin, just Sanders in a postman's uniform.

"You thought you saw a postman, and that was all you did see, sir," he said with a smile, as Reeves expressed astonishment. "Just the same as the detective thought he saw a postman. He was on the look-out for you, and a postman's a man he sees every day. It was Mr. Merton's idea. He said he'd read about it somewhere; that people only saw the things they expected to see."

"We're going down this side turning, sir," he continued. "Mr. Merton has got his saloon car waiting for us."

"How did he get away without being spotted?"

"He took the car to a garage in Dorking last night, and Miss Mary drove him to Reigate this morning. There's a train to London comes in at the same time as one leaves Reigate for Dorking on adjacent rails. He got on to the London train in an empty carriage and slipped across to the Dorking one, and picked up his car."

Reeves' opinion of Merton was rapidly rising.

"Mr. Merton ought to have been at Scotland Yard, sir," continued Sanders in tones of admiration. "He's never at a loss in an emergency. He thought it was a pretty good piece of work, if I may repeat his words, sir, getting those pearls back again and hiding them where you did. He wanted to go and get them, but Miss Mary said he ought to talk it over with you first. There's the car, sir."

He looked up and down the otherwile deserted street.

"Get in quick, sir, before anybody comes along," he said. "It would look funny if two postmen were seen getting into a car with their mail bags. They'd think we were bolting with registered letters."

The car was moving before Merton spoke. "Glad we've found you, Reeves. Better get rid of that cap and coat as soon as possible."

Sanders leant over and drew the blinds on each side.

"Better run no risks, sir." Merton turned and drove slowly across the Heath, and then back again to Parliament Hill Fields, and down the Highgate Road towards Oxford Street.

"I have engaged a private room at the Parry in Dean Street. The proprietor knows me pretty well and won't take any notice of what we do. I told him we were going to a private fancy dress dance. That was a pretty good bit of work getting the pearls back. What did they arrest you for? Sanders didn't tell us that."

"Loitering with intent," chuckled Reeves. "I expect they've searched Perry's place through and through. I hope the rain last night didn't wash away that bottle."

"Not likely," said Merton. "If it had, we'd have known about it by now. We've

got to tread pretty warily. I don't doubt they've purposely released you so that you will lead them to the pearls."

"Is that a hint that I'm not the one to try to get them back?" asked Reeves.

"We'll talk that over in the restaurant," fumed Merton. "It's not going to be easy to get hold of them."

It was some hours later before he and Reeves had worked out a plausible plan for obtaining the pearls, one which held out every prospect of success. But neither knew then that Sergeant Hawkins had made his preparations, too, preparations which were ultimately to bring him promotion.

Detective-Sergeant Hawkins had not only broken away from the regular ways of investigation, but he had managed to impress his methods upon those who worked under him, as well as on his superiors. When he had asked that Reeves and Perry should be released, they were released—after he had taken the precaution of making a thorough search of Perry's rooms—and, indeed, the whole of Number 6 Merton Villas.

"I'm convinced they're inside that house," he declared emphatically to Inspector Phillips, as the two sat talking in the latter's room at New Scotland Yard.

"And I'm convinced they won't remain there a single second longer than Reeves and Merton can help. Reeves' times tally to the minute. He must have gone pretty well straight from telephoning to Perry's place. I've been over the ground between the Broadway and Russell Road, and there is no possible quick hiding-place which he could rely upon not to be discovered."

"He may have lifted a grating and dropped the bottle and everything down," suggested the inspector. "You remember those pearls in the matchbox thrown away because we were too hot after them?"

"I've had all the drains and gratings examined," replied Hawkins briefly.

The telephone bell rang.

"You'd better speak to Hawkins direct," said the inspector, after a moment. "It's Dangerfield."

Dangerfield was the man at Hampstead keeping an eye on Reeves.

"That Sergeant Hawkins? Sorry, but I've lost touch."

The detective swore. He had relied upon Dangerfield, but even his best man was liable to trip up. He'd done it himself. He listened to what the other had got to say before making any comment or blaming him.

"I came on at two o'clock," continued Dangerfield. "Fuller reported no one had been in the building, or left it who couldn't be accounted for. He'd got the assistant porter with him most of the time—in fact, all the time except from one o'clock till I relieved him, and the porter knew everybody. This afternoon I've been alone, I'm sure he's never left the flat. He didn't go out to dinner. When Fuller came on again at nine I got the porter to go up and ring Reeves' bell, as I felt a bit uneasy. Reeves has got a woman who calls in, and she happened to be cleaning up. I'd seen her go into the building, of course. She told the porter that when she came in at seven Reeves had already gone. She supposed he had gone up to town for dinner, and could not say when he would be back. There's no reason to suspect she's not telling the truth. I'm telephoning from the station."

"Tell Fuller to keep going," ordered Hawkins. "I'll send someone along to keep him company, so that one can come off and report if Reeves returns. And you come up to the Yard. I'll want you at Tooting."

He banged on the receiver.

"Reeves has given Dangerfield the slip."

"You think Merton has got in touch with him?"

"Looks like it, doesn't it? I was pretty sure when Merton was lost at Reigate there was something in the wind. Funny how they're keeping away from the telephone. They must have got an idea we're tapping it. I'd just like to know how low much they're in it."

"I can't make out why you're after them when you say you don't think they did it," said the inspector. "It seems to me all you've got to find out is which one did it, and which is shielding him. Of course they're sharing what they get of the pearls."

"Bunk," retorted Hawkins. "Reeves has got the best part of five thousand a year. Merton is pretty well off, and the Reynolds' won't starve to death. It's not money's the trouble. What I would like to know is why Bates is so interested in the pearls, and why he didn't come and tell me about Perry. I've been having a look into his alibi."

"Oh. I thought you'd cleared that up. I thought he'd been seen at the Ring that night?"

"So he had. But where did he sleep?"

"I thought it was in one of those lodging houses off the Waterloo Road?"

"He took a room there. And he was there in the morning when the landlady called him. But that doesn't say he slept there."

"You'll find it difficult to prove anything," said Phillips.

"I'm having a few inquiries made in a new direction," explained Hawkins. "I hope to hear something in the morning."

"Like to give me any idea of what you're going to do?" the inspector asked. "Have you got enough men?"

Hawkins nodded.

"I've got the road guarded at each end by two. There's an empty house, by a bit of luck, overlooking the back of Perry's place, and we could see into their rooms if it wasn't for the dirt on the windows. It wouldn't be possible to get away over the back gardens if there was trouble. There are a couple of men there, and one will be available in the road running parallel to Russell Road. I can't see how they can get away. Perry's there alone at present."

"And Bates?"

"Bates has made no move yet, though he knows Perry's back. Whether he smells a rat or not I don't know. I think not. Perry's scared out of his life. Murder's something beyond him, and the thought he might be dragged into it will make him do everything we want. If Bates comes, I shall know all he's got to say to Perry within ten minutes of him going."

"Well, I hope it comes off," said the inspector. "Reeves must have done some pretty quick thinking to get rid of that bottle."

"There's no doubt he was in Perry's room all right. But you couldn't hide a pin in it, let alone a bottle."

The two sat talking, without, however, getting any further. It seemed that a policy of watch and wait was the only one possible.

CHAPTER 12

NEITHER Reeves nor Merton was aware of the extreme interest the detective was taking in their possible movements, though both had worked out their scheme on the assumption that the police would be keeping a very close eye on Perry and Perry's rooms. And as far as they could, they had worked to make their plan successful, even to the extent of assuming they might be discovered at the last moment. Even Sanders, when he left for Reigate to give Mary the details, reluctantly admitted that

the possibilities of success outweighed those of disaster.

At breakfast the following morning, with the station inspector at Tooting Hawkins was in a prophetic mood.

"I feel something's going to happen today. I feel it in my bones. And if Reeves and Merton get away with it, then I'll resign and take up farming."

"Farming requires brains nowadays to make it pay," said the inspector seriously. "My brother's a farmer. I told him he'd do better in the force."

The inspector's lack of sense of humor was notorious and Hawkins forbore to make any comment.

He was all on the qui vive and made a personal round of all his points. The first was to the two men in the empty house at the back of Number 6. A clock was striking nine o'clock.

He peered cautiously through the dust-grimed windows across the yards which separated the two dingy rows of houses. He saw a sight common enough in the poorer parts of London, insanitary backyards with bits of clothes-line drooping with tattered linen hanging out to dry on them; broken, battered dustbins, fermenting and odoriferous; a stray cat sitting on a dividing wall and another seeking in one of the dustbins to satisfy its hunger; a few pinched children playing; a virago of a mother shouting; and wireless aerials almost everywhere.

The storm of two nights before had left its traces. Two hard poles had snapped and the wires were dangling forlornly across the yards. Half a party wall had fallen down, and two ill-fed children were trying to place the bricks back in position.

"Storm seems to have done some damage," he remarked.

"A lot of slates have blown off," said one of the detectives. "A couple of men have started on them, but it will take a week to put them all right."

HE pointed towards No. 1 Merton Villas. Hawkins saw two workmen on the roof fixing broken slates.

"When did they start?" he asked.

"At eight o'clock. They've been the only sign of life this side, except those kids and their mothers. Thank God I don't live here."

"No sign of Perry?"

"He's sleeping off last night, I reckon. There was a light in his room till after twelve o'clock."

"I put the wind up Perry. His neck must have felt tender at the thought of being mixed up in a murder. If Bates does say anything to him we shan't have to wait long before hearing it. I should just hate to be sent as stiff as Perry."

Hawkins picked up the field-glasses as he finished speaking. They enabled his men to keep a close eye on Merton Villas without coming too near the windows and running the risk of being seen. He focused them on a back window of Perry's room. The glass was too dirty to see into the room, and he allowed his gaze to wander along to the two men working on the roof of No. 1.

"No wonder buildings cost as much as they do," he grumbled. "One alone an hour is their rate. I should think. By the time they get to the end of the row there'll be another war started, and then I suppose they'll be indispensable."

The two were certainly leisurely in their actions and appeared to do as much talking as they did actual slate laying. The one on the top of the ladder pulled out a cigarette packet, and began leisurely to open it and light a cigarette. Hawkins, without shifting his eyes from the glasses, spoke.

"How much are Solarium cigarettes?" he asked. "They're not the usual twenty for a shilling are they?"

"Three bob for twenty-five," replied one of the detectives. "Had a hundred given me for Christmas once. Wish I could afford them."

"That man on the ladder smokes them," remarked Hawkins.

"I'll bet he didn't buy them. They mostly smoke gaspers. They haven't got the palates for real cigarettes."

"I only know one man who smokes Solariums," continued Hawkins, meditatively. His eyes never shifted, but neither workman turned in his direction, and he could not see their faces.

"Meaning?"

Both his assistants knew that tone. The detective had spotted something about those workmen they hadn't, and was about to show them what it was.

"Meaning Merton," said Hawkins quietly. "And if Master Merton and Master Reeves have turned themselves into roofing experts, I for one won't be surprised."

"You think it's Merton on the ladder? I saw them come along and they didn't—"

"If he'd turn round I'd tell you for sure, and I'd tell you if it was Reeves on the roof fixing a slate. But if you'd like a modest bet—"

BOTH men hastily declined. The detective had a habit of being right too often. Five minutes later he gave a sudden exclamation of satisfaction. There was no doubt it was Merton nonchalantly smoking a cigarette on the ladder. Merton, despite his greasy cap, streaked face, drooping, straggling moustache. The moustache, indeed, was a masterpiece. It looked unkempt, sparse, more real than many a bushy moustache would have done. Merton was an artist. But for that carton of expensive cigarettes he might even have passed muster under the trained eyes of Hawkins.

"It's Merton all right," he said decisively, and he could not keep a note of triumph from his voice. "They're working along to Perry's place—probably waiting for him to go out. That's why Reeves is working so high he can see over, and see Perry safely out of the way. I'll bet they don't waste five minutes putting the ladder up against his windows when the coast's clear."

At long last, almost regretfully, he put down the glasses. "Well, we know what we're looking for now. I'll keep in the background. Reeves knows me and I don't want him to get any suspicion I'm about here, or they'll shy off. I'll be back again presently."

The whole thing was too easy, he reflected. Merton and Reeves ought to have thought of something better than that. He had rather bargained they would. It would have made his triumph all the greater when he arrested them with the police on them. As it was, they were behaving in a way which was bound to lead to detection. Even if he had not spotted those cigarettes, reflected Hawkins, he would have been bound to spot his two men before long, for the simple reason he was on the lookout for a pair.

He went along to the station. There were two messages waiting for him—one a short one from Grinstead, and the other a lengthy summary of the inquiries he had set in motion two days before: the inquiries at which he had darkly hinted to Inspector Phillips. He read the two messages with interest. They both confirmed the intuition he had had, but they made his task of finding the murderer of Whiteakes much more difficult in certain circumstances. And the circumstances were precisely those over which he had been feeling so triumphant such a little while ago—the arrest of Reeves and Merton with the pearls on them. For that might upset everything. And yet he could not let them go now, until he was sure of the

part they had played in the taking of the pearls, and could prove it.

Hawkins, indeed, felt that he was between the devil and the deep sea, and hoped that chance would show him a way out.

When he returned to the empty house behind Number 6 and peered across, he saw no sign of Reeves and Merton. The ladder was resting against the wall of Number 3, a board fixed firmly on to the bottom rungs to prevent any children climbing up. It was then twelve o'clock.

"They're not hurrying themselves," he commented. "Gone off for lunch, I suppose?"

"They're at the Good Pull Up in the Broadway," replied his assistant. "Jim popped down after them, and now Dangerfield has taken over and is having lunch there. He won't miss much."

"What about Perry?" asked Hawkins.

"He went out as soon as the pubs opened. I don't suppose he'll be back till they throw him out."

"He'll be back this afternoon," said Hawkins confidently. "And then you can begin to keep your eyes open—wide open. I dare say they'll be working on Number 6 by then. What's surprised me is they haven't got there by now. They must have seen Perry go."

"Perry came through the back door, and went over the wall where it's broken. I fancy he didn't want particularly to be seen from the front. I suppose he thought we'd be keeping too much of an eye on him."

"He'll know it shortly," said Hawkins grimly. "I'll get a bite before the play begins."

OVER his lunch he ruminated over every aspect of the case. As he saw it, Merton and Reeves would undoubtedly enter Number 6 on some excuse or another. If Perry were in his rooms at the time, then all the worse for Perry. If not, they would probably get the pearls, and quietly resume their work on the roof all the time came to knock off. Neither, reflected the detective, would make the obvious mistake of hurrying away immediately the pearls were in their possession. Reeves and Merton were disguised as workmen, and as workmen they would not, taking everything leisurely, trusting their very conspicuousness would prove a sufficient safeguard.

The detective did not linger over his lunch. Back again in the house behind Number 6 he had a definite, uneasy feeling that after all the jewels were going to slip through his hands at the last moment. But a survey of all the precautions he had taken convinced him that his feeling was due probably more to physical indigestion than mental causes. Reeves and Merton had returned to the roof of Number 3 and were proceeding to examine tiles and scrape out gutters with exasperating slowness. It almost seemed to Hawkins as though they did not care whether they reached Number 6 that day or not. And yet they could not afford to delay any action too long, for every hour increased their own risk that the landlord himself might come along to see what damage had been done to his property by the storm.

It was nearly three o'clock when one of the detective's men came up with a piece of news which made Hawkins very definitely think.

"Bates has just entered Number 6, sir."

Hawkins looked out through the grimy window. Merton was standing at the foot of the ladder and Reeves was on his way down.

"Looks as though they won't be long now, sir. There doesn't seem many tiles loose on the next house."

"They won't worry if the roof comes off

"It," said the detective. "All they're interested in is Perry's place."

He was not in the least surprised to see them pass through the yard of Number 5 and erect their ladder against the wall of Number 6. He turned to his assistant.

"Go round and warn them to keep a sharp look-out at the front of the house. If Bates or any of the rest of them tries to get away he is to be detained, unless I'm there."

"You won't be coming round yourself, sir?"

"No," replied Hawkins emphatically. "At least, not as long as I can see Reeves and Merton, although I shall be guided by circumstances, of course. I think in some way they are the pivot of the whole affair, and upon them will ultimately depend the finding of the pearls."

When his assistant had gone, Hawkins began talking to the man remaining with him.

"Bates turning up seems to me significant. I rather thought he would to-day, as the result of a message I got from Grinstead. There is some connection between Bates and Merton which I haven't yet fathomed. I have been working on the idea that the two had nothing to do with one another, but it is something more than a coincidence that those two should come along to Number 6 just at the very moment when Bates comes to see Perry."

"Do you think Bates is in it, sir?"

"I am sure of it," answered Hawkins. "I got some reports this morning about his alibi. He said that on the night Whitecoats was murdered he had been up to London to watch the boxing matches at the Ring, and that afterwards he stayed in lodgings in Waterloo Road. He was certainly there at breakfast, and he certainly went there when the boxing was over. But I had a feeling that he might not have slept there. It was quite possible for him to get to Grinstead and back during the night, if he had a car. I had inquiries made at all the garages round the Waterloo Road, and I learnt this morning that he took his car out at one o'clock and garaged it again at seven. That would have given him ample time to have gone to Grinstead, murdered Whitecoats, and returned."

"You may be able to trace some of his movements between London and Grinstead, sir."

HAWKINS nodded his agreement. He had already begun inquiries with that very object.

"Supposing now," he continued, "Bates was really after the pearls and Merton happened to appear on the scene at the critical moment. Bates would be pretty mad if he had killed his employer for nothing, madder still if he saw Merton walk away with the pearls, because he would hardly say anything because of the suspicion he'd be under."

"That would account, sir, for Bates' interest in anybody who'd got the pearls."

"You bet it would," agreed Hawkins. "That's why Bates was so nosy. It was Bates who drew my attention to the fact Merton had called on his employer once or twice about the pearls. If it hadn't been for Bates, in fact, we might have known very little about Merton, though, of course, there was the Speedway car that was used."

"I thought Merton had a fair amount of money?"

"Yes, he's got plenty and so has Reeves. There is no possible object in either of them taking the pearls merely on account of their value. There is something else behind it all, though I don't know what. But Bates is like all these boxers, they make money easily and get rid of it quickly. It wouldn't be the first time he's been in our hands. Hallo! I think something's going to happen now."

He pointed through the dirty window to

where Reeves was on top of the roof, looking over into Russell Road. Merton was standing on top of the ladder cleaning out the gutter, and two children were at the foot of the ladder gazing eagerly up as though they expected the ladder to yield a thrilling supply of toys. As far as the detective could see, however, it was yielding nothing less prosaic than sodden leaves and bits of dirty paper which always seem to collect in some fantastic way in the gutters of London houses.

HAWKINS stepped back a little as Perry's window was pushed open and Bates looked cautiously out. Reeves, on the roof, was pulling out a packet of cigarettes. He lighted one before beginning to come warily down the slope of the roof. As his foot reached the top of the ladder Merton, who had been watching him, began to move downwards. Hawkins saw Bates' face change as he caught sight of Merton.

Bates had the quick brain of a boxer, and he had moved back into the room before Merton had descended on a level with the window. Reeves fumbled with his foot on the rungs of the ladder, slipped, and began sliding down wildly clutching at the sides. Hawkins heard Merton shout, saw him put up his hand in a desperate effort to save his companion, and then he, too, under the impact of Reeves' foot on his shoulder came sliding down the ladder as though he were out of control. Reeves pitched forward heavily on the ground, just missing the two children, one of whom immediately set up a wild howling. The other ran up the passage.

Merton picked himself up and bent over Reeves, who still lay on the ground, as though he had hurt himself. He pointed to his foot, and an expression of pain appeared on his face as Merton straightened out his leg for him.

"Looks as though pearl hunting was over for the day," said Hawkins' assistant, but all Hawkins' comment was "Damn!"

He turned away from the window.

"Keep a careful eye on them. I'm going alone. It has just crossed my mind that perhaps Perry has been lying and that he has found the pearls in his room. After all five thousand pounds or a part share in it would be a fortune for a man like Perry. In that case Bates has got them now, and Bates won't stop round to see if Reeves has broken his leg or not. He'll take advantage of the diversion to get away from here as fast as he can. If he's got them on him I shall charge him and he can explain as best he can why he went for a motor ride on the night of the murder."

The man Hawkins had left behind was an excellent observer, but he lacked that imagination and intuition which had enabled the detective to rise so rapidly. Hawkins, indeed, was keyed up to the highest pitch and he was prepared, unlike his assistant, to look with suspicion on anything and everybody which might intrude on the stage on which Reeves and Merton were the principal actors. Even those pleasing minor parts, like Perry, were not to be neglected, or even the two children who had been watching so attentively the mending of the roofs of Merton Villas.

To Hawkins' assistant the two children were nothing but grimy little products of the neighborhood and to him, too, the district nurse who came walking rapidly but sedately from the passage after one of them was nothing more nor less than a district nurse. He saw Merton say something to her, saw them both bend over Reeves. A moment later she had Reeves' shoe and sock off and from the small black bag she carried she had produced a roll of lint.

The detective watched the rapid and skilful bandaging of the foot with such

interest through his glasses that he did not notice the bottle that was dropped into the bag so unostentatiously by Merton, did not see Bates looking down on the scene.

So long as Merton and Reeves were there, that was all that mattered to the watching detective. His duty was to watch them, and not any one else. He saw the nurse stand up and say something to Merton, and then walk quietly away, just as Hawkins re-entered the room.

"Anything happened?" he asked.

"I rather fancy he's twisted his ankle, sir. He didn't seem to be able to move, and they've been bandaging it."

"They?" asked Hawkins.

"One of the kids," explained the other, "ran up the passage and the district nurse came along and gave him first aid."

"The district nurse?" asked Hawkins quickly. "You've lived in this neighborhood all your life, so I suppose you know her quite well?"

The other shook his head.

"She wasn't the one who usually comes round," he replied.

Hawkins looked at him for a moment and then snapped out, "What you've got above your neck God knows, because I don't!" and raced out of the room.

He moved quickly, but fast as he raced round to Russel Rd. he was not fast enough to intercept the new district nurse. The young, uniformed constable who was pacing solemnly up and down watching nothing in general and Merton Villas in particular had not missed seeing her, however. In fact, he had chipped her as she passed him, and she had given him a disarming smile.

This fact, however, he did not impart to Sergeant Hawkins. Any other detective would have wasted time telling the policeman what he thought about him. Hawkins' order was sharp and to the point.

"Tell the inspector to issue a general warning stopping any car in which there is a nurse, and travelling towards the coast. Tell him to get on to Reigate and Dorking and have her stopped and open any bag she may be carrying. If Miss Reynolds is seen carrying a black bag she is not to be allowed to enter the White House with it. If necessary she is to be detained. I shall be at the station myself in a quarter of an hour to amplify. And move quickly."

He hurried in the direction of Number 6. As he approached it Bates came out and recognised him.

"I am very glad to see you, sir," he said eagerly. "I have been in to have a chat with a man named Perry who lives here."

"Why didn't you tell me about him before?" asked the detective. "You might have got yourself into trouble."

"Well, Perry is not the kind of man to talk to the police," replied the boxer. "But he will talk to me. If he knew I had told you what he told me he'd shut up like an oyster."

"How much has he told you?" asked Hawkins. He wondered how much of the truth Bates would tell or how much he would twist it for his own ends.

"He told me that he had seen Merton and Reeves in the bar of the Seven Sisters at Leigh a couple of days ago. Merton was showing Reeves a pearl necklace, and they were whispering to one another about it. I happened to see Perry the day after at Hatcham Fair, and I was talking to him about the murder of my boss."

"And you mentioned the pearls to him?" asked Hawkins.

CHAPTER 13

BATES shifted a little, uneasily; the knowledge that the pearls were missing had not then been published in the newspapers and he had been warned by the police, as all the other servants in the house had been warned, that they were not to talk.

"It slipped out," he explained. "Perry's an old pal of mine, and I hadn't seen him for a long time. We got talking, and I

was full of things, and perhaps I didn't think what I was saying. It's a good job I did say it now, because I found out where the pearls are. I'm going to get my own back on the man who outed my boss."

Hawkins made no comment. The more Bates talked the deeper the mire would be for him to struggle out of later. There was no doubt whatever that he had had about the scene in the Seven Sisters, for it was within the detective's knowledge that at the time Perry was in the bar Reeves was with Merton at the White House having lunch.

"I shall want you to tell me all about it later," he said. "Where are you off to now?"

"Can I come along with you?" asked the boxer coolly. "Merton and Reeves won't be taken easily."

He spoke as though he was well aware the detective knew all about the two men in the backyard of No. 6. It was the only assumption he could make, for otherwise there was no reason why Hawkins should be there at that particular moment. The boxer did not associate the presence of the detective with himself at all. His alibi had been accepted, and Bates was totally unaware that Perry had already betrayed him to the police.

HAWKINS, however, was not to be caught by such a transparent offer. He had no intention of letting Bates know what his actions were going to be towards the two men who were posing as workmen.

"You needn't worry," he said. "I have all the help I want within call. You'd better get back to Grinstead."

As he spoke he pulled his handkerchief from his pocket. It slipped from his fingers and fell to the ground. He picked it up with a muttered exclamation of dismay, muddled and unusable. But it was a sufficient signal to the lounge at the corner of Russell Rd. that Bates was not on any account to be lost sight of.

The boxer walked briskly down the road and grinned with satisfaction as he turned the corner. He knew where the pearls were all right, and he was very certain that Hawkins was not going to know until it was too late. Bates had watched from the window the comedy in the backyard of Number 6. He had not only seen the district nurse, but, what was far more important, he had recognised her, and had seen, too, the bottle labelled "Rough Pills" which Merton had so quietly dropped into her bag. He had not hurried away, partly because the police were about, and to hurry might be dangerous and draw too much attention to him; and partly because there was no doubt in his mind that Mary would go back to the White House without realising that she had been detected. And just before she got there Bates would be waiting in his car, ready for his final coup.

As for Hawkins himself, he decided that the time had now come for definite action, and when he walked round to the back of Number 6 he did not beat about the bush.

"I want both of you at the station," he said curtly. "If you choose to walk along quietly you will find it easier for you."

Merton did not attempt to bluster. "I suppose it's another case of loitering with suspicion," he asked with a smile.

"It's a case of murder," snapped the detective. "And I'll give you warning that I am going to use any information you may choose to give me, whether it's in your favor or not. If you have nothing to do with the murder of Whiteoakes you had better tell the truth, as otherwise you will be involving Miss Reynolds."

Reeves, who had been taking the bandage off his foot in order to be able to put on his shoe again, looked up sharply.

"Miss Reynolds has nothing to do with it," he said quickly.

"Miss Reynolds," said the detective, quick to seize his advantage, "has exactly as much to do with it as you and Merton. You are

all in it. She is now on her way to Woodgate, carrying a bottle of health pills."

Merton shrugged his shoulders. If Hawkins knew that much, the time had indeed come when the only thing was to tell the truth. It was a decidedly risky thing to do, and would, he felt sure, result in his own arrest for the murder of Whiteoakes. Not that that worried him much, for he knew there was a wide margin between being arrested for murder and being found guilty. But his own statement would, at any rate, save Mary the indignity of being in the dock.

"All right," he said. "Reeves and I will tell you exactly what happened, but neither of us knows who murdered Whiteoakes."

THE three men said little as they walked to the station. Merton only asked one question.

"Why did you let Miss Reynolds go to Woodgate if you knew she had got the pearls?" he asked.

"Why not?" retorted Hawkins.

He was angry at the way the pearls had slipped through his fingers at the last moment. If he had only stayed and watched Reeves and Merton it would not have happened.

His sense of humor saved him. He had been inclined to hate Reeves and Merton put in the cells to soothe their heels, and to go off immediately to Woodgate and frighten Mary Reynolds into telling everything she knew. But he felt that he could safely leave her to the police at Reigate and Dorking. It was far more important to learn what Reeves and Merton had got to say. If they told the truth there was a hope yet that he would come out of the case with an added reputation.

He left them in the charge-room for some minutes while he personally spoke to Reigate and explained the importance of detaining Mary Reynolds as she entered the White House.

"If she's got the pearls on her, let me know at once," he said finally.

As he replaced the receiver the inspector came into the room.

"Perry's just come in," he said. "He seems all agog about something."

"Bates has been to see him. I'll have a talk to him before I get those other two to make a statement. Can I see him here?"

It was soon very plain that no share of \$5000 worth of pearls was going to tempt Perry to risk his neck. He was only too willing to talk to absolve himself in the eyes of the police from any connection with the murder of Whiteoakes.

"I told him how the bottle of pills had been taken from me, sir," he whined. "An' he was fair mad. Stomped up an' down as though it was my fault."

"Ow was I to know?" I says. 'An' 'ow did you find out they was pearls? Why don't you go an' see the cops about it. Instead of comin' to me?"

"Why the 'ell don't you talk sense?" I says. "I don't want me neck stretched if you do. If I was found with them pearls, I'd be for it!"

"You leave 'em alone," I says. 'An' you won't get into no trouble."

"Wot, after all I've bin through to get 'em? You suppose I run a chance of being toppled for nothin', do you?"

"You don't mean to say you did it?" I asks.

"Well, if I did, it ain't got nothin' to do with you. An' you don't know nothin', see? An' the cops don't know nothin', see? They're after Merton and Reeves. He was there that night and I can prove it."

"Then you must 'ave bin there?" I asks.

"But 'e shuts up then, Mr. 'Awkins. He was looking through the window and see a couple of men comin' along with a ladder."

"I know all about them," interrupted the detective. "He told you they were Mr. Reeves and Mr. Merton."

Perry nodded eagerly, and as eagerly signed his statement that the detective wrote out. What Perry had got to say

might prove of the greatest value. It was as near a confession on the part of the boxer as it was likely they would get without his actual admission that he had killed Whiteoakes.

To his surprise Hawkins found that Merton was completely frank. Merton, indeed, was well aware that the time had now come when the exact truth was their only possible chance of not being charged with the murder of Whiteoakes. He told his story quickly, concisely.

"The finding of the pearls does not matter to me now," he finished, a little wearily.

"They matter to me," retorted the detective. "You have put yourself in a very awkward position. On your own admission you were in Whiteoakes' house within a few minutes of him being murdered."

"Within a few minutes," agreed Merton. "But a minute's as good as an hour where murder is concerned. Don't forget I found the safe door open."

"I have made a note of that," said Hawkins.

ALTHOUGH he did not say so, or give the impression of being so, he was struck by Merton's story. It would have been an easy matter for the latter either to have said nothing or alternatively to have told a story which was far less damaging to himself. There was, in the detective's mind, more than a possibility that Merton was telling the truth when he asserted that he had not seen Whiteoakes. One confirmation of Merton's story would be, of course, the story which Sanders sister, who admitted him to the house, would have to tell. And Hawkins was sure of one thing, that Merton would be allowed no chance of getting in touch with Sanders sister. He turned to Reeves.

"Have you got any statement to make?"

Reeves related what had happened as far as he was concerned, but he did not finish his story—then. In fact, he only got as far as the cabbage-patch at the White House, and the struggle at midnight. The detective had not asked him his motive for taking part with Merton and the rest. That had been rather obvious, though Reeves had thought he had concealed it by refraining from mentioning Mary unless absolutely necessary.

"Did you recognise the man?" Hawkins asked quickly.

"I didn't now him then, of course," replied Reeves. "I saw him at the inquest. It was Bates, though why he should have been there—"

"I forgot to mention that," interrupted Merton. "Reeves pointed him out to me at the inquest, and I found out who he was. I never saw him when I went round to see Whiteoakes."

"But he must have seen you," said Hawkins.

Things were beginning to fit in. He was beginning to understand why Bates had been so eager to accompany the police to the White House.

"When did you see Bates last?" he asked.

"At Hatcham Park," replied Merton.

"There's another point," continued the detective thoughtfully. "What made you two suddenly decide to go to Number 6?"

"Wasn't that obvious?" asked Merton. "We'd arranged for Miss Reynolds to come along as near three o'clock as possible, when we were going to stage an accident, so she could take the pearls. Reeves was watching on the roof and gave her the signal when he saw her coming along that we'd be ready in a few minutes. I got up and—"

"Yes, I was watching you."

Hawkins had little doubt now. After all, as the pearls were in the gutter, there was no reason for Reeves and Merton to enter Perry's rooms. The story told by Perry was consistent and backed up those

of Reeves and Merton. Hawkins was a judge of character. All along he had had the intuition that Merton and Reeves were not guilty of the murder of White-oakes. They had acted foolishly, and if they had told him at the beginning Bates would have been under arrest by now. But would he have been able to prove his guilt? Hawkins wondered. Would not all that Bates had done since the murder weigh down the scales heavily against him? He would find it hard to explain his interest in the pearls, his midnight search in the garden of the White House, his conversation with Perry. Hawkins had half decided to take a risk, when he was called to the telephone. It was the man who had been instructed to keep in touch with Bates.

"He'd got his car at the Central Garage. I followed him as far as Kingston, and lost him in a hold-up in the traffic."

"Right. Don't worry," said Hawkins. "Get on to Dorking and tell them I'm on the way down."

The police car which turned up to Wimbledon Road shortly after contained five people. Hawkins drove, and beside him sat Merton. Behind them were Reeves and two detectives. Neither Merton nor Reeves quite understood why Hawkins had not charged them; why he had taken them along with him, but they both felt that he must have decided they were not guilty of the murder of White-oakes. Both had been allowed to have a hurried wash, and to remove the thin disguises they had worn.

HAWKINS drove fast. He wanted to get to the White House before Bates if possible. Bates, he felt, would act ruthlessly once he got in touch with Mary Reynolds. He must know now that he'd got to run a risk, and a pretty big one. But to a man like Bates, a man who had not hesitated at murder, the robbery of a woman would be child's play. And the fact that he had got his car with him, that he had hurried away in the direction of Woodrate, was sufficient proof of his intentions.

"You don't know which road Miss Reynolds is likely to have taken?" the detective asked Merton.

The latter hesitated for a moment before replying.

"Well, you've been honest with us, we may as well return the compliment. It was arranged when she got away that she would first of all get rid of her nurse's uniform in case the alarm was raised, and then take the main road to Guildford, and come back along the Guildford-Dorking Road. No one would be likely to keep a special look-out for people going towards London."

"What did you think was going to happen?"

"Reeves and I didn't know. We merely put ourselves in your place and tried to think what you would do if you saw her and suspected her at the last minute. We felt pretty sure we'd be watched, but we hunked on no one suspecting Miss Reynolds until it was too late. There was just a chance, however, and that was why we arranged for her to take the round-about way. She'll turn off the main road at Holmwood and take the road to Leigh. It's pretty well deserted, and she was going to pull up there until dark and then drive to about half a mile away from the White House and park the car temporarily in a field, until she was certain the road was clear. Of course, we knew the telephone was tapped."

Hawkins grinned cheerfully. "We're not infallible, and if you hadn't told the plain truth this afternoon Miss Reynolds might have got away with the pearls. I think you were wise. She has

got far more to fear from Bates than from me."

"You'll drive direct to the White House?"

"No. If we're quick we can pick her up at Holmwood or thereabouts. She's got to go farther round than we have. I'll just call in for a few minutes at Dorking and see if they have got any news."

But the Dorking Inspector had none.

"She had certainly not arrived ten minutes ago because one of my men was on the phone. Nor has she passed through Reigate or here or she would have been stopped. Every point has got the number of the car."

"And Bates?"

"We haven't got his number. Your man said he hadn't noticed it. It would have been impossible to stop every car on the road and look at the licences. We reckoned on picking him up at the White House if he came there."

Hawkins was satisfied that every precaution had been taken and he drove leisurely away. It would be a full hour before it would be dark. He would wait along the Holmwood-Leigh road.

The narrow, winding road from Holmwood to Leigh is one of the most beautiful in Surrey. Here one was indeed in the heart of wooded English country, in the heart of picnic land. During the week the road was practically deserted, though the week-end saw dozens of cars lining the roads while their owners picnicked or roamed in the woods.

"I shall live here when I retire," remarked Hawkins appreciatively. "I've always wanted to live in a wood."

"They won't be woods in twenty years' time," said Merton regretfully. "They are already starting to cut down the trees in scraps and putting up those dreadful little bungalow towns."

Hawkins shuddered as he pulled over to the far side of the road to pass two cars parked on the near side. As he passed the second car Merton spoke sharply.

"Pull up quickly. That's Miss Reynolds' car and she's not in it."

All five men were tumbling out as the car stopped with a jerk. Reeves was first in the race back to the two cars. Both were empty. He flung open the door of Mary's car. The black bag she had had with her was missing, too.

"That's Bates' car," said Hawkins. "Or, rather, the one that belonged to White-oakes."

HE turned to one of his men.

"Stick round here. Take the leads off while you're waiting, so he can't start."

There were woods on both sides of the road. Reeves made a dive into the near side, followed by one of the detectives. Merton and Hawkins crossed to the other side. Reeves felt murderous as he hurried through the silent undergrowth. There was nothing to guide him which way to take. Mary at the mercy of a ruffian like Bates! God help him if he had hurt her! He would be glad to be hanged when Reeves had finished with him, glad to be in the hands of the police away from the one man in the world who had forgotten at that moment what the word mercy meant.

"This way, sir."

The detective pointed to a bush with broken branches. Reeves ran swiftly, the detective at his heels. Suddenly the trees thinned, and in the tiny clearing ahead Reeves saw Bates. At the latter's feet was the black bag Mary had carried, one side ripped open. The boxer was holding up the bottle containing the pearls. His back was towards Reeves. Facing him was Mary, her eyes wide open in terror, a thin trickle of blood running down her chin from a cut on her lip. All Reeves' pent up rage was behind the blow he aimed as the boxer turned round at the sound of running footsteps. Bates mechanically put up his hands to defend himself, but Reeves broke through the guard as though it were not there. The swift succession of merciless

blows gave Bates no chance to use his science. He had been taken by surprise, and Reeves, in his mad anger, gave him no chance to recover.

AND when the boxer did recover some ten minutes later it was to find handcuffs on his wrists, to find himself lying ignominiously in the back of a car with Hawkins beside him ready to charge him with murder.

During that ten minutes neither Mary nor Reeves had paid much attention to anyone but themselves. As the boxer dropped to the ground Reeves turned to where Mary was standing, her face buried in her hands. In a moment his arms were round her.

"Dear, dear, darling, don't cry. There's nothing to be frightened about now. He'll never touch you again. I'll never leave you again."

She clung to him trembling.

"No, no, don't ever leave me."

Little by little she told him her story.

"I—I'd stopped to wait till it got dark as we arranged. I was smoking a cigarette when I heard a car drive up behind me and stop. I looked round and saw—saw him at the door. I snatched up the bag and jumped out of the other door and ran into the wood. He caught me here. I tried to scream and he hit me."

Reeves' arm tightened round her.

"I wouldn't give him the key of the bag. He cut it open with a knife and took the pearls—and then, and then you came running out of the trees."

That night Reeves stayed for the second time at the White House, and there was a contentment in his heart which there had not been since that dawn when he woke up and heard Mary and Merton whispering outside. The latter had just arrived back from Dorking, and was telling them the news.

"Bates has thrown up the sponge. He's not only confessed that he killed White-oakes to get the pearls, but he told Hawkins they really belonged to you, Mary. White-oakes had told him once they were lucky and he wouldn't part with them if he were a millionaire ten times over. But they didn't bring him much luck at last. We shall get them back, I think. Where's Billy?"

"Billy's taken the car and has gone up to London to get the midnight train to Shrewsbury," said Mary. "We have some news for you, too, Tommy."

Merton's face set, as he thought of his wife.

"Oh, no, no, it's all right," cried Mary. "She's taken a turn for the better. They telephoned this evening. The doctor said she was over the crisis, and was asking for us. Billy insisted on going at once as we didn't know how long you would be." "Thank God!" cried Merton fervently. "Billy's a good sort. We'll go down first thing in the morning, Mary—and you, Reeves, if you will come."

"I shall be delighted," declared Reeves and then added boldly, "While we're all telling news, I've got some which will interest you, Merton. Mary likes this house so much she's going to marry me to keep it in the family."

Mary Reynolds said nothing as Merton gave a whoop of delight. What was there to say to a man who proposed in this way? Only a few hours before she had said, "Don't ever leave me," when she saw him fighting for her.

And now she felt more than ever that she never wanted him to leave her.

THE END.

(All characters in this novel are fictitious, and have no reference to any living person.)

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